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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1821.

ART. I.—*Voyages dans La Grande Bretagne, Entrepris relativement aux Services Publics de la Guerre, de la Marine, et des Ponts et Chaussées, en 1816—17—18—19, et 1820. Deuxième Partie, Force Navale.* Par Charles Dupin, Membre de l'Institut de France, &c. &c. Paris. 1821.

MR. Dupin may be well assured, from the early notice we are disposed to take of his labours, that we have no mean opinion of his abilities. Of his principles we are not prepared to say quite so much; and, perhaps, it will be thought that we have no business with them. Nor should we indeed have troubled ourselves about his political opinions or connections, had he confined his observations to the avowed objects of his inquiry—our public works and public institutions, civil, naval, and military: we should, in that case, have deemed it sufficient to applaud his accuracy, or to point out his errors; but when he proceeds to mix up political hostility in a work which professes to be purely didactic and descriptive; to assail the national character on grounds that are utterly false; and to hold us up to Europe and to the world, as totally destitute of humanity to a class of beings, of all others, the most entitled to it, namely, prisoners of war;—we conceive that we have a right to inquire into his motives. Acquitting him, as we frankly do, of every feeling of hatred towards England, the only explanation we can suggest for his conduct, in this instance, is the desire of gratifying his associates, by the repetition of an accusation so calumnious; and it was with this view solely that, in a recent Article on the Military Establishments of this Country, (which, we are happy to find, has not been without its effect,) we noticed his connection with the Avocat Dupin and the herd of politicians who modestly assume to themselves the exclusive name of *libéraux*, as accounting for the embarrassment under which he evidently laboured in consequence of it. We repeat, however, (in justice to M. Dupin,) that, considering his education under the auspices of Buonaparte, in the new school of morality, and his near relationship to a notorious jacobin, he entertains fewer prejudices against England, than any other French author that we have yet met with since the revolutionary war. In comparing,

paring, or rather contrasting, the public works and institutions, connected with the naval service of the two countries, he candidly admits that France is thrown to an immeasurable distance behind us; that our ships, in point of workmanship, equipment and establishment, and our officers and men, in point of discipline, treatment, knowledge of naval tactics, and every particular that can constitute an efficient marine, are infinitely superior to those of the French navy, and such, in fact, as could not fail to have ensured to us the victories which we obtained, whenever the two hostile fleets met and engaged.

We observe, however, that in most of his comparisons the allusion is made to the *marine impériale*; to the navy as it was under Buonaparte; who, it is pretty broadly hinted, knew nothing about the matter: on the present state of the French marine, M. Dupin touches with a gentle hand, recommending improvements founded on English practice, rather than censuring defects, the existence of which, however, he does not affect to conceal. Standing thus between the old school and the new, but evidently leaning to the side of the 'powers that be,' and fearful at the same time of offending both parties,* we can readily conceive the moral restraint—the painful embarrassment under which he writes, and the necessity he feels of having recourse to something like *trimming*;

'Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike.'

There is one subject, however, regarding England, as we have just hinted, on which his views are as distorted and illiberal as his pretended statement of facts is unfounded:—we speak of his accusations against the British nation for its inhumanity towards the French prisoners of war,—a subject apparently no less agreeable to his own taste than that of his friends—otherwise he would not have thought it necessary to serve it up for the third time, with additional garnish and higher and higher seasoning on each successive occasion. Though our respect for M. Dupin might lead us to regret this pertinacity in misrepresentation, yet, as far as regards ourselves, we are not sorry for it on the present occasion, as he has thus afforded us an opportunity of showing the malignity of his insinuations, and (while we undeceive the abused ear of Europe) of refuting those of his assertions which are so scandalously destitute of truth.

It is well known how little regard the French officers of high rank, prisoners of war in England, paid to their parole of honour;

* *Ictus piscatur sapit.* M. Dupin had the misfortune to exasperate the learned and liberal members of the Institute, by merely speaking the truth regarding the perfection to which works of art and manufactures were carried in Great Britain.

and

and that Buonaparte was more than suspected of encouraging the violation. Better sentiments, we trust, are returning under the old dynasty; as, instead of directly justifying the breach of parole, M. Dupin now affects to show that the English prisoners of war in France were as destitute of honour as the French prisoners of war in England, and that they, in fact, set the example. For this purpose, he produces a statement, which he pretends to have in his possession, and which he calls *official*, comprising two lists of all the prisoners of war, French and English, who, from the year 1803 to 1814 inclusive, are said to have broken their parole; the result of which is that, in 10,000 prisoners of all ranks, the number of *évadés* (such is the gentle term) were as follows:—

Évadés, although on parole	{ French detained in England . .	32
	{ English detained in France . .	110

‘We shall make no observation,’ says M. Dupin, ‘on these numbers; they speak for themselves:’ they certainly do—but not much in favour of the authenticity of his list, which we have no scruple in terming a mere fabrication,—by whom, he best knows. This we shall prove from an authority to which M. Dupin will not venture to refuse due respect—the genuine *official* list of the Minister of Marine himself. The Transport Board of England, who had the care and custody of prisoners of war, having transmitted to that minister (M. Decrès) two lists of French officers who had broken their parole, (between the recommencement of the war and the month of August, 1811,) one of which contained the names of 270 officers who had escaped but been retaken, the other of 590 who had succeeded in effecting their escape; in all 860; there appeared shortly after, in the *Moniteur* of the 31st December, 1812, (which now lies before us,) an official statement, under the signature of Decrès, containing a counter-list of the names of all the English prisoners, who were accused of having broken *their* parole, amounting, of all classes, to 355. Now taking the number of French prisoners detained in England at 70,000, and of English prisoners, and persons detained contrary to the usage of war among civilized nations, at 20,000, which numbers are sufficiently near the truth for our purpose, we shall have, according to these official lists, in every 10,000 prisoners, 123 French, and 178 English, (instead of 32 and 110,) who stand charged with the crime of a breach of parole. But as the *numbers* are of very little importance in comparison with the *ranks* of those who had violated their word of honour, let us see of what materials M. Decrès’s list of Englishmen is composed. At the head of it we find, ‘Sir James Craufurd, Agent Diplomatique,’ and ‘Thomas Brook, Membre du Parlement,’ who are accused of having set the

example to the French. Then follow one colonel—two lieutenant-colonels—one major—nine captains (one of which only is of the navy)—ten lieutenants of the army, navy, and marines—making in all, twenty-three commissioned officers. There are fifty-three midshipmen, and the rest of the list is made up of ‘1er, 2me, 3me capitaines de commerce—lieutenans de commerce—gentilshommes—négocians—propriétaires—médecins’—with about forty who have no designation at all. These are evidently, and indeed we know the fact to be so, non-combatants, consisting of those who were detained (as we have said) contrary to the practice of civilized nations, and among whom were Sir James Crauford and Mr. Brook. We know nothing of their cases but what appeared in the public papers; but we will fearlessly take upon us to say, that not *one* of the twenty-three commissioned officers above-mentioned was guilty of a breach of parole, but that every one of them escaped from a close and rigorous confinement in prison. Some few midshipmen, merely boys, did, we believe, take advantage of the mistaken encouragement of the people with whom they lived, and make their way to England: with respect to the rest of the list, they were persons from whom the French had no right whatever to exact parole.

Now let us compare the alleged breach of parole of British commissioned officers with those of French officers, prisoners of war in England. From the recommencement of the war to the month of August, 1811, the numbers will stand as follows:—

Rank.	French.	English.
General	4	None
Colonel	8	1
Lieutenant-Colonel	5	2
Major	2	1
Captains	25	9
Lieutenants	65	10
<hr/>		<hr/>
Total	109	23

The difference up to this time is pretty well marked, even supposing, what we confidently deny, that the English officers had been guilty of the charge brought against them; but in the three following years, the number of French officers who violated their parole was nearly doubled. The list of those unworthy persons who fled during the period we have mentioned, contains the names and rank of 406 officers, all of them combatants; and among them the following commissioned officers of the army and navy; the rest being captains, lieutenants, and midshipmen of privateers, and ensigns, surgeons, commissaires, &c. of the army.

Generals

	From 1811 to 1814.	Former list.	Totals.
Generals	5	4	9
Colonels	10	8	18
Lieutenant-Colonels	9	5	14
Majors	6	2	8
Captains	66	25	91
Lieutenants	94	65	159

French Commissioned Officers . . 299

Now as we cannot learn that any English officer returned from France during these three years, the number of French commissioned officers, who actually violated their parole of honour, is to that of the English alleged to have done so, as thirteen to one; and would be nearly as four to one, on the supposition of the number of prisoners of war in each country being equal; so that M. Dupin's statement is totally at variance with the truth, and he might have known it to be so.

Perhaps he will say that our information is derived from no better authority than his, and that it is as easy to write down one figure as another; but even here we are prepared for him—we have in our possession a *liste nommé*; and if M. Dupin should be so imprudent as to persist in the accuracy of his unfounded statements, and deny the authenticity of ours, little as we feel disposed to hold up the unfortunate individuals to that disgrace which would have inevitably befallen them under the ancient government of France, we shall not hesitate a moment to print, for his better information, and in imitation of M. Decrès, the *name* of every officer who has been guilty of the offence.

We cannot much admire the apology set up by M. Dupin for this dereliction of all honourable feeling, on the part of his countrymen. It might, and certainly did, happen in a few aggravated cases, where an officer had been repeatedly guilty of a breach of parole, like the notorious Field-Marshal Pillet, or of some atrocious conduct like Colonel Pocris,* that the offenders were sent to the hulks. Of these ships of war, prepared for the reception of prisoners, M. Dupin has thought fit to give a description, as inaccurate as it is malicious. That they are not fitted up with all those conveniences and comforts which luxury would require, we are ready to admit; but that they bore the slightest resemblance to those 'horrible excavations (*fosses*) of the East, where wild beasts are kept for the amusement of the despots,' is a gross and unfounded calumny: what he subjoins is not less so—that in these

* The miscreant who poisoned the wells of Cerigo, to get rid of a body of Albanian refugees, who had put themselves under his protection.—*Quar. Rev.* vol. iii. p. 204.

fosses the wild beasts 'find, what is wanting to the captives of the hulks, space to enable them to feed at their ease, to walk about, to breathe, and to sleep.' It is not true, as he asserts, that there were crammed into each of these 'horrible ditches,' from 600 to 900 prisoners; (the falsehood is apparent from his own previous statement, in which he made them 'from 800 to 1,200;') and it is false, ten times false, that 'the bad air, scanty provisions, added (as he says) to the despotism, the avarice, and the cruelty of military jailors, killed a great many, and ruined the constitutions of the rest.' If he really believes all that he has stated, we see no reason why he should refuse implicit faith to the narrative of Field-Marshal Pillet. 'I can *hardly* believe,' says he, (alluding to the tale which that veracious personage has told of the sufferings of the French prisoners,) 'that the visitor of a prison, having left his horse in the court-yard, found only the naked skeleton on his return; because the prisoners, dying of hunger, had cast themselves upon the poor beast, which they cut up alive with their knives.' 'Hardly believe!' Such incredulity must astonish the reader, and, above all, M. Pillet. That worthy gentleman may reasonably complain of the perverse nature of M. Dupin's faith, who hesitates to give full credit to his simple story, and yet (besides what we have quoted) can readily believe, and confidently assert, that 'inhuman officers and knavish accountants united their authority and their bad faith, to plunder the unhappy prisoner of a part of his provisions, and to give him the other part of an inferior quality.'

We are too much accustomed, in this country, to the jargon of advertising philanthropists, to be much affected by the whining declamations on humanity, which M. Dupin calls to his assistance on all occasions; we shall only observe that, if real humanity is not to be found in England, we shall in vain look for it in France. The insinuation that the object of the British government, in maltreating prisoners of war, was to annihilate the seamen of foreign powers that fell into its hands, or to make the situation of prisoners so intolerable as to force those who were not French to enter into its service, and to render those who were, incapable of serving against it, is so base as to place it beneath our contempt. Surmises of this kind, without a shadow of fact to substantiate them, are not very creditable, either to the head or the heart of any one. In answer therefore to his general and unfounded charges of cruelty towards a set of men entitled to our commiseration, we shall briefly state, from authority which it will not be safe in M. Dupin to dispute, the simple facts regarding the prison-ships, the regulations under which they were placed, the

the amount and quality of the provisions, the numbers confined in each, and the result of their treatment as exhibited by the state of health, and the proportion of deaths that occurred among the prisoners; these facts, to use his own expression, will 'speak for themselves.'

In the first place, the most roomy and airy ships of two and three decks were selected to be fitted up as prison-ships. Every thing within them that could encumber any part of the space, or prevent a free circulation of air, was completely cleared away. A post-captain of experience and humanity superintended the whole at each port; and each ship was under the command of a steady lieutenant. Instructions for the guidance of these officers were printed, and posted in a part of the ship, to which every prisoner had free access. By these instructions the commanding officer was directed to muster the prisoners twice a week,—to take care that the persons, apparel and bedding were kept perfectly clean,—that the decks were scraped and dry-scrubbed with sand,—that they were seldom allowed to be washed in the summer, and never in the winter months,—that a due circulation of air was admitted into every part of the ship,—that in the mornings the lee ports were opened first, in order that the prisoners might not be subject to a too sudden change of temperature, or be exposed at once to a thorough draft,—that no wet clothes were, on any account, to be hung up before the ports of the ship,—and that the privies, and all parts connected with them, were kept perfectly clean,—that in dry weather the clothes and bedding were brought upon deck and aired,—that after dinner the decks were swept clean,—that the prisoners were allowed to go upon deck, and below, just as they pleased,—that, if guilty of disorderly, riotous, or bad conduct, they were to be confined in the black-hole; but on no account to be struck by any officer or other person. The regulations respecting their food were equally minute. Every species of provisions was carefully examined, every morning, by the lieutenant or master of the ship; and if any part was found deficient in quantity or quality, a report was immediately made to the superintending captain, who had the power to punish the contractor according to the magnitude of the offence. One of the prisoners from each mess was selected by themselves to attend the delivery of the provisions, and to see that they were of the proper weight and quality. The allowance for each, of five days in the week, was $1\frac{1}{2}$ pound of bread, entirely of wheaten flour; half a pound of good and wholesome fresh beef, with a sufficient quantity of cabbage or turnips, onions and salt: for each of the other two days, one pound of good salted cod, or herrings, potatoes, &c. which

is more, we suspect, than the ration of the French soldier or seaman when on service.

With regard to the number of prisoners put on board each ship, the general regulation was, not to exceed that which the same ship would have had, as her established complement of men, if in commission. Thus a 74-gun ship had on board from 600 to 700 men; and when it is considered that all the guns, masts, pumps, anchors, cables, and every kind of lumber, were removed out of the ship, it may fairly be concluded that, without the necessity of exposing themselves to bad weather, they had just twice the space to move about in, that our seamen have, with hard labour, and salt provisions. We have now before us a return of the prisoners of war, on board the ships in Portsmouth harbour, in September, 1813, when most numerous, and the state of health at that time, which we think will furnish a satisfactory reply to the alleged misery and mortality on board the hulks as set forth by M. Dupin.

<i>Ships' Names.</i>	<i>Prisoners on board in health.</i>	<i>Sick on board, or in Hospital Ships,</i>
Prothee	583	10
Crown	608	3
San Damaso	726	32
Vigilant	590	8
Guilford	693	8
San Antonio	820	9
Vengeance	692	7
Veteran	592	7
Suffolk	683	6
Assistance	727	35
Arve Princen	769	9
Kron Princessen	760	4
Waldermaar	809	1
Negro { Danes	118	
{ Americans	57	
	<hr/> 9227	<hr/> 139

proportion of sick in 9227 men, equal to just $1\frac{1}{2}$ in the hundred. Making the

And though it was perfectly natural that men, confined as they necessarily were, should lament their hard fate, and sigh after liberty, yet we are well assured that, on the whole, their conduct was praiseworthy; that they had seldom any complaints to make; that they amused themselves in playing at cards, or billiards; in reading, writing and drawing; or in the manufacture of ships, chessmen, and other articles, of bone, hair, &c. for sale. This is admitted by M. Dupin—but here again the cloven foot protrudes itself.

itself. 'By a restriction which well describes the mercantile jealousy of a manufacturing people, the prisoners were prohibited from making for sale, woollen gloves and straw hats—it would have injured, in these petty branches, the commerce of the subjects of His Britannic Majesty!' It was even so; these petty branches of manufacture were the employ of the wives and children of the neighbouring cottagers, and enabled them to pay their rent and taxes; and on a representation of the magistrates that the vast quantities sent into the market by the French prisoners, who had neither rent, nor taxes, nor lodging, firing, food or clothing to find, had thrown the industrious cottagers out of work, an order was very properly given to put a stop to the manufacture of these two articles by the prisoners.

At the time the above Return was made, there were in Forton prison, near Portsmouth, 3972 prisoners, of whom 174 were sick, being at the rate of about $4\frac{2}{3}$ in the hundred. The good state of health was still more extraordinary in the prison built on the heights of Dartmoor. In consequence of an attack made on government in the House of Commons, for sending prisoners of war to this 'cold, damp and unhealthy spot,' as it was called, the Transport Board, in 1811, ordered one of its members personally to inspect the prison. At the time of his arrival, the number of prisoners amounted to 6572, of whom 36 only were in the sick-list, and one only had died. M. Dupin, indeed, while labouring to describe the hulks and the prisons as the most horrible dens of misery, in which 'human victims were buried, and slowly devoted to the infernal gods of hatred, of vengeance and of death,'—even *he* is compelled to admit, that 'the numbers which died were much less considerable than might have been expected from the ill-treatment they experienced:' he accounts for this, however, by a discovery that the effect of confinement is not to afflict man with sudden and violent maladies, which terminate existence rapidly; and that this effect was so well known to the British government, that it took the remarkable step of diminishing the number of deaths among its prisoners, by sending them to France to die; where he asserts that 'more than nine-tenths of them did actually die in the hospitals.' We should be the less surprized at this result, if it be true, as it has been stated on French official authority, that *one third part of the whole population of Paris dies in its hospitals*. This, indeed, is in some degree confirmed by a statement of M. Dupin on another occasion,—that, on a proportion of 100,000 individuals, employed (in time of peace) in the French navy, 75,000 are annually sent to the hospital.—(Tom. II. p. 260.) But we shall show how very little credit is to be placed in M. Dupin's numbers,

numbers, which appear to us to be set down at random. He says that, from 1803 to 1814 inclusive,

The number who died in the English prisons was	12,845
Sent to France in a dying state during that period	12,787
	<hr/>
Total	25,632
Returned to France since 1814, their health more or less debilitated	70,041
	<hr/>
Grand Total	95,673

Now the actual numbers in the above-mentioned period were as under:—

Died in the prisons of England	10,341
Sent home as invalided, on parole	17,607

And the total number of prisoners brought to this country during the war was 122,440

So that it would follow, on taking the whole of the eleven years, that the average number of deaths amounted only to 940 annually; but as the great mass of prisoners were thrown upon us in the years 1808 and 9, we will take the average number at 70,000 only, and the number of years at six, which will give 1740 for the annual deaths, or two and a half per cent. on the whole number, which is in fact much greater than was actually the case. Be it observed also, that, after the several great battles that were fought, many of the 122,440 prisoners were received in a state of disease, and others severely wounded. What, then, shall we think of the man, who wantonly calumniates the government for sending home to their friends many thousands of weak, aged, and convalescent prisoners of war, in spite of the inhuman and obstinate determination of Buonaparte to admit of no exchange; and converts into a charge of inhumanity what was purely intended, and really was, an act of the truest kindness and consideration?

When M. Dupin was convinced of the great cost of prisonships, compared with that of prisoners on shore, he might have been also convinced that it was not from choice that a preference was given to the former: had England been studded with garrison towns and fortresses like France, the French prisoners would have been confined in them, as the English prisoners were in France; but we are far from being certain that they would have been gainers by the change. M. Dupin will probably be startled to hear, what is nevertheless a positive fact, that it was by no means uncommon for the French prisoners to request a removal from Forton to the ships of war.

M. Dupin well knows that it was not any alarm created by 'the physical

physical strength of 70,000 French prisoners' which forbade their mixing with the English population: it was the fear of exposing to the eyes of delicacy, the scandalous and abominable practices shamelessly committed in open day, that made it necessary, in many cases, to remove even the parole prisoners from the immediate vicinity of towns. In making a merit of the English prisoners being sent to cheerful towns, and well received among the inhabitants—he should not have forgotten to add that it was the immense sums of money remitted by the friends of the *détenus* that purchased them a welcome reception, and made the most gloomy of their garrison towns, 'des villes riantes.' Far different was the case of the French prisoners: no human being in France, and least of all Buonaparte, seemed to care a straw about what became of them!

We have only a word more to say to M. Dupin on this subject. The mean and paltry trick of supporting his statements of the ill-treatment of prisoners of war in 1804—1814 on the authority of Howard, who died before the revolution, and whose work on 'the State of the Prisons' was published so long ago as the year 1777, may answer his purpose in France, but will not add much to his character for candour in England.

We willingly leave M. Dupin to take what notice he may think fit of our strictures on a part of his work so unworthy of him, in the two volumes with which he promises to favour the world, and proceed to the more agreeable task of examining the manner in which he has treated the great subject which comprehends the whole system, regarding both the *personnel* and *matériel*, of the naval force of Great Britain. The documents which have served him for this purpose, are the several Reports of the Commissioners of Naval Inquiry, and Naval Revision and Finance, Orders in Council,* Navy Estimates, and other papers laid before Parliament; the Naval Articles of War, the general printed Instructions, &c.; to which we may add, such other information, verbal and written, as his industry and address enabled him to collect; and we must do him the justice to say, that of these materials he has made the most, and that, generally speaking, he is perfect master of his subject.

There are those, we know, who are disposed to think it impolitic to open our dock-yards and arsenals to the inspection of foreigners;

* From one of these, M. Dupin might have given credit to the feeling which actuated the British government towards prisoners of war, by the terms of an Instruction to the Captains of Ships, established by his Majesty's Order in Council, which directs them 'to take particular care that *all* prisoners of war are treated with humanity; that their property is carefully protected; that they have their proper allowances of provisions; and that every comfort of air and exercise which circumstances can admit of, is allowed them.'

but we think differently; being persuaded that the degree of perfection to which the docks, buildings, machinery, ships, artillery, and all the implements of war, are carried in Great Britain, is well calculated to leave on the minds of the visitors an impression highly favourable to the state of the arts, and the resources of the nation to which they belong. Of this fact, M. Dupin's work affords a strong corroboration; since, with the single exception of the hulks or prison-ships, all our naval institutions, civil and military, practical and theoretical, receive an almost unqualified admiration; and few, we believe, are better qualified for giving a correct opinion on these matters than himself.

As M. Dupin writes solely for the instruction of his countrymen, and thinks it necessary to describe, in its minutest details, the whole system by which the civil and military affairs of the navy of Great Britain are conducted, it may be reasonably supposed that the greater part of his work offers but little that is wholly new or interesting to the English reader. We shall confine our notice, therefore, mostly to those general observations which he makes on the navy, and naval service of Great Britain, as compared with those of France; correcting the trifling mistakes into which he incidentally falls, and which are surprizingly few for a foreigner, on a subject which embraces so vast a variety of matter.

In his notice of the powers vested in the Lord High Admiral and executed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, he observes that there is on record an exception to this 'hierarchy of the service,' in the person of the late Lord Chatham, the 'despotic Chatham, who commenced the war in 1756 by the greatest act of piracy of which any civilized nation could be guilty.' This Chatham, it seems, being then prime minister, wrote out himself instructions for the fleet, and sent them to be signed by the Lords of the Admiralty, 'ordering his private secretary to cover the writing with a leaf of blank paper;'^{*}—thus, he continues, 'the natural directors of the English navy remained in entire ignorance of the operation for which they were nevertheless to prepare all the elements.' We ought, perhaps, to hold him the more pardonable for repeating so absurd a story, on recollecting that the late Mr. Whitbread (on the same respectable authority, perhaps) asked, in the House of Commons, if it was not usual for the *luy-lords* of the Admiralty, as he was pleased to call them, to sign papers with a blank sheet covering the writing?

In investigating the cause of that vast superiority of the British over the French navy, in all its departments, civil and military,

^{*} He quotes for his authority '*Vie du Comte de Chatham*,' which we suppose to be a translation of the wretched publication of Almon the bookseller—a mere tissue of falsehoods and absurdities, and wholly unworthy of any notice whatever.

M. Dupin endeavours to account for it, in a great degree, from the general popularity of the service, and the high encouragement given to those who enter into it. These, he thinks, may be ranked among the first of moral causes, which, operating upon others of a local or physical nature, have contributed to raise the navy of England to that high pitch of power and glory which it attained in the late revolutionary war. The local circumstances which naturally create an attachment to the seafaring life, are thus described.

‘The metropolis of the British Empire includes, within its walls, the most frequented port in the universe. It is the commerce of the sea, which alone has made London the most populous and the most wealthy of the capitals of Europe; vessels from a hundred different countries wave their flags upon the Thames, in the very bosom of this immense city: nevertheless there the British flags alone surpass in number those of so many other nations.’

‘The citizen of London is justly proud at the sight of so many fleets of merchant-ships, which daily arrive from the sea, or descend the river, —these, to export the products of the national industry—those, to import foreign produce or treasure. He cannot contemplate this immense bustle, without being convinced that the commerce and the sovereignty of the sea have created the wealth and the grandeur of his native city.’

But these results of a mercantile navy are not confined to London alone—

‘Edinburgh, (he continues,) on the shore of the most beautiful gulf of Scotland; Dublin, opposite to England, and on the spot most convenient for a rapid communication between London and Ireland; Quebec, on the banks of the river St. Lawrence, the Thames of Canada; Calcutta, on the borders of the Ganges; Halifax, on the northern coast of America; and the City of the Cape on the southern extremity of Africa,—on that point of storms which must be doubled in order to communicate between India and Europe—in a word, in all parts of the world the central points of the British power participate in the benefits of the commerce of the sea; and by these benefits contribute to the splendour, the wealth, and the power of the people and of the government.’

‘In England, in Scotland, in Ireland, not only the capitals, but a multitude of cities of the first rank are also built on the sea-coasts, or on the borders of large navigable rivers—Bristol, Hull, and Liverpool; Dundee, Aberdeen, and Glasgow; Belfast, Cork, and Waterford, are united by commerce with all the cities, with all the manufactories of the interior; and the interests of the maritime cities are, at the same time, the interests of the whole country.’

‘No country in the world is so well intersected with roads and canals, upon which goods and people are conveyed with extreme rapidity, from one extremity to the other of every county; there is no one point within the three kingdoms from whence one may not, in four-and-twenty hours, arrive

arrive at one or other of the seas which surround them.'—tom. ii. p. 2, 3.

To these facilities and conveniences, which accustom young people to voyages by water, M. Dupin adds the universal fashion of visiting the sea-coasts in the bathing-season, by that class of society which, in France, he says, is destined to retire at that period to their estates in the country. These visits to the coast give rise to numerous parties of pleasure, which venture out upon the sea; these, with the fleets of shipping passing and repassing, all contribute to create a prejudice in favour of navigation, and to excite that passion for sea-voyages which kindles in a thousand hearts; '*elle livre à la navigation militaire, ou marchande, ou savante, une foule de volontaires, qui reviennent dans leur patrie, avec des trophées, des trésors, ou des connoissances nouvelles: dignes conquêtes de la mer!*'

From these and other causes, M. Dupin observes that,

'In the eyes of the people of England, the marine is the natural element of the British power, and ships are the moveable ramparts of the territory of Albion. It is not merely in the figurative language of poetry, but in the most familiar language of conversation, that Englishmen, in speaking of their ships of war, emphatically call them "*our bulwarks, our wooden walls.*"'—tom. ii. p. 4.

M. Dupin assigns another reason (somewhat hackneyed within the walls of parliament) for the preference shown by our countrymen to the navy over the army—it is, that the former never can endanger the liberties of the people, while a standing army places them in jeopardy: add to this, that the promotion in the navy being gratuitous, talent and valour are sure of succeeding in that service. Another consideration is the liberal shares of prize-money to which the superior officers are entitled, and which cannot fail to inspire a well-grounded hope of the acquisition of an independent fortune. 'In short,' he concludes, 'while admirals and post-captains enjoy all the favours of the court, fill a multitude of honourable situations near the person of the sovereign, arrive in considerable numbers at the peerage, and represent, for several boroughs and counties, the people in the House of Commons, we find only a small number of general officers and colonels who have received such marks of favour and confidence, whether from the prince or from the people.'

Here M. Dupin is evidently venturing beyond his depth. On these matters, however, a Frenchman may be permitted to blunder; but we cannot forbear smiling when, on turning to the list of the House of Commons, we find about thirteen admirals and captains representing the navy, while there are no less than five-and-forty generals and colonels of the army; and if M. Dupin had taken

taken the trouble to consult the Red Book, he would have found about a dozen general officers as lords and grooms of the bed-chamber, to one solitary admiral, and a post-captain of the navy! He is somewhat more correct in quoting the honours bestowed on Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson, as proofs of the value set on naval exploits by the government; and as a testimony of the national gratitude to our officers, seamen, and marines, the public thanks given to them by the representatives of the people in parliament: but we lay no great stress on a circumstance, which he thinks remarkable, that, after the great naval victories obtained by the four officers above-mentioned, medals should have been given to the admirals and captains only, while, after the battle of Waterloo, all the individuals of the army engaged on that day, were permitted to wear that distinguished mark of approbation from the officers of the highest rank, down to the lowest soldier. Medals, in our service, seem never to have been systematically adopted; but have occasionally been distributed, incidentally or capriciously, and not on any known principle; and on this account have never created any jealousy between the two services. We admit, however, that there is something in the following observations, which, to a foreigner, could not fail to place the superior popularity of the navy in a striking, though fallacious point of view.

‘I have traversed the greater number of the most considerable cities of Great Britain, and every where, even in places the most secluded, on the wildest borders of the north of Caledonia, I have seen durable monuments erected by the gratitude of the natives, to the memory of Nelson. Let us now compare these innumerable monuments with those which that victory, the most important ever gained by the British army, has produced. Trafalgar had not completed the downfall of the French empire, and Waterloo crushed this imperial fabric, restored from its ruins as if by enchantment—Waterloo delivers England and Europe from the terrors which they had so long felt, and made them tremble at the sight of the French eagles—Waterloo places (at least for some years) the British power at the head of the coalition of the continental governments. Notwithstanding these things, in traversing the three kingdoms, one looks in vain for frequent monuments in celebration of this memorable triumph. The names given to a certain number of streets and squares, a few inscriptions, here and there a statue, the name of a bridge, built for a special purpose before the campaign of the *Hundred Days* had commenced,—these are all that remain in England to perpetuate the memory of a victory obtained by sacrifices, the burden of which still weighs heavily on a people restored to their sober senses (*désenivré*).’—tom. ii. p. 12.

The sacrifice, no doubt, was great; and, whatever M. Dupin may think, was made by the people in their sober senses, and on mature

mature reflection, that it was more wise, as well as more glorious; to sacrifice a part of the national property to secure the remainder, than by tamely sitting down and ‘husbanding our resources,’ to let in a brutal and ferocious enemy, who had vauntingly threatened London with the fate of Carthage, and insolently proclaimed his intention to convert this beautiful island into a kitchen-garden for his soldiers.

But M. Dupin mistakes egregiously, if he thinks the reflecting part of the nation does not fully appreciate the value of the victory of Waterloo; or that the national gratitude is to be measured by the applause of the populace, or by pillars of stone. The memory of the heroes who fought and fell at Waterloo will live in the national annals, and, what is still better, in the hearts of the virtuous and best part of their countrymen! A nobler monument of a nation’s gratitude, than the proudest pillar of stone, was raised to such of the surviving saviours of Europe as were disabled, and to the widows and orphans of those who fell in the glorious cause, in the spontaneous and most liberal contributions for the comfort and relief of the sufferers, which flowed in from the most distant corners of the British dominions, from the northern extremity of Canada, to the land of New South Wales and Van Dieman; where even the banished outcast felt that he was still a Briton, and shared and exulted in the glories of his country. M. Dupin does not know,—but it ought to be known to him, to Europe, and the world,—that nearly £600,000 was raised from the impulse of real and unostentatious charity, grounded on the purest feelings of gratitude and humanity;—that of this sum, £75,000 was given to the Prussians who took part in that glorious and decisive day;—that £192,000 (including the foregoing sum) have been bestowed in gratuities to wounded officers and privates;—that annuities to the amount of £23,000 a-year have been granted to the widows and children of those who fell in battle; and that, from the remaining fund, portions continue to be granted to the female orphans of officers and privates on their marriage—THESE ARE THE MONUMENTS, more durable than stone, which a grateful nation has raised to the memory of the victory of Waterloo! The fact is, that M. Dupin has mistaken the thing done for the man who did it—the act for the agent. It was not to commemorate the victory of Trafalgar, nor of the Nile, nor of Copenhagen, nor of St. Vincent, that the pillars which he speaks of were raised—but to testify the feelings of those who erected them for the memory of the MAN whose whole race of life was one career of glory, and who fell at last in the arms of victory: and accordingly they are known only as ‘Nelson’s pillars;’—they are the pious testimonials of veneration, and regret for ‘the loss of a hero,’

a hero,' as Lord Collingwood (himself a hero) expressed it, 'whose name will be immortal, and whose memory ever dear to the British navy, and the British nation; whose zeal for the honour of his King, and for the interest of his country, will be held up to the latest posterity as a shining example for a British seaman.' We are well aware that it has been the policy of the French to disparage a victory that laid them prostrate at the feet of a too generous enemy; but M. Dupin may be assured that, had it pleased Providence to add to our misfortune by the loss of another hero, whose career in arms has been no less glorious, a nation's gratitude would have been displayed by similar tokens of affection and regret; and that columns would then have been inscribed with the name of Wellington, as they now are with that of Nelson.*

To return to our subject. Few naval men were of opinion

* We must do the French the justice to say, that they appear to have adopted the tone and manner in which they treat the battle of Waterloo from the great whig politicians, the judicious 'husbanders of our resources,' who cannot yet forgive the Duke of Wellington for conquering in their despite. The *bloody Waterloo* is still the only phrase with which they can bear to designate that glorious field! But we turn to manlier sentiments, to nobler feelings—and trust to convince not only M. Dupin but some of his reflecting countrymen, that we appreciate better than he imagines, the victory which he justly calls, 'the most important ever gained by the British arms.'

† While history (we use the words of a most valued friend) 'shall record the deeds of that immortal day in the appropriate language of one of its most distinguished heroes—' "An army hastily drawn together, composed of the troops of various nations, among whom were numbered several brigades of inexperienced militia, was the force which the Duke of Wellington had to oppose to one of the most formidable and best equipped armies which France ever produced. Every officer and every man did his duty; but *the Duke of Wellington alone* was capable of giving union to such a force; his great name filled it with confidence—*No other man living could have gained that victory with an army so composed*"—While history shall record this proud tribute to the name of the conqueror—it will have to add that, at the moment when the shout of victory was raised through the land, and every British heart exulted in the triumph of his country, the simultaneous impulse was felt to administer relief to all who had been sufferers in the conflict on this memorable field of glory. All ranks, all classes, all denominations, hastened to provide a fund for this sacred purpose—the sentiment was universal—it pervaded alike the palace and the cottage—while the noble and the wealthy held meetings in the metropolis, and in the principal towns of the empire, even in the humblest village, the most obscure hamlet, the inhabitants, when they assembled in the House of God to return thanks for the triumphs of their country, contributed to this fund with cheerful gratitude. Nor was the impulse confined within the limits of the British isles—it passed with electric rapidity to the most distant regions; it thrilled through every Briton's heart, wherever placed and however circumstanced—in the north and in the south, in the east and in the west; all were equally warmed with the patriot glow, and most justly was it observed by the Marquis of Hastings, on transmitting from Calcutta a portion of those contributions, which in magnitude were indeed worthy of the liberality that has ever characterized the British subjects of our Indian empire—"that a subject of the British empire must indeed be unworthy of those blessings and of those honours to which he was born, who does not acknowledge a kindred interest in the fortunes of the army who fought at Waterloo."

† Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton, in reply to the Thanks of the House of Commons.

that the miserable flotilla of Boulogne could ever succeed in throwing upon our coast the hundred thousand men which 'were to overcome all opposition and march to London sword in hand.' They were well aware that thirteen hundred vessels could never in one, two, or three tides get out of the harbour; and that they could not remain out of it in safety from our cruisers for an hour. Even with the aid of a covering fleet, (and without it the attempt would be the very paroxysm of madness,) M. Dupin admits that they must have failed; and that, had they effected a landing, we should have burnt their flotilla; and thus cut off the retreat of their army, which must have surrendered at discretion. When the covering fleet however had been demolished at Trafalgar, by what M. Dupin calls 'an incredible blindness, and the most absurd impatience' on the part of its commander, the idea of invasion was abandoned: it had indeed been relinquished from the moment that Villeneuve took shelter in Ferrol; and the manner of doing it is thus dramatically stated by M. Dupin, as he received it from Count Daru.

'In 1805, M. Daru was at Boulogne, "intendant general" of the army. One morning, the Emperor sent for him into his cabinet: Daru there found him transported with rage, striding rapidly up and down the apartment, and breaking a sullen silence only by abrupt and short exclamations—"What a navy!—What an admiral!—What sacrifices thrown away!—My hope is destroyed!—This Villeneuve! instead of being in the channel, he is gone into Ferrol! It is all over! he will be blockaded. Daru, sit down, listen and write." The Emperor had received early in the morning the news of Villeneuve's arrival in a Spanish port; he saw instantly that the conquest of England was abortive, the immense expense of the fleet and the flotilla lost for a long time, perhaps for ever. At that moment, in the transport of rage, which permits not other men to preserve their judgment, he had taken one of those bold resolutions, and traced out one of the most admirable plans of a campaign, that any other conqueror could have conceived at leisure and with coolness, without hesitation, without stopping; he then dictated the whole plan of the campaign of Austerlitz, the departure of the several corps of the army, from Hanover and Holland, even to the confines of the west and south of France, &c.'—tom. i. p. 244, 245.

Bien jouée! The farce was well got up, and well acted; and M. Daru, we doubt not, entered fully into the amusement. The simple truth, however, is, that Buonaparte was glad at heart of an excuse to break up an armament, which he was perfectly satisfied would never accomplish what, in a hasty moment, and in the wantonness of power, he had pledged himself to perform.

All the arts and sciences connected with the navy and navigation in general, have experienced in England the public patronage. From the days of Newton, the Parliament of Great Britain has
not

not ceased to offer the most splendid rewards for discoveries in geography, and improvements in navigation. Thus the sum of £ 10,000 was granted to Mr. Harrison, for the invention of a time-piece; to the widow of Mayer £ 3,000, for the 'Tables of the Moon,' published by that excellent astronomer; and £ 300 to Euler, for some theorems on the same subject. About the same time, a reward of £ 20,000 was offered for the discovery of a north-west passage, and since renewed with certain modifications, which enabled that able and intelligent navigator, Captain Parry, to obtain a portion of it amounting to £ 5,000. As a further proof of the extraordinary encouragement held out by us for whatever may be turned to the improvement of the navy, M. Dupin mentions the splendid sum of four hundred thousand francs, besides all expenses, granted to that ingenious artist, Brunell, as a reward for his invention of the block machinery; and one hundred thousand francs, with a considerable pension for life, to Sir Robert Seppings, for his most important improvements in naval architecture.

M. Dupin admits, and laments, that these matters are managed very differently in France. Louis XIV., he observes, has deservedly been praised for his munificence towards learned men; but his largesses, unlike those of the parliament of England, never extended to the offer of half a million to the man of science or the artist who should successfully resolve one single problem really useful; and with regard to the liberality of Buonaparte,—a single example, he thinks, will suffice to show what kind of encouragement was held out, by this patron of the arts and sciences, to the French navy.

'When the engineer Hubert had constructed at Rochefort the beautiful mill, which serves at the same time for cleansing the basin or inner harbour, the rolling and turning of metals, the mixing of colours, &c. the minister, Decrès, caused a remuneration to be made to him of six hundred francs! (£25!); and this is the only instance of a reward being decreed, under the *Imperial government*, to officers of genius. Those even which the law prescribed to be given on the launching of each ship of war, were not bestowed, trifling as they were. Thanks to this parsimony, during the whole period of which we are speaking, the sciences and the arts connected with the French navy remained stationary! But could it be otherwise, when the minister declared that he wanted only sailors for sea-officers, and carpenters for constructors?'—tom. ii. p. 28.

Every one knows, says M. Dupin, what disorder prevailed in all the branches of the naval administration during the first years of the French republic. On the one hand, anarchy, insubordination, plunder; on the other, presumption, prejudice, ignorance, destroyed all the good which a small number of officers

were able to produce, who alone had any idea of the true principles of a well organized navy. But, adds he, 'order appeared to be restored under the consulate, and under the empire; though it was an order that was directed more towards the preservation of the *matériel* than the amelioration of the *personnel*. Disaster after disaster occurred; but the tribune was dumb, and the public journals were gagged, and nothing was permitted to be said or published respecting the navy without the formal sanction of the minister.' As new defeats added to their shame, an official article, 'drawn up,' as he tells us; 'by the hand of impudence,' appeared in the *Moniteur*, for the purpose of proving to Frenchmen that the loss of their colonies was advantageous to their navy. In the Prince Regent's Speech to Parliament in 1811, it is observed that 'the conquest of the Isles of Bourbon and Amboyna has further diminished the number of the enemies' colonies;' upon which the *Moniteur* has the following commentary: 'Under existing circumstances, Martinique, Guadeloupe, the Isle of Réunion, and the Isle of France, contributed nothing to the mother-country, and cost her more than twenty millions every year. With twenty millions we can build ten ships of war in the year; it follows then that in the course of five or six years, which the present war may continue, we may have fifty sail of the line. The colonies occupied by the English will be restored to the mother-country, either at the conclusion of peace, or when the empire shall have a hundred and twenty ships of the line, with two hundred frigates and smaller vessels. This period, which is foreseen and calculated, is not very far from us!'

After stating at some length what, in our author's opinion, ought to be observed with regard to the nature and the number of ships of war to be kept up by France, he gives, as a contrast, what we conceive to be a true picture of Napoleon's navy.

'To dazzle the eyes of the vulgar by the parade of numbers, they seemed to estimate our naval force by the enumeration of our masts and sails. The rapid increase of the *matériel* of our fleet was pompously announced to all Europe. But what was the actual condition of that fleet? Constructed, in a great degree, with materials of the very worst quality, it was manœuvred by crews composed of recruits, the greater part strangers to the sea-service, and moreover strangers to our national interests. Germans, Italians, Illyrians and Greeks were mingled with French seamen. These foreign subjects of the great empire, ill paid, ill fed, ill treated, served France with rage and hatred in their hearts; full of cunning and of courage to desert a service which they abhorred, they were cowards in defending the honour of a flag, the symbol of their slavery—these were the support and the companions which were given to our inexperienced seamen.

'Moral power was equally wanting with physical strength to this
mass

mass of involuntary navigators. The finest men and the best seamen were called away to serve in the train of the troops of the line, or rather in the train of the Imperial guard; and the refuse of seafaring people was reserved for the navy. In order to fill up the skeletons which were weakened every hour, they enrolled, without selection, and without distinction, the weak, the impotent, the ricketty; they kept on board the maimed, the convalescent and the incurable, in order to present to the Emperor, to the Empire, and to Europe, the state of a *personnel*, imposing by its numerical force, and contemptible by its real weakness.—tom. ii. p. 85.

Over such a navy as this picture represents, it is no great compliment to assert an immeasurable superiority on the part of Great Britain. But when that of France was in its most healthy state, the English navy is admitted to have been pre-eminently superior; a fact which M. Dupin mainly ascribes to the perfect state of discipline which prevails in every branch of the service, and the rigid adherence to promotion by seniority in the upper classes, and to rank and command in all. The power which is given to the flag-officers commanding squadrons, under the admiral commanding in chief, to inspect and examine into the good order, the cleanliness and discipline of each individual ship placed under their respective commands, characterizes and constitutes, in his opinion, one of the great excellencies of the British navy. 'But in France,' he observes, 'the lowest captain of a ship of war believes himself the king, or rather the despot, of his quarter-deck. He cannot conceive that an admiral should have the right of coming on board to inquire with his own eyes into the manner in which the details of the service are carried on; and it is as much as can be expected if, in the performance of evolutions, this same captain will condescend to abstain from a disobedience of the signals which may point out to him the conduct to be observed by his ship.' 'This fatal spirit,' he adds, 'of insubordination, greater before than since the Revolution, must be rooted out of the French navy before it can hope to obtain success to any great extent.'

The cool, quiet and determined manner in which the officers give their orders, the readiness and regularity with which they are executed, and the imposing silence of the crew, on board an English ship of war, when actually engaged in battle, form so many characteristics of the British navy. 'C'est le calme de la force, c'est le recueillement de la sagesse.' 'In the midst,' says our author, 'of the most complicated operations, and even in the heat and hurry of battle, the words of command only are heard, pronounced and repeated distinctly and coolly from rank to rank—no intemperate councils, no murmurs, no clamour, no tumult.

The officers think in silence, and the crew act without speech or thought.' This perfection of subordination, however, he ascribes, in a certain degree, to the phlegmatic character and the natural taciturnity of the English; at the same time he is of opinion that similar results might be obtained even from the vivacious Frenchmen of the south; 'for,' says he, (an inference which we do not clearly comprehend,) 'the inhabitants of Great Britain are naturally less active than the French, and especially than the inhabitants of the south of France.'

There is an instruction in the British naval service which strictly enjoins every officer 'to refrain from making any remarks or observations on the conduct or orders of any of his superior officers, that may tend to bring them into contempt; and most carefully to avoid the saying or doing of any thing which, if seen or heard by, or reported to, the ship's company, may discourage, or render them dissatisfied with their condition, or with the service they shall then be employed on, or with any service on which they may be ordered.' But what is the case in the French navy?

'Under the system, at present so much extolled, of the Imperial navy, I have witnessed a renewal of the bad example of that spirit of insubordination which, under Louis XV. and Louis XVI. on two occasions, destroyed the French navy. I have seen captains of ships of the line manifest openly their contempt for most of the admirals under whom they were serving, or might serve; captains of frigates express towards those of the line, sentiments of reproach which these had bestowed on their superiors; in short, from rank to rank, down to the lowest midshipman, and even to the sailors themselves, I have witnessed a spirit of detraction—a wish to spread contempt for all in command, to infect the mind of every inferior, destroy the confidence of the crew in their officers; and, by the loss of that confidence, to destroy the energy and the efficiency of the naval force.'—tom. ii. p. 15.

But if the administration of the British navy exacts from inferiors an entire obedience to the orders of their superiors, it also exacts from these, as M. Dupin justly observes, an example of all the military virtues, and more especially of daring enterprize and unquestionable courage. 'The English,' he adds, 'like the Carthaginians, punish with death the admiral who, engaging with a force nearly equal, does not gain the victory.' The fate of Admiral Byng, and the more recent censure of Sir Robert Calder, furnish him with examples of this strict and rigid justice. Though, with an inferior force, the latter met the combined fleets of France and Spain, engaged, and took two of them, he was tried and censured, because it was supposed that, by renewing the engagement, he might have obtained a more decisive success. 'What,'
says

says Dupin, 'would they have done in England with Calder if he had commanded a superior fleet, and *lost* two ships in avoiding a battle which ought to have afforded so fair an opportunity for the display of skill and valour? What would they have done with the captains?' We can tell him, at least, what they would *not* have done—they would not have *secretly* put them to death, as there is but too much reason to believe was the fate of poor Villeneuve.

We cannot help thinking that Sir Robert Calder was hardly dealt with. In saying this, we mean not to impugn the sentence, but the charge—which ordered him to be tried, not for his whole conduct in presence of the enemy, but for part of it only—not for what he did, but for what he omitted to do; and we believe this was the general feeling in the navy. With regard to Byng, his sentence was a just one, as the law then stood; and the members of the court-martial who awarded it had not (as the members of those of the present day have) a discretionary power to mitigate the sentence. Byng, however, was, in some measure, the victim of popular clamour, and the squabbles and intrigues of an administration which had lost the confidence of their master, and feared to trust one another.

The mode in which that great naval officer, Napoleon, managed matters of this kind is thus stated by M. Dupin.

'Captains,' he says, 'evidently culpable, were delivered over by him to the maritime courts: they were acquitted by the judges, who were delighted to establish the point in naval jurisprudence, that a man might be imbecile or pusillanimous in battle, without incurring the punishment due to that incapacity which compromises the public interest, or that cowardice which dishonours the national flag. Sometimes Napoleon deposed the members of these courts, and wished to retry that which the law permitted to be tried only once. This was only acting the despot without remedying the evil. He had done better by consulting public opinion; by endeavouring to know beforehand those men so lenient towards crimes against honour; never to have trusted them with commands, but to have placed them without delay on the retired list.'—*tom. ii. p. 18.*

We have a further specimen of his Imperial Majesty's ideas of justice, and of the encouragement which he gave to the navy, in an official communication in the *Moniteur* of November, 1811: 'The Minister of the Marine shall cause the laws of the Empire to be executed. The Commander of the Cloriude shall be brought before the tribunals for having taken so small a share in the battle... *for having preferred life to honour.*'... 'Thus,' observes M. Dupin, 'the sovereign authoritatively decides on the infamy of an officer whom he is about to try!' 'If,' he continues, 'fear, honour and virtue, are the characteristics of despotical, monarchical, and

democratical states, I leave others to judge to what form of government such a decision belongs.'

In naval tactics as well as discipline, M. Dupin candidly avows the English are far superior to the French; and he thinks it would be very desirable that some one of the French officers who, in the course of the last war, had the misfortune to serve on board an enemy's ship, would give his countrymen a faithful description of the principal manœuvres, and of the order in which they are executed on board an English ship of war.' 'One might then,' he continues, 'compare the means of action of our rivals with those in use with us, and give the preference to the best.' Without undervaluing the talents of a French naval officer, we apprehend that a few days, or weeks, or even months, would not enable him to do what M. Dupin here requires. A perfect knowledge of seamanship, and of what a ship will perform under all circumstances, can be acquired only by long practice, and not at all by merely looking on. The same observation will apply to the management of the great guns, which he considers as of more importance than the manœuvring of the ship itself, and as infinitely more difficult than that of artillery on shore. There can be no doubt of this: as, in the one case, the instrument is steady and immovable; in the other it is constantly in motion. The effect of the broadside of a British man of war on her opponent, is produced by that calm and undisturbed coolness, which, in the midst of the loose and scattered fire of the enemy, never allows the person who has the command of the gun, to lose sight of his object, or to neglect the critical moment presented by the rolling of the ship, which affords the most likely chance of striking his opponent. In this respect, and in the rapidity of loading and firing, M. Dupin says, 'we have much yet to do to subdue our petulance, and to bring ourselves towards that degree of coolness and calculated activity so fully possessed by the English.'

Strictly speaking, however, it is not the system of manœuvring a single ship, or the state of discipline on board that ship—it is the management of a fleet, with regard to its order of sailing and forming the line, to the principles of attack and defence, which may properly be called Naval tactics. In the early part of our history, when artillery was unknown, these principles were disregarded, because the value of them could not be perceived. The ships were small, and their armament simple and rude; they engaged stem to stem, or broadside to broadside; and the men fought hand to hand, and foot to foot. The main object was, then, the destruction of life; and the stoutest and most courageous soldiers generally obtained the victory. We are told

told that, when Edward III. attacked the French fleet collected at Sluys to oppose his landing, the English, after pouring in a volley of arrows, boarded the enemy's ships and gained a glorious victory, with the loss of 4000 men. Of the French more than 30,000 perished, the greater part of whom were driven overboard and drowned: so dreadfully destructive were battles, whether by sea or land, when man was immediately opposed to man! whereas the victory of the Nile was obtained at the expense of 218 men killed, and 677 wounded; and the glorious and decisive day of Trafalgar, at somewhat less than 420 killed, and 1112 wounded.

The invention of gunpowder, and the introduction of artillery into the army and navy, unquestionably diminished the waste of human life. The combatants now engaged, whether at sea or on land, at a greater distance from each other, and this rendered it necessary for fleets as well as armies, to act in concert, and to observe a certain order or disposition, whether out of sight or in presence of an enemy; not only for their mutual support and defence, but to enable them to carry against the enemy the greatest accumulation of force, generally speaking, upon one given point. This, at least, has become the favourite system of late years. M. Dupin says, that certain men of genius discovered, in the time of Lewis XIV., excellent combinations for particular cases; but that, until the French revolutionary war, the art of disposing and conducting fleets, for the purpose of producing the most prompt and complete effect, had not been reduced to any rational practice. The English however, he tells us, adopted the principles laid down by Mr. Clerk, a professor of Edinburgh, and changed the system which prevailed during the American war, of getting to windward, bearing down upon the enemies' fleet, attacking the van by the van, the centre by the centre, and the rear by the rear:—a mode of fighting which, though it generally left the English fleet masters of the field, (if it may so be called,) yet permitted the French to escape in line of battle, and led to no decisive result whatever.

This practice of retiring in good order, with little or no damage, caused, M. Dupin says, 'not only our rivals, but other nations, to adopt the disgraceful opinion, that a French fleet could not face an English fleet of equal force.' But the real fact, he tells us, was that their admirals had orders to keep the sea for the longest possible time, without coming to an action, in which the result might be the loss of ships too expensive to be replaced; and, if *forced* to engage, to avoid, with the greatest care, compromising the fate of their fleet, by a conflict *too decisive*. Such an order, he says, obliged them to fight retreating, by which they acquired the disastrous habit of yielding the field of battle, as soon

as an enemy, though inferior, appeared disposed to dispute it with courage. 'Thus then,' he adds, 'to maintain, at a great expense, a naval armament; to forbid it from making the best use of its effective power; to send it in search of an enemy; to retreat shamefully from its presence; to receive battle instead of offering it; to commence an action only to finish it by the phantom of a defeat; to lose the moral for the sake of sparing the physical force—formed the principle which, from the declining energies of the reign of Lewis XIV. to the mistakes of Napoleon, (with a few brief exceptions,) has guided the administration of the French marine,—the consequences are well known!'

M. Dupin ridicules, and not unsuccessfully, 'what he terms the pious respect of his countrymen for the sacred order of the line of battle' to which the combined fleets were sacrificed at Trafalgar. While Nelson advanced in two close columns to overwhelm the centre of this 'sacred line,' the two wings remained immovable; they were 'in line,' he says, and that was enough; and in this position they looked on 'avec une effrayante impassibilité,' until the centre was destroyed—then, and not till then, forgetting all respect for the sacred order of the line, they thought—not of seeking to remedy any part of the evil, but of making their escape. This is true; and can only be explained by the astonishment and confusion into which the Commander-in-Chief was thrown by a mode of attack so unusual, and which might have been followed by a different result, had the combined fleets, instead of remaining in that state of 'impassibility' while the destruction of the centre was going on, hauled their wind in one or two lines, which would have obliged Nelson to change his order of sailing in two columns, into a line of battle. It was neither from any premeditated plan of attack on the part of Nelson, nor from any particular predilection for the advance in two columns; but, as we are officially informed by Lord Collingwood, 'to avoid the inconvenience and delay in forming a line of battle in the usual manner,' that he was induced to bear down upon the enemy in the order of sailing; and, as the combined fleets kept their positions, Nelson, with that happy and instinctive promptitude with which he availed himself of every circumstance, saw instantly that the most decisive result would ensue from pressing with his whole force upon their centre, and even calculated the number of ships of which it would put him in possession.

We are not surprized that M. Dupin should offer this battle, of Trafalgar, and that of Rodney in the West Indies, as fine examples of the system laid down by Clerk. It has been maintained, we know, that Rodney, previously to his sailing, had received some hints

hints from the author; but this has never been satisfactorily proved, and we have reason to believe, (in fact, we speak from the authority of an officer now of the highest rank, and then in Rodney's fleet,) that the breaking of the enemy's line was purely incidental, and the thought of the moment. Our ships were closely engaged under the lee of the French line, theirs were dropping down upon us,—and an opening presenting itself, Rodney in the *Formidable*, with his seconds, the *Namur* and *Duke*, and immediately supported by the *Canada*, seized the advantage thus offered to him, and successfully broke through the enemy's line about three ships short of the centre, where De Grasse commanded in the *Ville de Paris*. The vessels astern followed, and the result is well known. That Clerk had shown the advantages of manœuvring so as to cut off a part of the enemy's fleet, and fall upon it with a superior force while the remainder was unable to come to their support, there can be no doubt; and many of his observations and tactics are much to the purpose: but, in general, he supposes a degree of 'impassibility' on the part of the enemy which was not shown by De Grasse.

We well remember the extravagant encomiums passed on Clerk's work; it was called 'a magnificent invention,' and the government was cordially abused by our northern brethren, (who are always tremblingly alive to the military glory of their country,) for not bestowing on its author a pension, a peerage, and we know not what besides; whereas, in fact, it is no invention at all, but taken, almost wholly, from the work of Le P. Paul Hoste, Jesuit, published nearly a century before Clerk wrote.* He has a whole chapter on breaking the enemy's line, and he states very particularly the advantages and disadvantages attending it. He appears to consider it as a hazardous manœuvre which, he says, ought never to be resorted to without one of the three following reasons: 1st, In order to avoid a greater evil; 2dly, When the enemy leaves a considerable interval in his line; and 3dly, When some of the enemy's vessels are thrown out of the line. In other respects, indeed, it is not without danger; for, unless the enemy should continue to show that 'effrayante impassibilité' exhibited by the combined fleets off Trafalgar, a skilful commander might avail himself of such a manœuvre, by instantly tacking his van, and enclosing the ships which have cut through his line, between two fires. Several examples are given by P. Hoste of breaking the line in the Dutch wars, and particularly in the memorable action of 1666, which lasted four days. Albemarle, who was to windward, bore

* *L'Art des Armées Navales, ou Traité des Evolutions Navales, &c.* par le P. Paul Hoste, de la Compagnie de Jésus, Professeur de Mathématiques dans le Séminaire de Toulon. Lyon. 1697.

down upon the Dutch, and cut through their line; but De Ruyter, not chusing to remain passive, manœuvred in such a manner as to bring on a general engagement, and to oppose ship to ship:—thus the two fleets continued to pass through each other's line; and in conclusion, the English were worsted. Thus too, in 1653, when Blake pursued Van Tromp and De Ruyter off the Isle of Wight, as they were protecting a fleet of merchantmen, and formed round them in a crescent, somewhat like that of the French and Spanish fleets off Trafalgar, the English admiral bore down upon their line, broke through it completely, and took several of their ships.

We were not aware that the Ordonnance of 1765 was still in force in the French navy. By this, the Admiral commanding in chief is alone authorized to issue orders, to commence or discontinue the fight, to change the order of battle, or to execute any manœuvre; every detail must proceed immediately from him; and as, in action, it must frequently happen that, enveloped in the smoke of the enemy's cannon or his own, he can neither see the ships at a distance nor they him, they are of course often at a loss what to do; and generally, as is common in such situations, end with doing nothing, as was probably the case at Trafalgar.

'To remedy this serious evil,' says M. Dupin, 'an ordonnance has prescribed a rule, the most foolish and the most fatal that the evil genius of our navy could possibly have imagined. According to this instruction, it is necessary for our ships to form a line, for the purpose of being in order of battle. No ship, under any pretext, must quit this line, unless by a regular signal made by the Admiral of the fleet. Thus, every time that this Admiral (while engaging) ceases to be in sight; however evident his own want of support, or the distress of any other part of the sacred line, may be, the Ordonnance is inviolable, the line must be preserved. And those vessels which the manœuvres of the enemy have thrown out of the action, are unable to take any share in it. They must wait until the rest of the fleet, annihilated under their eyes, permits the enemy's ships to proceed, en masse, to give battle to these religious conservators of the stupid line,' &c.—tom. ii. p. 65.

In this respect, M. Dupin says, the French ought to take the English for their example. They ought, as is the case with them, to make the inferior flag-officers responsible for the manœuvres of their respective squadrons; to give instructions to every flag-officer to observe attentively the conduct of every ship near him, whether of the squadron or division which he commands, or not; and if he shall observe any ship evidently avoiding battle, or not doing her duty in it, to send an officer immediately to suspend the captain of that ship, and to take the command of her in his stead. 'It is thus,' he observes, 'that, at every moment of the battle, the captains in the English fleet are under

under the necessity of conducting themselves like heroes, or to see themselves dishonoured on the spot, in the presence of both fleets.' The reverse is the case as far as regards the French fleet in action; and, he adds, 'this fault in our institution has caused the loss of the most important engagements and the dishonour of our admirals and captains, who, had they been accustomed to manœuvre with the aid of their own lights, might perhaps have covered themselves with glory, in giving a turn in our favour to the fate of the day.' He also bestows high praise on the general instruction for the British fleet, that if a flag-officer be killed in action, his flag is to be kept flying, and the signals made from his ship in the same manner as if he were still alive: 'it was thus,' he observes, 'that, in the battle of Aboukir, although Nelson was put *hors de combat*, and in that of Trafalgar, although he was killed, the action and the victory nevertheless continued their inevitable course.'

A Frenchman of the name of Paixhans, an officer in the corps of Royal Artillery, has just published part of a work which he calls '*Nouvelle Force Maritime*,' the object of which is, first, to prove the inefficiency of a naval force, from the small number of killed and wounded after a general action; and, secondly, that the expense of keeping it up bears no proportion to the paltry service which it renders to a state;—whilst the smallest rock, he shrewdly observes, may split it—the puncture of an insect sink it,—and an accidental spark, falling among the ammunition, blow it to atoms. These considerations seem to have inflamed his imagination, and generated the important '*secret*' with which he appears to labour. 'Why then (he asks) may not these *natural* effects be imitated by art?' He proposes, therefore, not only to make an absolute change in the present mode of attack and defence, but to give to ships such an increased power as cannot fail to make a naval engagement more *murderous*—the prime object of this Dr. Sangrado of the new school. The name of Dupin, we perceive, is among those appointed to examine this tremendous project,* which, we are well assured, if he can escape the fascinating terrors of the *Avocat*, will obtain no countenance from him.

* M. Paixhans sets out with this proposition, which he pledges himself to prove in a future volume, where he is to discover his *secret*: 'Il est possible, dans l'état actuel des arts, il serait facile dès aujourd'hui, de construire un très-petit navire, qui, monté seulement de quelques soldats sans expérience, aurait assez de puissance pour détruire le vaisseau de haut-bord le plus fortement armé.' And though the English, he observes, say ironically that a ship of the line speaks all languages, and truly enough they carry orders which are understood by all nations, yet, he adds, 'we hope to be able to prove that a ship of war, be she what she may, speaks not so loud, but that another may speak still louder, and put her to silence.' From the blustering language of M. Paixhans, it would appear as if he had just risen from the spirited dialogue between the '*brisk lightning*' and the '*bold thunder*' in the *Rehearsal*.

‘If,’ M. Dupin says, (as if he had anticipated this crazy revival of Fulton’s rejected fooleries,) ‘we would appreciate the real force of a ship of war, we must not say, a ship is a floating battery, with which one can scarcely, in battle, kill or wound more than a fourth, or a fifth, or a tenth of the seamen of another ship of equal force. We should say, a modern ship of war is a floating battery, which can only be compelled to yield to batteries of the same description. It is a fortress, which is able to resist the sea, in all seasons, in the midst of every tempest. It is a fortress, which transports itself with a rapidity infinitely superior to that of the lightest troops of a land-army, in such a way as to run over a fourth part of the great circle of the globe in less time than a continental army can pass from Spain into Poland, or from France into Russia. Now, when such immense marches are undertaken, the naval army experiences neither fatigues, nor privations, nor wants, nor those epidemics which destroy so many land-armies. Without accident to her crew, a ship of war passes the winter in the midst of the polar ice, in a degree of cold exceeding that which caused the destruction of the finest army that modern times have seen. In short, a naval force not only transports itself, exempt from suffering and fatigue; it transports the land-army, and communicates to it its own movements. By means of it, those powers who have only a small number of soldiers, are enabled to multiply them by sudden and unexpected disembarkations on all the vulnerable points of an enemy’s coast.’—tom. ii. p. 72.

M. Dupin is right; and his countrymen have had an example of these truths which they will not readily forget. The successful attacks on Copenhagen and Algiers sufficiently prove the efficacy of a naval force when opposed to the most formidable batteries; and the prodigious importance of victories, though gained, to the great disquietude of M. Paixhans, by the loss only of a few hundred men. The victories of Howe, Nelson, St. Vincent, Duncan, which annihilated the navies of the maritime powers of Europe, were accomplished with a waste of human life incomparably small when measured with the result of a single land-campaign: yet how superior the consequences! Let our author himself sum up the splendid account.

‘Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the maritime wars were confined, on the part of England, to the fighting of a few battles with one or two fleets; to the making a few cruises, a few detached blockades, or some particular enterprize; and these were sufficient for the labours of a campaign. But, in the naval war, of which the nineteenth century has witnessed the commencement and the termination, England conceived the idea of attacking, nearly at the same moment, the fleets of France, of Spain, of Holland, of Denmark, of Italy, and even of America; she opposed herself to all the maritime powers. She not only blockaded all the military ports which could give refuge to some squadron or some flotilla, she blockaded every commercial port; and this spectacle we have seen, of which, till then, no maritime power had

had afforded an example—the inhabitants of an island, moderate enough in its extent, became enabled to form, with their ships of war alone, a continued line of observation along all the coasts of Europe, of Asia, of Africa, and of America. All the continents of the two worlds were simultaneously besieged, their islands taken by main force, the commerce of the world usurped. In short, after twenty years of fighting, this naval power, which had begun the struggle with thirty millions of subjects, finished it by consolidating her empire over eighty millions of the conquered and conquering.—And, moreover, let us recollect that Great Britain has never reckoned, during this period, more than 145,000 seamen and marines, employed in producing these prodigies.'—*tom. i. p. 238.*

M. Dupin pays a just tribute to the attention given in the British navy to the preservation of the health of the seamen. He says, (what we know to be perfectly true,) that when Lord St. Vincent commanded the fleet which blockaded Brest from the 27th May to the 26th September, 1800, not a single day passed without his reconnoitring the entrance of the harbour; and that, although the seamen had only the ordinary ship's provisions, and consisted at the least of 16,000 men, there were only sent, during the whole of this time, *sixteen* to the hospital. In fact, by the wise and humane regulations now established in the British navy; by the excellence of the provisions; by the purity of the water since the introduction of iron tanks; and by the pains bestowed to keep the ships dry, well aired and cleanly between decks, the most dangerous diseases, such as the scurvy and typhus fever, which used to be the scourge of the navy, have been totally eradicated from our ships of war: those that remain, as is justly remarked by our author, are of an inflammatory nature, arising from an excess of strength rather than debility. No clearer proof can be desired of the beneficial effect of attention to these regulations, than the fact of Captain Parry having brought home every man in high health, (except one, who carried an incurable disease out with him,) after passing a long and tedious winter in a climate supposed to be uninhabitable by man.

Of the extraordinary improvements which have taken place in British ships of war for the preservation of the lives of seamen, some curious facts are on record. The total number of seamen raised during the American war was 175,990, of whom 18,545 died a natural death, and 1,243 were killed, making in the whole 19,788 deaths in the last five years of the war; but the average number employed was about 70,000, which, for every hundred thousand seamen employed, would give an annual loss of 5,911 men. M. Dupin calculates that in the same number our land-army lost, in the course of the last war, 5,930 men. The following

ing table gives at one view the progressive diminution of sickness and death in the naval service, calculated on 100,000 men.

Year.	Sick sent to Hospital.	Deaths.	Deserted.
1779	40,815	2,654	1,424
1782	31,617	2,222	993
1794	25,027	1,164	662
1804	11,978	1,606	214
1813	9,336	698	10

By this table, it would appear that the diminution of sick and of deaths was in the proportion of four to one nearly between the years 1779 and 1813. The diminution of desertions from the hospitals in the same period is not the less remarkable, and affords the strongest proof of the progressive amelioration of the condition of seamen on board our ships of war. 'Man,' says M. Dupin, 'employs all the means within his reach to fly from a kind of life which presents only the hideous picture of privations while afloat, or sickness, suffering, and death in a hospital. But when every cause of discontent, of disgust, and of alarm is diminished and made almost to disappear, the sailor holds very cheap the fatigues and the dangers of the sea and of battle; he no longer thinks of deserting.'

M. Dupin has taken a statement which we formerly made of the actual loss in men sustained by the British fleet in each year, commencing with 1810, when every captain was ordered to transmit a list, made up to the 1st January, of all the deaths that had taken place under his command in the preceding year. The result was as under.

Years.	No. employed.	Deaths by disease, accident, or in battle.
1810	138,581	5,183
1811	136,758	4,265
1812	138,324	4,211

About one half of the above numbers died of disease, the other half in fight, by accidents in landing, boats upsetting, shipwrecks, &c. It follows then, that, in the three years above-mentioned, the proportion of deaths in 100,000 men employed afloat was 3,302; and if to these we add the number of seamen who, in the following year, died in the hospitals, namely 698, the total loss of life in that year, out of somewhat more than 100,000 men, may be estimated at 4,000 men. 'Thus,' says M. Dupin, 'in the latter years of the war against the French empire, the English navy lost only about a twenty-fifth part of its whole force:' and he adds, on what authority we know not, that the loss in the British army, about the same period, on an average of six years, was

12,356

12,356 in every 100,000 men, that is to say, about one eighth part of the whole; and the unavoidable conclusion is, that there is at least three times more risk of life to serve in the army than in the navy of Great Britain. Taking the number of seamen that died of disease alone, afloat and in the hospitals, we have 2,349 in 100,000 men, that is to say, a forty-second part of the whole. Forty years ago, the annual mortality in the navy was one fourteenth of the effective force; so that the number of deaths, at present, in the navy, has diminished in the proportion of three to one.

On this part of the subject M. Dupin states two very remarkable facts respecting the French navy—first, that

‘In the year 1819, out of an effective force of 32,000 individuals belonging to the French navy, 24,000 were sent to the hospital—they remained there, on an average, twenty-five days, or 60,000 [it should be 600,000] days for one man. Following up this proportion, we have, on every hundred thousand individuals, employed (in time of peace) in the French marine, 75,000, who are annually sent to the hospital. Now, from 1811 to 1813 (a time of war), out of 100,000 English seamen, 6,923 men only were sent annually to the hospital.’

Secondly,—that of the total charge of the British navy in 1820, amounting to 170,000,000 francs, the expense of the medical department was 1,837,700 francs, or a *ninety-third* part; whereas, of the total expense of the French navy, amounting to 45,000,000 francs, that of the medical department was 1,500,000 francs, or *one-thirtieth* part of the whole: and it follows from these two facts, that, with ten times more sickness in the French navy than in the English, the expenditure in the former is to that in the latter as three to one. By calculations, grounded on official documents, M. Dupin shows that, in the naval service of the two countries, the management of the French is more costly than of the English by one per cent.—(tom. i. p. 269.)

Our author seems to think that the British government has been too prodigal in recompensing by promotion and otherwise the officers who have raised to such a pitch of glory the naval service of their country; but of this we cannot allow him to be a judge: he admits however that the praise due to it for its attention to the common seamen and marines, their widows and children, ought not to be clouded by any censorious observation; ‘for it is’ (says he) ‘the glory of the British administration.’ The magnificent institution of Greenwich Hospital, the wonder and despair of the world, has not failed of its effect on M. Dupin. It is indeed a proud display of national gratitude. Besides the wounded and worn-out officers which form the establishment, it lodges, feeds, and clothes 3,000 aged, infirm, and helpless seamen within its

walls; it has two schools for the maintenance and education of one thousand children, the sons and daughters of distressed officers, seamen and marines; and out of its revenues it has been able, until the last year, to grant annual pensions to 30,000 seamen and upwards, to the amount of more than £300,000, which parliament has since made good. On this subject, our author says—

‘ Si l’on prend le nombre total des officiers à la demi-solde et des pensionnaires de Greenwich, soit internes, soit externes, on verra que, pendant la paix, le gouvernement Britannique vient au secours d’environ quarante mille des gens de mer qui l’ont servi pendant la guerre précédente. Ainsi près d’un tiers des marins qui servaient alors, est secouru par la patrie; un sixième environ reste au service actif. C’est donc la moitié des serviteurs de l’état, que la force navale soutient, à l’heure de la reconnaissance. Honneur au peuple Britannique, pour sa noble et généreuse gratitude!—tom. i. p. 278.

We need not follow M. Dupin in the details of the naval departments, as to their management, expenses, &c., which, however interesting they may be to his countrymen, are known, or may be known, to any one who chooses to consult the printed estimates and other reports annually laid before parliament. We must content ourselves by noticing a few of his observations on the *matériel* of the navy. After enumerating many of the improvements which have recently been introduced in the construction and equipment of English ships of war, and which he avows he ardently wishes to see introduced into the French navy, he laments that all his arguments, all his observations, and all the facts which he had collected, have hitherto been unavailing in carrying conviction into the minds of his countrymen, who, it seems, manifest the utmost reluctance to copy from us.

‘ The English ships of war,’ (says he,) ‘ with all the improvements which we have just made known, are superior to French ships of war, 1st. As fabrics that are solid, durable, and, as preserving their form, nearly unchangeable; 2d. As military machines, without any weak points, being capable, within the same space, to discharge a mass of fire much more considerable; and nevertheless to exercise more at ease this accumulated artillery; 3d. As habitable fabrics. They have banished from these ships of war the fantastical mixture of mean and highly finished ornaments, of a species of decoration more suited for dwelling houses, and fit only to degrade the austere beauties of naval architecture. They have banished all those refinements of bad taste; refinements which always produced a most miserable effect, which, nevertheless, giving to the exterior an air of luxury and magnificence, encourage naval officers to expend in the interior a still greater degree of luxury; in short, which pervert from its purpose a floating fortress, by changing it into a furnished hotel, supported at a great expense to the nation.’—tom. i. p. 165.

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M. Dupin pays a just tribute to the new system of carpentry introduced by Sir Robert Seppings, which, he says, has the immense advantage of making the English ships more firm and solid, and consequently of greater duration than those of France, though constructed with timber of smaller dimensions. And he complains that even the Dutch have got the start of his countrymen, in adopting this system. We understand, however, that at Cherburgh a frigate of 60 guns has been recently built on Sir Robert Seppings's principle of a round stern, which gives an equal degree of strength with that of the bow,—to a part of the ship that was, before its adoption, the weakest.

The internal arrangement of our ships of war is highly approved by our author. The great convenience and comfort of throwing light below by means of illuminators; the fitting up of the cabins, and store-rooms; the great improvement of arranging the powder-magazine, and of the means adopted for keeping the powder free from damp; the iron tanks for preserving water pure for any length of time:—these and other advantages, to which the long revolutionary war has given rise, are all mentioned by M. Dupin in terms of the highest praise, not unmingled with regret that his own government has not thought fit to adopt them.

The organization of the ports and arsenals of Great Britain is infinitely superior, M. Dupin says, to the existing organization of those of France.—He contrasts the punctuality and fidelity with which all engagements made for the naval service of England are preserved, with the frauds and bad faith which characterized the system of management followed by the minister of the Imperial Marine. He tells us that Napoleon, while he still grasped with a firm hand the reins of empire, tried to arrest the disastrous course of the French marine, by placing by the side of the chief of this department, advisers recommendable by their wisdom and experience; but that Decrès very soon discovered the art of reducing to a nullity, a council which he first contrived to disgust, and then procured to be finally dissolved as useless; 'thus,' says M. Dupin, 'was saved the omnipotence of the minister, and the precious privilege of never being obliged to hear the importunate voice of wisdom and experience!'

We have neither room nor inclination to follow our author in his account of the naval arsenals, the duties of the several officers, their responsibility, pay, &c. all of which he found detailed in the estimates laid annually before parliament.—His description of the docks, basins, machinery, &c. must have been procured from other quarters, and, we believe, are, generally speaking, correct. The new smithery at Woolwich, with its simple and beautiful

machinery for mitigating the laborious exertions of the smiths employed in anchor-making and other heavy work, the execution of that excellent engineer, Mr. Rennie,* meets with the unqualified approbation of M. Dupin. He describes, very minutely, that admirable piece of machinery in Chatham dock-yard for the management of timber, the invention and execution of the ingenious Brunell; and gives a clear account of the block-machinery at Portsmouth, constructed by the same person, which is the admiration of all strangers, thousands of whom annually visit the dock-yard for the sole purpose of witnessing its operations. In describing the works at Plymouth, he enters into a detailed account

* Scarcely was the ink dry which traced the name of this extraordinary and most excellent man, when we heard with unspeakable regret of his removal from all earthly concerns.

Thus in the short space of two years has the nation lost three of its most distinguished and useful ornaments, to whose exertions she is mainly indebted for the vast strides which have been made, in the course of the last half-century, in the arts and sciences, and for the rapid and important improvements which have taken place in manufactures, commerce, and navigation. Need we mention the names of Banks, Watt, and Rennie?—If the first was distinguished by the early example which he set in his own person, and by the liberal protection which he afforded to the arts and sciences; and the second by the brilliancy of an inventive genius, a vigorous intellect, and a comprehensive mind; the last was not the less remarkable for soundness of judgment, clearness of conception, and a strength and firmness of mind which enabled him to grapple with and subdue difficulties that would have overwhelmed men of even more than ordinary capacities. Born in North Britain, he had the benefit of a useful education commonly enjoyed by the natives of that country. Brought up to the trade of a millwright, he had the good fortune to be employed in erecting the metal-mills at Bolton's manufactory of Soho, where Mr. Watt, his countryman, and thenceforward his intimate friend, was conducting the manufacture of his improved steam-engine; and when that magnificent structure, the Albion mill, was erecting, the construction of the machinery was entrusted to Mr. Rennie. The admirable manner in which this work was executed could not fail to bring its author into general notice; and, accordingly, in all the great manufactories and establishments, public or private, where Watt's steam-engine supplied the moving power, Rennie was employed to furnish the machinery. It will readily be supposed that the strength and solidity of his work did not always meet with a correspondent strength and solidity in the foundations on which it was to be erected; and this, by no means uncommon defect, naturally turned his comprehensive mind to the studies and practice of a civil engineer; a profession in which he very soon attained the highest eminence. In tracing the lines of our numerous inland navigations, in planning the great drains for the recovery of fenny lands, in the construction of piers, wharfs, docks, bridges, and in laying secure and solid foundations under water, and on soft or sandy bottoms, he probably had no equal, and certainly no superior. To his suggestions and superintendence are owing a number of most important improvements in his Majesty's dock-yards; and there is scarcely a port or harbour in the United Kingdom, that does not attest the benefit of his labours by the conversion of danger and obstruction into security and convenience. Such indeed was the confidence in the skill and integrity of Mr. Rennie, that the disposal of more than thirty millions sterling was entrusted to him, in the course of the late revolutionary war, to be laid out in works of national utility. The Breakwater at Plymouth, jointly planned by his friend Whidbey and himself, and the design and construction of Waterloo Bridge, wholly his own, are alone sufficient to immortalize his name.

To the public the loss of such a man is not easily replaced; to his family, it is irreparable.

of the Breakwater, which so effectually covers the anchorage of the Sound from the heavy seas that before tumbled in, when the wind was to the southward, and made that a most dangerous roadstead for ships, which is now perfectly safe. On this subject we need not enlarge, as most of the particulars regarding this stupendous work have already appeared in our Journal; and we shall, therefore, content ourselves with copying from him a statement of the comparative activity of the people employed at the two parallel works of Plymouth and Cherburgh, taken from a Memoir by M. Cachin, Engineer, which, however, we may be permitted to say, is erroneous in almost every thing that relates to the Breakwater of Plymouth, though accurate in the following particulars.

	Years.	Persons employed.	Quantity of Stone sunk.	Quantity for each person.
Plymouth . . .	1815	675	264,207	391
Cherburgh . . .	1812	1,075	321,457	299

‘Thus,’ says M. Dupin, ‘three persons at Plymouth perform the same quantity of work as four at Cherburgh;’ and, as it also appears, at a cheaper rate.

If any apology should be thought necessary, for entering into so much detail, the importance of the subject must plead our excuse. We might perhaps urge, in addition, that the bulky nature of the original work must confine it to few hands; and, at any rate, that a translation of it into our language, if made at all, (and we are inclined to recommend it,) cannot be speedily executed:—but we are satisfied with recurring to our first plea.

ART. II.—*Tableaux Pittoresques des Mœurs, &c. des Russes, Tartares, Mongols et autres Nations de l'Empire Russe, en quarante Planches enluminées d'après des Dessins faits sur lieux.* Par J. G. G. Geissler: avec un texte servant d'explication, par Frederic Hempel et J. Richter. Paris & Leipsig.

AMONG the many strange appearances which attract the traveller's attention in the course of his journey through the Russian empire, none are more striking than the discordant traces which have been left there on the face of society, by separate and successive importations of foreign manners. The feudal system of Rurik and his Scandinavians,—the Greek refinements of Vladimir,—the Asiatic customs introduced by the Tartars,—the Dutch civilization of Peter,—the French civilization of Katharine,—all of these inharmonious elements are still to be clearly recognized and easily discriminated in the existing usages and habits of the nation. To none, however, of the countries to which Russia may consider herself indebted, is she bound to be

so grateful as to Greece. Her acquaintance with the Christian religion is a blessing which she owes to the Eastern Empire,—her alphabet, a modification of the Greek, accompanied the introduction of the Scriptures;—and as cleanliness is proverbially a virtue, next in value to godliness itself, the general propensity of her inhabitants to the enjoyment of the bath, (a taste which, in all probability, was propagated from the same quarter,) may perhaps, not improperly, be added to the list. Ecclesiastical architecture, also, an art of immediate necessity to a recently converted people, was acquired by the Russians from the Byzantine Greeks; and the peculiar style of building in which their churches have been generally constructed, is copied, as well as skill and materials would allow, from the more magnificent temples of Constantinople. Considerable discussion has of late been excited (nor have we ourselves been altogether idle in the inquiry) on the subject of the Lombard, the Saxon, and the Norman styles, which originated in the west, from the degenerate architecture of Christian Rome; but the oriental branches of the same stock, comprising the Byzantine, the Russian and the Turkish modes of building, have hitherto received from our antiquaries but a small share of attention and illustration. The history of Russian architecture is for the most part buried in the Slavonian records of monastic libraries; but we still, perhaps, may execute an office not totally uninteresting to our readers, if we bring within the compass of the present article, the little which we have gleaned from more accessible sources on the subject of its introduction and progress.

One of the established modes by which the Turkish court is accustomed to betoken its condescension to the ambassadors of infidel nations, is a fatiguing facility which it regularly accords to them, of visiting on a set day, and once for all, the innumerable mosques of the capital. There is reason to believe that a custom resembling this practice of the Turks existed during the declining days of their more classical predecessors; for we learn from the early Russian chroniclers that when the ambassadors of Prince Oleg were sent to conclude a treaty at the court of the Greek Emperor, about the year 911, a visit to the temples was one among the ceremonies which were devised for the entertainment of the pagans. Intercourse like this conveyed very early to Russia, a respect for the gaudy decorations of Byzantine architecture, so peculiarly calculated to awaken the admiration of the half-tamed barbarians of the Dneiper; and in the course of the same century, other circumstances occurred, which still further contributed to promote this effect. In the year 955 the Russian Grand Princess Olga, or Elga, then about 60 years of age,

age, paid a visit to Constantinople, for the purpose of receiving baptism from the hands of the Greek Patriarch. The arrival of this primitive Rusty-Fusty seems to have caused considerable sensation (as the phrase is) at the ceremonious court of Constantine Porphyrogennetus. That Emperor has left us a tedious detail of the etiquette observed at her reception, in which are minutely described, the marching and counter-marching, by which the Archontissa, as he calls her, was conducted from room to room, through the palace of the eastern Cæsars, and the festival, during which she accepted from a salver of gold and gems a present of 200 miliaresia, in value about eight guineas. 'Know, my son,' says the Emperor to Romanus, in his work *de Administrando Imperio*, 'that in all the people of the north is implanted, as it were by nature, an insatiable desire of riches; wherefore they covet all things; ask for all things; neither is their avarice bounded by any limit.' The moderate amount of Princess Olga's subsidy will hardly be thought to justify the asperity of this intemperate remark. Whatever were its cause, however, the unfavourable impression left by this visit was not confined to the imperial breast of Constantine Porphyrogennetus, but appears to have influenced with equal intensity the feelings of either party. Notwithstanding the gossip of some writers, no love seems to have been lost between them, for we find the Archontissa soon afterwards withholding the presents of wax, furs, and slaves, which she had previously engaged to send, and accusing the Emperor, in no qualified terms, of making merry at the expense of her old age.—The construction of churches at Kieff, then the Russian capital, is usually dated from this period; but since, notwithstanding the baptism of the Princess, Christianity had not yet become the national religion, it is probable that those structures were small and poor. The great event of all, however, the conversion of Vladimir, took place not many years afterwards; and as that important transaction forms an era in the history of Russian architecture, we may be excused in reminding the reader of a few of its attendant circumstances.

The territories of the Grand Duke, at the time of which we are speaking, were encompassed by nations, all differing from each other in their religious opinions, nearly as much as from the idolaters of Russia. All of these, whether Greeks, Papists, Mahometans, or Jews, seem to have been naturally anxious to secure to themselves so powerful and distinguished a proselyte. A mission from each of them is accordingly reported to have met at the court of Vladimir, and an account of the audience to which they were admitted is recorded in one of the Chronicles. M. Karamsin has permitted himself to doubt whether the edifying orations at-

tributed to the deputies on this occasion, were ever in fact delivered by those solemn personages. Whatever might have been said, however, it is clear that but little was done. The Prince assured the Mahometans, with all the warmth of internal conviction, that wine was the joy of the Russians, and could not be dispensed with. He delicately hinted to the Jews, that they were a people accursed of God, and should know better than to tempt the inhabitants of other countries to lose, as they had done, their place and nation. Finally, not willing to rely on the representations of interested advocates, and encouraged by the advice of his Boyars, he resolved to send chosen ambassadors of his own into every region with whose name he was acquainted, in order to examine with impartiality their respective modes of worship, and to select for him a faith. The commissioners appear to have discharged their unusual office with marvellous discretion and despatch; and as so singular a document, as their *Report*, may gratify the curiosity of our readers, we will translate it as given by Lomonossoff, on the authority of the Russian Chronicles.

'The religion of the Bulgarians,' say they, 'appeared to us altogether contemptible. They assemble in a shabby mosque, without condescending even to put a girdle round their bodies. Having first made a scarcely perceptible nod, they seat themselves on the ground, and wag their heads from side to side, like fools. Their religion makes no impression on the heart, and fails to elevate the soul to God. Divine service is much better performed at Rome, but still with less order and magnificence than among the Greeks. On arriving at Constantinople, we were so struck with the splendour of the church, which the great Justinian has caused to be built in honour of the Divine Wisdom, with the perfume and the light which are shed by the tapers, with the beauty of the prayers and the harmony of the chaunting, that we thought ourselves transported into heaven. Since we have seen this light, Sire, we can no longer remain in the darkness with which we are surrounded. We therefore pray you to permit us to embrace the religion of the Greeks.*

The faith of Vladimir was decided by this description; but having pursued a rather eccentric process for the resolution of his theological doubts, he determined to take a still more extraordinary step, in order to give éclat to his conversion. He thought it most consistent with his dignity, (to use the odd expression of a native historian,†) to *conquer* the Christian religion. Accordingly, falling foul of the nearest Christian city which had the misfortune to attract his regards, after the horrors of a lingering siege, he was baptized within the walls of Chersonesus, in the year 988.

* Lomonossoff, Part II. Chap. 8.

† Karamsin, I. 265.

This circumstance, and his subsequent marriage with a Greek Princess, conduced to render the intercourse between Russia and Constantinople henceforward more intimate and frequent. The church of the Tithe, at Kieff, (so called because the Prince is said to have endowed it with the tenth part of his revenue,) was built by Greek artists, and completed in the year 996. This is expressly recorded as the first Russian church constructed of stone, and was decorated, through the mistaken piety of Vladimir, with pictures, vases, and relics, the plunder of Chersonesus. From the knowledge of the persons employed, we may safely conclude that this edifice bore a close resemblance to the churches of the Eastern Empire; but unfortunately, the comparison cannot now be submitted to the test of actual examination, since this ancient cathedral was utterly ruined by the Tartars, upon the capture of Kieff, in 1240, nothing remaining of the original building, but the fragments of a Slavonian inscription, preserved in the walls of the present church.

The importation of holy pictures from Greece during the eleventh and twelfth centuries seems to have been very considerable; and we read of numerous churches erected during that period at the expense of the Russian princes, who usually availed themselves of the skill of Byzantine artists. Of these buildings, by far the most remarkable specimen which has escaped the ravage of the Tartars, is the Cathedral of St. Sophia at Novgorod. This edifice was constructed by Prince Vladimir Yaroslavich, who died in the year 1052, and was buried within its walls. It is doubtful how much of the structure at present existing may be referred to that early date, since it suffered considerably by accidental conflagration in the year 1540. The greater part of the walls, however, which, though of brick, are massive and substantial, presenting every appearance of antiquity as well as of solidity, may probably be considered as belonging to that æra. The form of the church presents the humblest possible imitation of St. Sophia's at Constantinople, being nearly square, though thrown into the shape of a Greek cross, by the four piers which support the roof. No traces of the classical orders are observable, either within or without, and indeed very little ornament of an architectural nature is to be seen in any part of the building. The church has a high and sloping roof, the exterior of which is now painted green, and is surmounted by a gilded dome and four smaller cupolas. It is regarded by the Russians with more than common interest; not only as the earliest monument of their faith, but also as the scene of many of those political convulsions, which testified, during so many centuries, the turbulent independence of Novgorod.

But

But though the form and distribution of the Russian churches were unquestionably derived from the Byzantine Greeks, on whose patriarch they depended and by whose artists they were usually built, there is a remarkable and distinctive ornament, attached to the greater number of those structures, of which the origin appears to be different and is by no means so clearly ascertained. The prototype of the *bulbous cupola*, so general in Russian sacred architecture, is not to be found in St. Sophia, St. Irene, the Hagia Mone of Chios, nor in any, we believe, of the early churches which remain in Greece, Asia Minor or the Archipelago; and since there certainly is something Asiatic, we had almost said *unchristianlike*, in its air and character, it is not surprizing that the generality of travellers have referred its introduction to the Tartars, more especially as the long subjection of Russia to the domination of the Kaptjack horde may seem at first sight to give great probability to that opinion. But notwithstanding the appearance of this plausible theory, an examination of facts is on the whole, we think, unfavourable to its truth. It may, for instance, be reasonably doubted whether the Tartar nations at the date of their invasion and for many years after that event, were in a condition to communicate, or indeed possessed themselves, any knowledge of architectural decoration. The courts of Batou and of Mangou Khans, as we learn from the narrative of Rubruquis, had not ceased in 1253 to preserve the characteristics which distinguish a Nomadic encampment.* The Tartars being at that time, as many of their descendants still continue, an unsettled and migratory people, the sovereign, like his shepherds, had his usual abode under the curtains of a moveable tent. Mention, indeed, is made of a palace at Karacorum, which is described as being 'like a church, having the middle aisle and the two sides beyond the two rows of pillars, and three gates to the south;' but far from having reason to suppose that it could be a production of Tartar ingenuity, or that artists of that barbarous nation were capable of giving lessons to their neighbours, it so happens that the evidence which we possess, all tends to a different conclusion, since this edifice is attributed by historians to the Chinese, and though we read of a solitary architect in attendance at the court of Mangou Khan, he appears by the account of Rubruquis to have been not a native but a *Russian*. From these considerations we are disposed to doubt whether, at least during the earlier years of their intercourse, the Tartars were competent to introduce into Europe either the ornament in question, or any other connected with solid and permanent architecture. It must be allowed indeed, that

* Rubruquis, c. 21. 38.

at a later period, when more intimate connection with China had improved and, in some places, domesticated the habits of these previously houseless vagrants, they might possibly have made themselves the means of transmitting westward the arts and among the rest the architecture of that celestial empire. In point of fact, however, it does not appear that they ever did so. No essential resemblance is to be traced between the usual domes of a Russian church and the roof with which every one is conversant in the representations of Chinese buildings. Indeed, the principles upon which they are designed appear to be altogether dissimilar; the tentlike coverings and pinnacles of the latter being characterized by external *concavity*, and betraying no rudiments of that bulging *convexity* so remarkable in the cupolas of Russia. But in hesitating to admit, as has hitherto been usual, the Tartarian introduction of this peculiar decoration, we are not aware, we must confess, of any other foreign source whence its origin may more probably be derived. Greece, as we have seen, is out of the question; and though it seems to occur not uncommonly in the architecture of India and of Egypt, at no period has the intercourse of the Russians with those countries been such as to justify a belief, that they could have borrowed any ornaments of building from regions so alien and remote.*—The cupolas of Novgorod, though precisely of this form, throw no satisfactory light on the antiquity of the fashion, as it is difficult to suppose them coeval with the original church, or more ancient than the fire of 1340.

The irruption of the Tartars in the early part of the thirteenth century will account for the disappearance of the numerous cathedrals, with which we know that Russia had previously been decorated. Of the sweeping desolation which accompanied that calamitous event, the fate of Kieff, before alluded to, may be taken as a sufficient specimen. This ancient capital, though but little known to our ancestors of western Europe, was still, if we are to believe contemporary authority, a city of no ordinary splendour. The Russian historians are unusually eloquent in their description of its white walls and brilliant cupolas, and of the numerous gardens, which, as is customary in the east, were mingled with the palaces of this ‘*æmula sceptri Constantinopolitani*.’ Ditmarus, a German chronicler of the eleventh century, informs us that it contained in his time no fewer than 400 churches. It may, indeed, be reasonably doubted whether all these places of worship could have exhibited any appearance of ornamental architecture. Many of them were

* Even the Tartars appear to have had scarcely any intercourse with India before the era of Tamerlane, at which time their influence in Russia was nearly extinct.

probably

probably little more than public crosses.* Still, the assertion of Ditmarus is sufficient to prove the existence of a very considerable metropolis before the arrival of the Tartar invaders, and how it was left by that people, may be learnt from the journal of Carpini,† who, visiting the spot about six years after the siege, could find only 200 houses remaining.

It was not until a century had nearly elapsed, during which almost all the cathedrals of Russia were materially defaced or reduced to utter ruin, that the church received its earliest protection from the Khans, in the year 1313, under the reign of the celebrated Usbeck. There exists a decree of that monarch expressly formed to regulate the relations between his Tartar subjects and their Christian dependants, by which it is declared a capital offence to blaspheme the Russian religion, and to profane a church, monastery or chapel. No country, ancient or modern, can vie with Russia in the ease and rapidity with which she can change her metropolis. Novgorod, Kieff, and Vladimir had each successively attained that rank before the publication of the edict in question; and Moscow, which at that time was fast rising in political importance, soon after succeeded to the transitory distinction of being esteemed the capital of the empire. This city seems very soon after its foundation to have possessed many churches of wood, and among the rest that dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel, so long the cemetery of the Muscovite princes; but the earliest *stone* church of which it could boast was the cathedral founded in 1320 by Ivan I., and consecrated the following year in honour of the Assumption of the Virgin. Both this church and that of St. Michael (which was re-constructed of brick by the same prince in 1333) were taken down in the course of a subsequent reign and replaced by more modern structures; we may still, however, estimate the quality of their architecture, from that of the Church of the Transfiguration, which was also built by Ivan I., and, like the others, within the precincts of the Kremlin. This church, the oldest now existing in Moscow, though small in size, maintains a sort of family resemblance, in form and character, with that of Novgorod before described, and must unquestionably be referred to the same Greek model. As a specimen of art it is one of the most rude and unambitious which can possibly be conceived, being a heavy, though diminutive pile of brickwork, with no other decoration

* Of the kind mentioned by Turberville :

Besides their private gods, in open places stand

Their crosses, unto which they crouch and bless themselves with hand ;

Devoutly down they duck, with foreheads to the ground,

Was never such deceit in rags and greasy garments found.—*Hakluyt*, ii. 305.

† *Hakluyt*, i. 61.

than the usual dome, and remarkable only for its squat and dwarfish proportions. A considerable settlement having taken place in its first foundations, since the period of their construction, it has become the superstitious belief of the lower order of Russians, that this lapse is still regularly, though imperceptibly progressive, and will continue until the whole church shall have descended into the bowels of the earth. They conceive that when the surmounting cross shall have disappeared below the surface of the ground, the dissolution of the world will take place.

In point of size and decoration, the Cathedral and the church of St. Michael were probably far more considerable buildings than that which we have just been describing; but that no greater knowledge of the essentials of the art was displayed by the contrivers of those edifices may be inferred from the dilapidated condition into which they had fallen before the end of the succeeding century, at which period the renewal of both was found to be indispensably necessary. The events which took place at this embarrassing juncture afford us no bad specimen of the low state of art in Russia about the year 1473, when she was recovering from the burthen of the Tartar yoke, and beginning to be influenced by the spirit of improvement. On former occasions it appears to have been usual, when the construction of a building of importance was contemplated, to apply at Constantinople for experienced architects, to whose skill the undertaking might be committed. When Moscow was in want of a cathedral, however, in 1473, the Greek Empire had ceased to exist; and the Russians, unaccustomed to look to any other foreign quarter for assistance in their architectural concerns, determined to confide the execution of the work to the less trustworthy hands of native artists. The foundation was accordingly laid in the presence of the court and clergy; and the progress of the building at first seemed to promise the most successful results. Already had the walls of the church attained to their intended height, and nothing was wanting but to close in the arches, which were destined to constitute the roof, when, unfortunately, this critical 'labor ultimus' proved more than the mastership of the Muscovites could manage, and, like the finishing card of a nursery castle, precipitated in a moment the whole building to the ground. This disappointment, however, though it discouraged for a time the development of national ingenuity, was by no means so unfavourable, as might have been expected, to the propagation of architecture in Russia, since it led to the employment of Italian artists and the consequent magnificence of the Kremlin. Ivan III., at that time Grand Duke, with some pretty strong *soupons* of the savage, was, time and place considered, upon the whole an enlightened

enlightened prince, and effected far more for the improvement of his country than any of his predecessors or successors, from Vladimir to Peter the Great. His attention was probably directed towards Italy by the suggestion of Sophia his wife, a Greek princess long resident at Rome; so that, being convinced by melancholy experience that the masonry of his Russians was but moderate, he resolved to dispatch an embassy to the republic of Venice, of which an essential, and, as M. Karamsin believes, the principal object was to procure, at any price, a good architect. The artist engaged by the ambassador was Alberti Aristoteli, a native of Bologna, a man of considerable reputation in his own country, and who had even been invited by Mahomet II. to superintend his alterations at Constantinople. It was probably for the purpose of making himself master of the necessary distribution of a Greek church (with which, as a Latin, he may be presumed to have been previously unacquainted) that Aristoteli made it his first business on arriving in Russia to visit the ancient cathedral at Vladimir, which, though sacked and ruined by the Tartars, was still considered by the Russians as a *chef-d'œuvre* of art. Returning to Moscow, he proceeded to lay the foundations of the present cathedral, which was begun in 1475, and being brought without accident to a happy completion, was consecrated by the Metropolitan on the 12th of August, 1479.

Though the work of an Italian, it must not be supposed that this church has any great similarity to those of Italy. Some, indeed, of the ornaments of the exterior are such as may possibly have been borrowed from churches of the Lombard style, but even these (perhaps from their comparative paucity) bear an infinitely more striking resemblance to the works of our own Saxon and Norman ancestors. The arch of the great southern door in particular is like those which are usual in all our more ancient churches; the windows, as in them, are narrow, round-headed loop-holes; and the range of small arches which runs round the building at a considerable height from the ground might even be mistaken for a Norman decoration. Notwithstanding the appearance, however, of a few of the details, the general character of the church is decidedly *Græco-Russian*. The Byzantine model, indeed, was probably prescribed to the artist, and accordingly, as at Novgorod, the ground-plan is nearly square, a small projection serves for the sanctuary, and the roof is supported by four large piers. The only essential improvement to be observed in this church, when compared with former architectural attempts in Russia, is the superiority of its general elevation, which allows a degree of loftiness to the interior, before unknown. Upon the whole, however, it must be confessed that,

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as a work of so late an era as the fifteenth century and the great metropolitan temple of an (even at that time) considerable nation, this brick-built edifice is only calculated to excite astonishment from the primitive rudeness of its appearance, and, in point of real architectural merit, can never, with all its gilding, be brought to stand the slightest comparison with the contemporary structures of the West.

All the most remarkable buildings of the Kremlin were erected during the reign of Ivan III., or that of his successor Vassili. The walls and towers of that enclosure were constructed by two Italians, Marco and Pietro Antonio, between the years 1485 and 1492. The banqueting-chamber, which subsists at present, as described by Jenkinson in 1557, 'a fair great hall in the midst whereof is a pillar, four square, very artificially made,'* was begun by Marco in 1487, and finished in 1491, by Pietro Antonio. The palace of the Tsars is the work of a Milanese named Aleviso, who began it in 1499, and finished it in 1508. The church of St. Michael was completed by the same architect in 1507. But the buildings of the Kremlin must not be considered in detail. Mean and insignificant as many of them are, if minutely and separately examined, the effect of the whole when seen from almost any point of view is, beyond conception, stately and picturesque. The strange and brilliant summits of so large an assemblage of churches, the contrast of bright colours with which many of them are painted, the curious architecture of the mural and other towers, and above all the palace of the Tsars, with its terraces, balconies, flights of steps and remarkable roof, unite to form a picture of more than ordinary richness and pomp; to which, indeed, we are by no means persuaded that all Europe can furnish a parallel, except perhaps on the shores of the Bosphorus. It will not be forgotten that this striking group of buildings, after having escaped destruction by fire, during the great conflagrations which ravaged Moscow in 1547, in 1571, and on the arrival of the French in 1812, was mined in two places by those insatiate marauders, on the eve of their memorable retreat. Fortunately no object of primary interest has suffered irreparable injury from the effects of this wanton explosion for which the obsolete military character of the Kremlin may have furnished a miserable pretext, but of which the real motives are no where to be found, but in the mischievous malignity of disappointment.

Notwithstanding the troubles which distracted Russia during the long minority of Ivan IV., the love of church-building was carried to such an excess that the young monarch, soon after he

* Purchas's Pilgrims, III. 242.

assumed the reins of government, found it necessary to restrain the practice by special enactments. The edifices thus raised at the expense of private individuals were probably, for the most part, small and unimportant; but the pre-eminent work of this reign was the extraordinary church or rather nest of churches still extant in the Kitai-Gorod at Moscow, which being dedicated to several different saints is described under various names, but is chiefly familiar to an English eye from the print in Dr. Clarke's first volume, where it is denominated the church of St. Basil.ⁱ No description can give an adequate idea of this strange and fantastic building, in the design and execution of which the peculiarities of Russian architecture seemed to have reached their utmost limit of extravagance. Numerous bulbous cupolas, each differing from its neighbour in some detail of form or ornament, an oddly-shaped central spire, and the motley colours with which the whole exterior is painted, give to this extensive and irregular mass, a striking originality of character, which, though wild and barbarous, can never, we think, be contemplated without feelings of interest and admiration. 'Pious individuals,' says Dr. Clarke, 'bequeath legacies towards the perpetual gilding or painting of this or that dome according to their various fancies, so that it is likely to remain a splendid piece of patchwork for many generations.' The date assigned to its construction by this ingenious traveller is 1538; but as it is said by the Russian historians to have been erected in honour of the capture of Casan, the era of its foundation must necessarily be placed at a period subsequent to that event, which took place in 1552. The interior is a cluster of small chapels and dark passages, and is totally unworthy of remark.

Ivan IV., though a ferocious tyrant, was much addicted to outward acts of piety and devotion; and 'whereas,' says an anonymous but apparently contemporary authority,* 'the Russes, in doing reverence and adoration unto God, do beat their foreheads against the ground, this Ivan Vasilovich, with performing the same ceremony, causeth his forehead to be full of boines and swellings, and sometimes to be black and blue, and very often to bleed. He is much delighted with building of churches, and spareth no cost for that purpose.' How great may have been the cost of the church in question we have no where the means of ascertaining: but if we may give credit to the anecdote, first related, we believe, by Olearius, the architect paid dearer for his labours than the prince, who incontinently deprived the poor foreigner of his eyes, lest he should emulate this master-piece else-

* Hakluyt, i. 224.

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where. So grotesque and inconvenient a building, however, was not likely to provoke imitation. In fact, we find, from the evidence of existing monuments, that its influence produced but little effect on the subsequent fashions of Russian architecture; and the simpler form of Aristoteli's cathedral, with its square nave, four piers and five cupolas, continued during the 16th and part of the 17th centuries to be the model most usually adopted in the construction of all the more considerable churches.

Transepts, as appears from the instance at Daphne in Attica, were erected in Greece as early as the reign of Arcadius and Honorius; but since the Greek artists employed by the Russians seem to have proposed to themselves no other object of imitation but the single church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, it is not surprising that they neglected to avail themselves of an invention which they did not find practised in that sumptuous fabric. In the course of the 17th century, however, a new arrangement began to obtain and soon produced a complete alteration of the plan which had hitherto been generally prevalent. The belfry belonging to the more ancient Russian churches, wherever such a building exists at all, is always insulated and often removed to such a distance from the nave as to appear a totally independent structure. It now became customary to place it invariably on the western side, and to connect it with the body of the church (to which its lower story afforded a species of vestibule) by a passage of moderate length. Thus, by means of this passage and vestibule to the west, and of the sanctuary which projected at the opposite extremity to the east, the ground-plan of the whole building was made to assume the shape of a cross, which was soon modified into a form little differing from that of our cathedrals. The connecting passage was enlarged, till it became the most considerable portion of the church: the ancient square nave acquired by this alteration the appearance of a transept, while the sanctuary alone was suffered to retain its former proportions, having never been sufficiently expanded to admit of a comparison with a Latin choir.* During the reign of Peter the Great, Russian church architecture was still further deprived of its original and national character, by the general adoption of the classical orders, which became fashionable at that period. The bulbous cupola likewise, though never altogether laid aside, began at the same time to fall into comparative disuse, and was replaced by an overgrown dome of the Italian form, which, being painted green, is, at present, the never-failing *head-piece* of every modern Rus-

* Evidence of this change may be traced in many of the smaller churches at Moscow, particularly in that near the Kunetsky Most.

sian church. An ancient but tasteless custom was injudiciously retained of degrading the exterior architecture by the application of bright and incongruous colours, which though sufficiently suited to the irregular and barbaric structures of the Muscovite Tsars, but ill accord with the classical elevations of so young a city as St. Petersburg.

With the reign of such an innovator as Peter, our remarks on the antiquities of Russian sacred architecture may be brought to a timely conclusion; nor will it be necessary to detain the reader by many observations on the churches of the modern capital, few of which, either in point of style or of history, can be supposed to possess much interest in the eyes of a foreigner. That, indeed, which is dedicated to St. Isaac of Dalmatia, derives a claim to our notice from the unusual richness of its materials, having been constructed in great part of coloured marbles under the reign of Katherine II.; but the architecture is heavy and poor, and the interior dark at noon-day. It was left unfinished at the death of the empress; and the slabs prepared for its completion, having been diverted by her unworthy successor to the decoration of his own new palace, the remainder of the church was most impotently concluded in brickwork—a circumstance which gave rise at the time to much interchange of severity between the wits and the autocrat of the north.

The church of our Holy Mother of Casan is the most beautiful which has hitherto been seen in Russia, and is, moreover, the work of a Russian architect,—a serf, as we have been told, of the Strogonoff family. It would not be easy to devise a more graceful accessory than the semicircular colonnade, which gives to the façade of this cathedral the air of a miniature of St. Peter's; but even here, a difficulty in the situation has led to the adoption of an arrangement, which detracts materially from the effect of the general design. We cannot but regret that this noble approach, instead of conducting the worshipper to the great western entrance of the temple, whence the perspective of the whole interior might be opened at once to his view, should be contrived with such provoking infelicity, as to land him at the door of a transept! The church contains thirty-six Corinthian columns, each consisting of a single piece of red granite, four feet and a half in diameter. These were all furnished from quarries in the rocks of Finland, and constitute, perhaps, the most considerable work of the kind which has been executed since the decline of Rome. In other respects, however, there is little to admire in the interior; where the white-washed walls, though partially concealed by French standards taken in the campaigns of 1812–13, have in general a cold and unsatisfactory effect, when contrasted with the rich

rich hues of the sombre but magnificent pillars. The last, indeed, is a defect which may be easily remedied with the progress of opulence and taste, and if others more essential must remain, the Russians will still have abundant reason to glory in the possession of this fine public building—a monument of the genius of their artists, enriched with the blameless trophies of their patriotic defenders, and by far the most successful addition which has been made, in our time, to the ecclesiastical architecture of Europe.

ART. III.—*A Geographical and Commercial View of Northern Central Africa; containing a particular Account of the Course and Termination of the great River Niger in the Atlantic Ocean.* By James M'Queen. Edinburgh. 1821.

2. *Papers relating to the Suppression of the Slave Trade. Printed by order of the House of Commons.* 1821.

IN that part of the Gulph of Guinea, generally known by the name of the Bight of Biafra, are situated four islands at equal distances from each other, extending in a straight line to the south-west; their names, beginning at the northernmost and nearest to the African coast, are Fernando Po, Prince's Island, St. Thomas's, and Annabon. The last three belong to Portugal, and are peopled by a sort of half-cast Portuguese and negroes; the first and largest is destitute of Europeans, and inhabited by a peculiar race, differing in manners, language and features not less from the other islanders, than from the negroes on the neighbouring continent. It was among the numerous discoveries made by the Portuguese towards the end of the fifteenth century; and from its beautiful appearance, received, from Fernão do Po the discoverer, the name of Ilha de Formosa: this name, however, it soon lost, and, for the last three centuries, has been known only by that of Fernando Po. The Portuguese built a fort on this island, but for some reason or other shortly quitted it altogether; and, about the middle of last century, exchanged it with the Spaniards for the small island of Trinidad, situated about 500 miles from the coast of Brazil, opposite to the bay of Espirito Santo.

The new possessors attempted to form a settlement upon it, but very soon abandoned the design and the island together, alleging, as a reason, the ferocity of the natives. Since that period, so rare has been even the casual visit of any European vessel, that the present generation of islanders had never seen one till the Pheasant sloop of war made her appearance there in the beginning of the present year; when Captain Kelly was visited by a man of colour, a native of Martinique, who called him-

self Tom Dixon, but was certainly not a Frenchman. This man appeared to be about forty years of age, thirty of which he had passed upon the island. He had sailed from Philadelphia, as a boy, in the *Mary*, Captain Anderson, for the river Bonni, to trade for palm oil, and on the homeward voyage was wrecked on the iron bound coast of Fernando Po; of twelve seamen, five only were saved, and of these he was the sole survivor, the rest having died several years ago. His language was that of the natives, mixed with a few words of French and English. Captain Kelly offered to take him from the island, but this he declined, as he had two wives and a family of children, and lived happily among them. From this person Captain Kelly expected to obtain much information respecting the inhabitants and the state of the island, but he did not make his appearance a second time; being probably afraid lest he should be discovered and claimed as an Englishman; or perhaps prevented by the natives, from an impression that he, who was able to converse in some degree with the strangers, would get more than his share of knives and other articles, which were given in exchange for poultry, yams, and other species of provisions.

The appearance of the island is extremely beautiful: its length from north to south is about thirty miles, and its breadth about twenty. Two high peaked mountains, (one of them remarkably so,) the black sand on the beach, and the scoræ and other substances which had evidently undergone the action of fire, denote it to be of volcanic origin. From the northern extremity the land rises, in a gradual slope, to a ridge of hills which connects the two peaked mountains, and the whole surface of the slope is covered with a forest of trees of the most luxuriant growth. Beyond this region of wood, the crest of the hills, and the sides of the mountains as far up as about one-third of their height, appeared to be generally in a state of cultivation: on the summits of these hills stand the towns and villages of the natives. The houses are of wicker work, all nearly of the same size and plan; they are built round an open area, and each is surrounded with a railed fence or enclosure, within which their cattle are shut up at night. The means of subsistence must be abundant, as the price of a sheep, or goat, was a common knife, of the value of three-pence; and a piece of iron hoop, a couple of inches in length, would purchase two or three of their finest fowls.

Captain Kelly describes the inhabitants as a fine race of people; they are, he says, of a middle stature, with limbs well formed, muscular and active; their countenances very peculiar, the general contour of the face being that of a square with the angles

angles rounded off; the nose, the lips, and the quick and piercing eye, approaching much nearer to the European than the African features: they have woolly hair, which being twisted and daubed with red clay behind, appears like strings of candles dangling from their heads. This decoration was common to both sexes. Like most savages, they wear round their neck, wrists, ankles and loins, the vertebrae of snakes, the skulls and jaw-bones of monkeys and other wild animals, and strings of shells of various colours. The hue of the skin was evidently black; but they were all so completely covered with a reddish coloured clay and palm oil, and their faces so besmeared with fine pulverized yellow ochre, as to give them the appearance of mulattoes. The only mark of distinction observed among them, was that of a hat and feather worn by one person, which seemed to point him out as a chief or superior. No other clothing was in use than a straw hat, with a pair of ram's horns in front, for the men, and a fringe of a certain species of rush, about nine inches long, or of leaves from the nearest tree, tied round the loins of married people of both sexes; the unmarried seemed to neglect all clothing and went about in a state of perfect nudity. 'The most pure virgin,' says Captain Kelly, 'appeared as unconscious of indecency, and as free from insult, by the exposure of her person, as she would have been in European countries, under the protecting shield of the vestment of a convent.' The use of intoxicating liquors, and of the tobacco leaf, appeared to be equally unknown to them. The unfermented juice of the palm tree, the purest streams of water, the vegetable products of the island, with the domestic animals, sheep, goats, and fowls, afforded them plenty of subsistence; the chief article however of their food was the yam, which Captain Kelly describes as being of a finer flavour than any he had ever tasted elsewhere. The Spaniards affect to consider these islanders a 'ferocious' people: Captain Kelly, on the contrary, found them a kind, good-humoured, and inoffensive race; and, during his stay among them, had not, he says, the least occasion to conclude that they were either treacherous, or vindictive.

The language of these people was not less different, as we have said, from that of the continental negroes, than their manners and appearance: for although the Pheasant was provided with interpreters for the whole line of coast, from Sierra Leone to Calabar, not one of them understood a single syllable that they uttered. Neither did it appear that the superstitious veneration of the fetish, so universal along the coast of Africa, was at all known to the natives of Fernando Po.

Numberless little streams were trickling down the sides of the hills into a noble bay on the north-west side of the island; besides three very considerable rivers, one at each extremity, and the third about the middle of the bay; at all of which, ships may water with the utmost facility. A small island covered with wood, (which may be procured here in any quantity,) and inhabited by about a hundred families, who subsist by fishing, affords shelter to that part of the bay within it. Though the thermometer of Fahrenheit rose to 86° in the afternoon, the land and sea-breezes gave to the temperature a freshness quite unknown on the adjacent coast. And as a proof of the goodness of the climate, it may be observed that no appearance of those loathsome diseases, elephantiasis, scrophula, guinea-worm, hydrocele, &c. to which the negroes are so subject, was perceptible among the many hundreds who crowded to the coast on the occasion of this visit.

To the bay, round which the country rises in a grand and beautiful amphitheatre, Captain Kelly gave the name of George's Bay. 'Next to the bay of Naples (he says), I know of no place more capable of being converted to a finished picture by the hand of art and industry than this; let only the immense forest on the slope give place to cultivated plantations of sugar-canes, the brows of the hills be studded with coffee trees, and a town, of sufficient importance to form the capital of the island, be built on the rising ground near the east angle of the bay, where a river would flow beneath it, navigable for boats drawing seven and eight feet of water; and Fernando Po would far surpass any of the islands of the British possessions in the West Indies.'

We have been induced to give this brief sketch of an island, which, though so near home, has not, to our knowledge, ever been described, chiefly because it is considered by Captain Kelly as a most eligible spot for employing the captured negroes, instead of sending them a long voyage of six or eight weeks to Sierra Leone; for checking, and probably destroying, the present abominable traffic of slaves in the neighbourhood of the equator; and for establishing a legitimate trade with the interior of Africa, through the channels of the numerous navigable rivers falling into the Gulph of Guinea, and the bights of Benin and Biafra, as the New Calabar, Bonni, Cross River, Old Calabar, and the Rio del Rey; the Cameroons, St. Benito, D'Angra, and Gabon; all of which would then not only become sources of wealth to Great Britain, but the connection, to which they would lead, might be the means of materially facilitating the introduction of christianity and civilization among the much injured and long depressed natives of this part of Africa.

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For this, and other purposes, the inviting appearance of Annabon, the southernmost of the chain, had been previously pointed out by a merchant of the name of Robertson:—but, says Sir George Collier, Annabon is any thing but the little garden of Eden, so lavishly extolled by that gentleman; and, instead of forming a site for the temple of Hygeia, ought to be avoided by every stranger (at least in its present state) as giving birth to the most deadly and fatal fevers.' The anchorage, too, is extremely dangerous, from foul ground, and from being close to a rocky beach. Its productions, he adds, are of a common and degenerate kind, and even these are not abundant; and 'its inhabitants appeared to the officers of the *Tartar*, and to myself, as the worst description of the lowest race of human beings; eating raw food, scarcely possessing the least covering for their bodies, and with as little means of satisfying the common wants of nature, as the most half-starved savage I ever saw.'

If, therefore, it should be determined to establish a *dépôt* at the one or the other of these two islands, we should not hesitate to give the preference, in every respect, to Fernando Po; and we entirely agree with Captain Kelly and Mr. M'Queen in the view which they have taken of this island, and of its importance to Great Britain.

We cannot, however, agree with Mr. M'Queen, when he assumes as a fact, (grounded, we believe, on the conjectural authority of a German of the name of Reichard,) that 'all the mighty rivers, which send their sluggish waters into the bights of Benin and Biafra, are ramifications from one great trunk, the Niger, supplied and swelled in its western course by numerous tributary streams.' We have neither desire nor intention to disturb the new geographical features of this part of Africa, and the no less curious than convenient system of its rivers, which Mr. M'Queen has ingeniously laid down on a chart constructed from materials collected in his closet; but if it should hereafter be found that the mysterious Niger does actually draw its supply of waters from the numerous sources marked on the surface of this chart, (on which it figures in sweeping curves from every point of the compass, like the pendulous branches of a weeping willow,) there can be no reasonable doubt that Fernando Po is, of all places, the very spot from which an expedition might proceed, with the best possible chance of success, to explore the interior of Africa; and we see no reason why steam-boats, as he suggests, might not be employed as the most efficient vessels for that purpose. The French have adopted them on the Senegal; and the Rio Formosa, the Cameroons, Calabar, and others of Benin and Biafra, furnish more wood fit for fuel than that river. 'Fernando Po,' says Mr.

M'Queen, 'is the station which nature points out,—I may say that she has planted it, for that important end. This island is about forty miles from the mouth of Bonni river, the same distance from the estuary of Cross and El Rio rivers;—scarcely farther removed from the Cameroons and Malemba rivers; and about 200 and 220 miles from the Moohnda and Rio de Gaboon, thus commanding the entrance of all these rivers, *if they proceed from the Niger, or whether they proceed from the Niger or not.*'

Your *if* is a great peace-maker, and we shall not therefore quarrel with Mr. M'Queen; at the same time we must be excused for adhering to the consistent testimony of every travelling native of northern Africa, as to its eastern course considerably beyond Bornou, which, without going farther, renders all conjecture as to its Atlantic termination perfectly nugatory. In addition to the numerous facts which we have from time to time stated on this subject, we are now in possession of others which tend to corroborate them in a very remarkable manner. This, however, is not the place to enter on so interesting a subject as the course and termination of this mysterious river; which will meet, ere long, we trust, with a practical decision. We are in daily expectation of some important information from Dr. Duncan Docherd, who is about to publish the observations, which he collected personally, and from the conversation of others, during a residence of two years at Bammakoo and other places on the Niger. But the quarter to which we principally look, is the expedition to Bornou under Doctor Oudney, Lieutenant Clapperton of the navy, and Lieutenant Denham of the army; the first of whom, we understand, is ordered to fix his residence near the Sultan, in the capacity of British Vice-Consul; while the other two push their inquiries to the eastward, either by land, or upon the river, as they may find most convenient. They are to be conducted, in the first instance, under the protection of the Bashaw of Tripoli, as far as the city of Birnie, (supposed to be situate on the banks of the Niger,) where they will be placed under that of the Sultan of Bornou, who is in alliance with the Bashaw. Doctor Oudney takes with him specimens of British manufactures, particularly of cotton prints and hardware, which, it is supposed, may suit the natives of the tropical regions of Africa; together with as many as he may find convenient of those saleable bales of merchandize which Captain Lyon brought back to Tripoli, and which poor Ritchie, by some unaccountable whim, left untouched, while himself and his companions were absolutely dying of hunger. Birnie will serve as a central spot to which all information from the travelling merchants

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f Africa may be brought; and at the same time as a point d'appui for the two travellers who accompany him. With the exception, perhaps, of a party proceeding, on the side of Egypt, and up the Bahr-el-Abiad, the route of Bornou is the most promising of success; but whether successful or otherwise, we are not the less indebted to His Majesty's government for their endeavours in this and many other instances, to improve the geography of the earth, and to spread the British name and character into the most obscure and distant parts of the globe; and, in this respect, our acknowledgements are particularly due to that department over which Lord Bathurst has so long, so actively, and so ably presided. In pushing these discoveries, we rejoice to say, a benevolent feeling towards the natives has constantly formed a leading feature; and if Africa be not civilized, and the detestable traffic which afflicts her swarthy race be not extinguished, it is not at least the fault of England. A succession of her adventurous sons continue to volunteer their efforts on this service, in spite of the appalling sufferings and the numerous victims of disease and death which have preceded them.

While on this subject, we may be allowed to mention another expedition in Northern Africa, less hazardous perhaps, but full of interest; it is that of the two sons of Sir William Beechey, the eminent artist, who have undertaken to traverse the great extent of country anciently comprehended under the name of Lybia, from Tripoli to Egypt; a route which, we believe, has never been traced throughout since the days of Ptolemy; and the only partial account of which, at least that we know of, is one recently published by S. Della-Cella, an Italian physician, who accompanied the army of the Bashaw of Tripoli, in the year 1817, as far as Bomba. As one of the Beecheys is a naval officer, well skilled in astronomical observations and surveying, and the other an excellent draftsman, and withal acquainted with the language and manners of the Arabs, we augur much curious and important information from this expedition: and that nothing may be wanting to render our knowledge of this portion of Africa as complete as possible, the Admiralty, always ready to assist in forwarding the objects of science and discovery, have sent out one of its ablest surveyors, Captain Smyth, in the *Adventure*, for the purpose of conducting simultaneously a maritime survey of that part of the coast, which, however strange it may appear, has never yet been examined by a scientific or practical surveyor of any nation, and is consequently utterly unknown.

But we must return to Mr. M'Queen. With respect to this great trunk of his, which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up all the minor rivers within its reach, we cannot help thinking that both it and they will one day be found to proceed from the
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Kong Mountains on the north, and the high land far in the interior, which is visible from behind the Cameroons, and from the mouth of the Malemba, to the southward. These mountainous ridges, forming perhaps an amphitheatre of very considerable height, must arrest and condense the air put in motion by the south-west winds, and saturated with moisture on its passage across the Atlantic; the concussion of the clouds, so loaded against the sides of these mountains, must cause a discharge of their watery contents in torrents upon the vast alluvial plain, interposed between them and the sea; and the inundations, like those of the Nile, the Volga, the Danube, and most great rivers, will naturally be separated into a multitude of channels, in their passage over so boundless an expanse of level country. So far, however, we agree with Mr. M'Queen, that, 'whether they proceed from the Niger or not,' some of them may be found to afford an opening for establishing a favourable intercourse with the interior parts of Africa; and we also think, with him, that Fernando Po is the best, and, we may perhaps add, the only station for our cruizers to watch the slave-trade effectually; which is and, while it continues, will always be carried on with the greatest activity on the coast immediately opposite:—but we are not quite so sure as Mr. M'Queen appears to be, that 'our title to this island may be easily acquired,' because it has been 'successively abandoned by the Dutch, Portugeuze, and Spaniards.' The manner in which the claim of sovereignty by Spain to the Faulkland Islands was slurred over, (without discussing the principle whether a territory, abandoned by the nation which first discovered it, or which, after taking possession, never proceeded to settle it,) has unfortunately left the question (though of much importance) undecided; and we have neither the will nor the power to agitate it anew:—But if Mr. M'Queen supposes that the present rulers of Spain, from a feeling of gratitude to the liberators of their country, would not be disposed to cavil at our title to the possession of Fernando Po, he will assuredly find himself egregiously mistaken; they would be but too happy to have any ground of grievance, real or imaginary, to prefer against England.

We should not, however, be sorry to see this question of public law brought forward by the proper authorities. It appears monstrous that portions of the earth, detached from any occupied country, should remain unpeopled and uncultivated, because it suits not the convenience of the first accidental discoverers to take possession of them. The case however is quite different with regard to Fernando Po. From this island the Spaniards, by their own account, were driven by the ferocity of the natives; the Portugeuze, from whom they received it in barter, must have

have seized it by violence, and then found themselves unable to retain it; for it is certain that they never occupied it. The descendants of those who drove the invaders away, have still full possession of the island; and the right of sovereignty is unquestionably theirs; and from them, and them only, can we ever receive a good title to any portion of it:—the utmost we have to expect,—all, indeed, that we ought to wish for,—would be a spot of land for the erection of a fort and a factory. The little island on the north-west point of the bay appears to be admirably adapted for this purpose; and sufficiently large to answer the end, for which Great Britain could alone have any pretence for establishing her flag in this part; namely, that of giving the death-blow to that infamous traffic, which still continues to disgrace those who carry it on, no less than those by whom it is countenanced and protected.

That this scourge of humanity has nothing abated, but, on the contrary, that its atrocities have greatly increased, since we abolished the trade, and more particularly since the conclusion of the late war, the papers laid on the table of both houses of parliament too clearly demonstrate. It was undoubtedly to be expected that, when England had withdrawn herself from this odious traffic, the most afflicting branch of which (the middle passage) she had previously mitigated by salutary regulations, the avaricious and unprincipled of all nations would rush in to fill up the void which she had made; but after the sovereign powers of Europe had, by their plenipotentiaries, solemnly declared the slave-trade to be ‘the degradation of Europe and the scourge of humanity;’—when, in consequence of this unanimous reprobation, it had been settled by solemn treaties that, at the expiration of the indulgence granted to Spain and Portugal, to trade for a certain limited time, and within a limited space, it should wholly cease;—it could hardly be anticipated, and it is not a little mortifying to find, that those very powers, to whom the indulgence was thus extended, should dare, in open violation of those treaties, to abuse that indulgence, not only by giving all possible encouragement to their own subjects, but by allowing foreigners to fit out in their own ports, and to assume their own flags, the more conveniently to carry on this detestable traffic, with all the aggravated horrors of which it is capable. It has been said by those who are not very scrupulous in making assertions, that ‘if Lord Londonderry had been more earnest and urgent on the subject at Vienna, the abolition would have been agreed to by all the powers of Europe.’ To these habitual declainers against the government, the Marquis of Lansdowne and Mr. Wilberforce have given, in
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the two houses of parliament, the most positive contradiction; they have declared their unqualified opinion that, in all his negotiations, the Noble Marquis had ‘supported the cause of humanity with the greatest zeal, earnestness and ability;’ and indeed it is now quite evident, from the eagerness with which all the continental powers concerned cling to the traffic, that it must have required no small share of zeal and address to make any head whatever, against the host of slave-dealers who beset the plenipotentiaries, and whose interested and unwearied intrigues he had incessantly to counteract. It was no light matter for the noble negotiator to obtain from Spain, from the Netherlands and from France the most solemn pledges of a complete abolition within stated periods; and if Portugal formed a solitary exception, it appears that he did not cease to importune even that degraded nation, until he had extorted from her also an official contraction of the limits within which she was permitted to carry on her accursed traffic.

It could hardly, as we have said, be supposed that all these powers would violate the solemn engagements to which they were pledged—yet this, we are about to show, they have done.

In the year 1814 his MOST CATHOLIC MAJESTY engaged by treaty to prohibit his subjects from carrying on the slave-trade for the purpose of supplying any islands or possessions, excepting those appertaining to Spain; and to prevent, by effectual regulations, the protection of the Spanish flag being given to foreigners, who might engage in this traffic. And in 1817 he further engaged not to carry on the trade in slaves to the northward of the line; with an additional regulation, ‘that the slave-trade should be abolished throughout the entire dominions of Spain on the 30th day of May, 1820; and that from and after that period it should not be lawful for any of the subjects of the Crown of Spain to purchase slaves, or to carry on the slave-trade, on any part of the coast of Africa, upon any pretext or in any manner whatever;’—in consideration of ‘his Britannic Majesty engaging to pay, in London, on the 20th February, 1818, the sum of four hundred thousand pounds sterling, to such person as his Catholic Majesty shall appoint to receive the same;’ which sum was ‘to be considered as a full compensation for all losses sustained by the subjects of his Catholic Majesty engaged in this traffic;’ and ‘also for the losses, which are a necessary consequence of the abolition of the said traffic.’ We must be allowed to observe here, that his Catholic Majesty appears to have taken his humanity to no bad market.

In the same year the KING OF THE NETHERLANDS also agreed to abolish the slave-trade; but it was not until 1818 that he entered

entered into a convention with the King of Great Britain for the purpose of 'preventing their respective flags from being made use of as a protection to this nefarious traffic by the people of other countries.' In this, he engages to prohibit his subjects 'in the most decisive manner, and especially by penal law the most formal, from taking any part in the said iniquitous trade:' and the more effectually to put a stop to it, the two parties agree to a mutual right of search of their respective merchant ships, within certain limits, by ships of war of the two nations, on good grounds of suspicion that such merchant ships are engaged in the trade; and in the event of any slaves being actually found on board, the ship so engaged to be seized and brought to trial before a 'mixed court of justice,' to be composed of an equal number of members of each nation; and of which courts, one was to be established on the coast of Africa, and one in some colony belonging to the King of the Netherlands. Both parties moreover engage to make good any losses which their subjects may incur by the arbitrary and illegal detention of their vessels;—and in case any officer be judged to have deviated from his instructions grounded on the treaty, that the government wronged shall demand reparation, and that to which the captor belongs binds itself to inflict upon the said captor, if convicted, a punishment proportioned to the transgression which may have been committed. The sentences of these mixed courts to be final.

In the year 1815 his FAITHFUL MAJESTY of PORTUGAL likewise brought his humanity to market; and agreed to abolish the slave-trade to the northward of the equinoctial line, in consideration of the sum of 300,000*l.* being paid to him by this country, in discharge of claims in consequence of detentions of His Faithful Majesty's ships by British cruizers previous to the 1st June, 1814; and a remission of the residue of a loan to Portugal of 600,000*l.* And in July, 1817, a further treaty was made, similar to that with the King of the Netherlands, agreeing to a mutual search of merchant vessels; to the establishment of two 'mixed courts,' one to be held on the coast of Africa and one in the Brazils; and that all captures made between 1814 and the assembling of the mixed courts, should be liquidated by a 'mixed commission' to be held in London.

We must here observe that, both in practice and composition, these anomalous courts appear to be exceedingly objectionable. They are composed of a judge and an arbitrator named by each contracting party, who are to hear and decide without appeal, in all cases of capture of slave-vessels brought before them; they are to make oath, before the principal magistrate of the place, 'to judge fairly and faithfully, and to have no preference either for
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the claimants or the captors.' They are to proceed, in the first place, to the examination of the papers, and to receive the depositions of the captain and two or three, at least, of the principal individuals on board the detained vessel; and they are also to receive the declaration, on oath, of the captor, should it appear necessary;—if the judges agree, their decision is final; if not, they are to draw lots for the name of one of the arbitrators, who, with the two judges, is to decide whether the capture has been made according to the treaty, or whether the vessel in dispute shall be liberated. By this notable expedient of drawing lots, which must have been the brilliant thought of some juggling foreigner, the most atrocious slave-trader has more than an equal chance of escaping; for the judge of that nation which has shown no desire to fulfil her engagements, can hardly be supposed to be over zealous in convicting his countryman; and if the *longest straw* happens to be in favour of that arbitrator, who is his colleague, the slave-dealer is pretty certain of getting off, not only without loss, but with a greater profit than an unmolested voyage could have afforded him; for—in all cases where restitution shall be decreed, 'the court shall award to the claimant or claimants a just and complete indemnification for all costs of suit, and for all losses and damages which the claimant or claimants may have actually sustained by such capture and detention,' and moreover allow demurrage, and interest, till the money be paid.

With regard to the depositions of the slave-dealer, we must be permitted to say we hold them utterly worthless. The wretch who has already violated his oath, and outraged, or laid daily plans to outrage, every feeling of humanity, will scarcely hesitate to depose to any thing; and his crew must be composed of better materials than those of slave-ships usually are, if he experiences much difficulty in persuading 'two or three' of them, to support his perjuries. It is sufficiently clear from Sir George Collier's statement, that, what with the practices of the courts of 'mixed commission,' and the evasions of the treaties by the slave-dealers, the British officers, who are zealously and honestly bent on performing their duty, are placed in the most embarrassing situations.

'The knowledge (says this officer) the slaving masters have of the treaties formed with Great Britain and their respective sovereigns, leads to the most successful results, and it is only by great cunning (or great accident) they can be surprized with slaves on board. In some instances, while the boats have been rowing to the slave-vessel, the re-landing of the slaves has been effected, and then paraded upon the beach, compelled to dance, and make every sign of contempt for the boats'

boats' crews which the ignorance and brutality of the slave-factors, or masters, could suggest.'—*Letter, 13th Jan. 1820.*

Again,

'The contempt in which the slave-masters now hold the treaty is such as to induce them to boast of their evasions, and confess themselves waiting for the number of slaves they have agreed for; and in some instances they have carried this so far as to point out their live cargo upon the beach, waiting only the absence of the ship of war, to sail.'—*Ib. 14th Feb. 1820.*

Thus, a British officer, with the fullest proof before his eyes, and even the confession of the party that he is a dealer in slaves, that he has a cargo ready to ship, and that he waits only the absence of the ship of war, (unless there be slaves actually on board,) dares not molest the vessel. Nay in one case, Sir George Collier says, 'the circumstance in the treaty of *slaves* being marked in the *plural* was nearly fatal to the capture, the Dutch Commissary Judge insisting that *a* slave being found on board a slave-ship, though he had been confessedly purchased for sale, was not sufficient for the condemnation of the vessel, agreeable to the *language* of the treaty. In another case condemnation was resisted, because it was inconsistent with the *spirit* of the treaty, that the *boats* should effect the capture out of gun-shot from the ship.'

Superlative cunning has thus rendered treaties, made by England in the spirit of good faith, almost a dead letter. Nor is this the worst. In the case of a Dutch brig, the *Marie*, where the commission thought fit to condemn two only out of twelve slaves actually found on board, Sir George Collier sent a remonstrance to the Registrar of the British and Netherlands commission, which points out in the clearest and strongest terms the abuses to which the practices of that court give rise.

'Until expelled (he says) the British and Netherlands mixed court of justice in the trial of the brig *Marie*, seized by me under Dutch colours, I had always entertained the idea that all *courts of justice* in the British dominions were not only open to the parties interested in the different causes therein, but for all persons in general.

'I had also supposed, that a party interested in any suit in any court of justice, held within the British dominions, might avail himself (at his own expense) of the assistance of such proper persons as might appear to him most likely to prosecute or defend his cause to the best advantage; this is not only denied, but the parties to the suit, whether captors or captured, are not allowed to prosecute or defend their own respective causes; so that here is, I believe I may venture to say, the most extraordinary of all courts of justice I ever heard or read of (different from that of the barbarous nations of Africa, who are known never

never to condemn, until the palaver, as they term it, is fairly talked, and in open court too,) in a court of justice with judges, but without parties, until such time as the captor may find himself a party by being arrested in person, and perhaps unable to pay the amount of damages awarded against him by the *secret sentence* of this court, from which there is no appeal.

‘But although, sir, from this sentence there is no appeal, the right of protesting against the proceedings of the court is not denied the individual who feels injured by what I consider the illegal proceedings of the same.’—*Papers*, &c. p. 24.

These ‘mixed courts’ appertain only to Great Britain, the Netherlands, Spain and Portugal. France and America are no parties to them; but FRANCE pledged herself by an additional article in the Convention of 1815, ‘to concert without loss of time, through her ministers at the Courts of London and Paris, the most effectual measures for the entire and definitive abolition of a commerce so odious, and so strongly condemned by the laws of religion and of nature.’

AMERICA, in the treaty of 1814, signed at Ghent, declares that as the traffic in slaves is irreconcilable with the principles of humanity and justice, and as the United States are desirous of continuing their efforts to promote its entire abolition, she pledges herself to use her best endeavours to accomplish so desirable an object.

Lastly, by treaty signed at Tamatave in October, 1817, it is agreed by RADAMA, King of Madagascar, that there shall be an entire cessation and extinction through all his dominions, and as far as his influence extends, of the sale or transfer of slaves, or other persons whatever; and the said Radama engages to frame a law, whereby the selling of a slave, or the aiding, or abetting, or assisting in such sale, shall be made penal, and reduce the offender himself to slavery.

Let us now see in what manner the several powers have redeemed their solemn pledges and kept the faith of treaties for the abolition of the detestable traffic in human flesh.

We are compelled to state, in the outset, that the sincerity of the King of the Netherlands is rendered somewhat problematical by the conduct imputed to his judge at Sierra Leone, who is roundly accused by Lieutenant Hagan, the Commander of the *Thistle*, of being ‘the advocate of the slave-dealers, and not the impartial judge;’ and his sincerity is liable to be further questioned by the pertinacity with which the traffic is still carried on, in spite of the treaty, by Dutch vessels. The appointment of the notorious Daendels to the command of Elmina Castle, on the coast
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of Africa, augured no good of what was to follow. This man, after volunteering unnecessarily an ardent co-operation with the British authorities for the suppression of the detestable traffic, had scarcely arrived at the Castle, when he secretly dispatched an emissary to the Savage who exercises a brutal sway over the Aschantees, to apprize him of the English being his greatest enemies, and stating, truly enough, that they had ruined the slave-trade, but that his port (Elmina) was open for the reception of whatever negroes his Majesty might have to dispose of. This conduct was not, we believe, unknown at Brussels, where some investigation of it, perhaps, was in contemplation, when Mr. Daendels opportunely died in a fit of apoplexy. He was succeeded by a person who appears, at least, to set a higher value on his character than to be engaged personally in the detestable traffic: nevertheless the papers laid before Parliament show that the Dutch slave-trade still flourishes.

On the 9th and 10th October, 1819, Lieutenant Hagan, of the *Thistle*, as he proceeded along the coast towards Biafra, detained two schooners under Netherland colours, from St. Eustatius, the one having on board thirty-two slaves, the other only one, sixteen or eighteen having previously effected their escape. The same vessel, joined by the boats of the *Tartar*, brought out from the Pongas, in February, 1820, a Dutch brig of 180 tons, having on board part of an intended cargo of three hundred slaves. The case was brought home distinctly to Vignes, the master, 'a wretch,' says Sir George Collier, 'protected through the friendship of the Dutch Commissary Judge, and the imbecility of the British' (judge). 'Not only,' he adds, 'was Vignes acquitted of any participation in the intention of slaving, but a trial for *perjury*, which I could have proved, was quashed, and the infamous slave-dealer furnished with a *safe-conduct back to the Pongas* by the same Dutch Commissary Judge.' The atrocious miscreant, thus authorized to proceed to the Pongas, instead of being sent to trial, as a Dutch subject, for a violation of the laws of his country, proves to be one of the most active investigators and perpetrators of that unprovoked and brutal massacre of the officer and crew of the *Thistle's* boat, which we have now to relate.

In consequence of a letter from a British merchant, complaining of the piratical seizure of his vessel in the Rio Pongas by a notorious slave-dealer of the name of Curtis, (a descendant of one of the old English slave-dealers by an African woman,) Lieutenant Hagan thought it right to send in Mr. Inman, a midshipman, to demand her release. Curtis, and, as it afterwards appeared, Vignes, fell upon the boat's crew, and murdered Mr.

Inman and six of his people, with every circumstance of the most revolting barbarity. Two of the men, who were saved, and subsequently made their escape, deposed that, with seven others, including the officer, they were dragged on shore, stripped, and exposed to a vertical sun for a considerable time; that after a consultation with Curtis, Vignes, and two others, mates of slave-vessels, it was agreed that the Europeans should be put to death; but that these two, being men of colour, should be sold for slaves:—that the officer, seamen and marines, were shot by order of Curtis, in the presence of them, (the deponents,) amidst the exulting shouts of many hundred persons; that the bodies of the sufferers were disinterred by order of Mungo Brama, (king of the country,) and carried away by wolves, having previously been mutilated by this inhuman tyrant.—Such atrocities could not be suffered to pass unpunished, and, accordingly, a signal vengeance was inflicted on the savage perpetrators. The Myrmidon, Morgiana, Snapper, and Thistle, under the command of Captain Leeke, with a detachment of the 2d West India Regiment under Major Chisholm, were dispatched to the river Pongas. After some resistance, they succeeded in setting fire to eight towns belonging to the miscreants Curtis and Mungo Brama, which, with all the property they contained, ivory, rice, rope, cotton, and other goods, were wholly consumed. The loss on our side consisted of three men wounded, and one who died of fatigue. Four of the Thistle's boats' crew, who had been seized and detained as prisoners, were released, and from them the fate of their unfortunate companions was ascertained.

We now come to examine the conduct of SPAIN; and glad should we be to find the hope realized, which Mr. Wilberforce was willing to entertain, that the 'high-minded individuals' of that country would co-operate with us, the moment they felt the effects of living under a free constitution. That moment, however, does not yet seem to have arrived; and all the blessings which Spain has derived from the 'free constitution,' which the Cortes are pleased to say they have given her, are apparently comprized in the freedom of insulting all above them, and trampling on all below them: from such an assembly, at once the tools and the abettors of a sanguinary club, very little regard for treaties and declarations is to be expected. Indeed it was stated by the Marquis of Londonderry, that the colonial interest had sufficient influence in the Cortes, to procure the rejection of any proposition for increasing the severity of the penalties. No wonder therefore that the trade should prosper in their hands; and accordingly we find that, in December 1819, a large fleet
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of Spanish schooners were chased off Cape Mount, to the northward of the line, by Captain Leeke, one of which ran on shore and was destroyed, the slaves escaping by jumping overboard; another, under French colours, had on board 140 slaves. The same officer immediately afterwards took possession, in the river Gallinas, of the *Bella Dora*, a Spanish schooner of 150 tons, having on board 122 slaves, bound to the Havannah. While she was bringing out, five other armed schooners hove up in a line, and poured their broadsides into her; but fortunately did no other mischief than wounding one man. Again, in January, 1820, he perceived no less than six schooners in the same river, five of which hoisted Spanish colours, the sixth French; of the latter he took possession, as she had on board 103 slaves, belonging, as it afterwards appeared, to a wretch whom Sir George Collier calls *Captain O'Kearney*, but whose real name is Ouseley Karney, an Irishman. This fellow (for we know something of his early life) was concerned in Johnstone's mutiny at Botany Bay; he was afterwards transferred as a lieutenant into the African Corps, where he again disgraced himself, and was driven out of the regiment. He then turned kidnapper of negroes, and acted as a sort of agent for some French slave-traders; and by his activity, as Captain Leeke was informed, 'almost every slave shipped from the Gallinas is procured.'

In March, 1820, Sir George Collier captured, near Grand Bassa, the Spanish schooner *Gazetta*, with eighty-two slaves on board, about half of her intended cargo; although there was scarcely room for those already embarked, who were linked in couples with irons at the legs and wrists. Sir George removed part of them on board the *Tartar*, and ordered the irons to be struck off from all; 'and the gratitude,' he says, 'of these poor beings for this kindness is beyond description.' From the Rio Grande, at the mouth of which lies the island Bissaos, 'slaves in thousands,' he continues, 'are now shipped under the flags of Portugal, Spain, and France.' Among other instances, he mentions a large Spanish schooner having recently sailed from thence with a cargo of 420 slaves. Off Cape Mount river, the *Thistle*, in October, 1820, surprized and took the Spanish schooner *Montserrat*, having on board eighty-five slaves. And near the same place, in February last, Captain Leeke, of the *Myrmidon*, captured, after a long chase, the *Charlotta*, a Spanish schooner, armed as a privateer, without any one avowing himself either master or supracargo, without any ship's papers or pass, without a log-book, or any account kept of her stores and provisions, but with two sets of colours, American and

Spanish. The mate asserted that the log-book and papers had been taken from them by a privateer off the Cape de Verd islands; but one of the crew assured the officer that they had never been boarded by any vessel of any description since they left the Havannah. It turned out that the master and cargo had been landed nine days before at the Gallinas for the purpose of purchasing slaves. This affords a striking instance of the embarrassing situation in which the officers of the navy are placed: for as a vessel, like the one in question, without papers or proof of nationality, had been liberated by the 'mixed court' of Sierra Leone, Captain Leeke declined taking her thither; preferring to carry her down to the southward, and, after taking the depositions of the crew, to leave her (and them) to go back to the Havannah, or to renew her infamous traffic at the Gallinas, where, no doubt, a living cargo was waiting her arrival. We have since learned that she pursued the latter course, took on board 290 slaves, and upset in a gale of wind: the whole of the Negroes, being in irons, perished, as did part of the crew; but the infamous master escaped. All these captures were made to the northward of the line, where, according to treaty, the trade should have been abolished four years ago; and it is well known that vessels continue to fit out at the Havannah under various flags for the slave-trade with the connivance of the government. So much for Mr. Wilberforce's 'high-minded Spaniards' of the revolution!

But the PORTUGUEZE are the most unblushing dealers in human flesh,—and openly and under the Royal authority carry on the trade with the greatest activity. At Bissaos the flag of Portugal 'protects miscreants of every nation.' In the Rio Pongas, in the Gallinas, and more especially in the bights of Benin and Biafra, whole fleets of Portuguese vessels are constantly met with, all bearing royal licences for Cabenda, five degrees to the *southward* of the line, but, by a strange fatality, always fallen in with as many degrees or more to the *northward* of the line. These vessels are sure of meeting with the protection of Ferrara Gomez, the governor of Prince's island. The Portuguese were shamed into a pretence of removing this man about two years ago; but he still continues his nefarious traffic. To watch the proceedings of the vessels belonging to, or under the protection of, this notorious slave-monger, an establishment on Fernando Po, with a few armed launches and small vessels, would be of the utmost use. One of this fellow's vessels, named the *Vulcano*, full of slaves, was detained by Captain Kelly, of the *Pheasant*, and dispatched under the charge of Mr. Cassel, a midshipman, and some of the *Pheasant's* crew, to Sierra Leone, where, however, she never arrived. Sir George Collier is persuaded that she has been captured by some slaving vessel, and that Mr. Cassel and his people will

will never be heard of more: 'my opinion (he observes) of these gentry being (and that founded upon strong authority) that they are capable of committing any crime or outrage.'

Whydah is the residence of a felon banished from the Brazils, who is active in procuring slaves for his countrymen. In March last the *Thistle* boarded a schooner bound for this place, from which, the preceding year, she had carried a full cargo of slaves; she had then, as she now had, a royal licence to ship slaves at Cabenda. In the same month, the boats of the Tartar seized the *Donna Eugenia* in the river Bonny, from Fernambuco, having on board eighty-five slaves, part of her intended cargo: this ship too had a royal licence on board for Cabenda. In April, the boats of the Tartar, with the *Thistle* schooner, proceeded up Old Calabar river, where they detained two Portuguese schooners. One was the *Constantia* of seventy-three tons, having on board the enormous number of 250 slaves. She also was destined for that royal slave mart, Cabenda, where the master was ready to swear he shipped every Negro; but that having missed Prince's Island to which he belonged, (a partner of Gomez, no doubt,) he had put into Old Calabar for supplies:—and he had actually fabricated a log to this effect! It was, however, distinctly proved that the slaves had only been embarked twenty-four hours; yet, short as the time was,—death had already commenced his career, the body of a female being found buried, as it were, amongst a mass of living slaves. The stench was dreadful and the heat suffocating; as will easily be believed when we state that Fahrenheit's thermometer, which stood at 83° on deck, was raised in this sepulchral dungeon to 115°! The other schooner was the *Gaviao*, from Fernambuco, and she too had a royal pass for 357 slaves, of whom eight were shipped: the captain, however, asserted that he came here solely for palm oil.

In the same month the *Morgiana* captured, in lat. 3° N. of the line, bound for St. Salvador, the *Emelia*, of 140 tons, having on board 396 slaves. The master had the audacity to swear that they were all shipped at Cabenda, nearly two months before, though he had only expended four casks of water, and the iron marks, with which the slaves were branded (like Scotch ponies, to distinguish to whom they belong) were evidently fresh burnt, and the Negroes themselves clearly and positively stated, that they had all been shipped at Lagos, six and a half degrees to the northward of the line. The heat and stench on board were so intolerable, that Captain Finlayson was induced to take a large portion of these poor creatures into his own ship. Baffling winds and calms making it impossible for him to reach Sierra Leone, he stood for the island of St. Thomas, where, however, little or no provisions

were to be procured; he then made for the island of Ascension, which, owing to the strength of the current and the bad sailing of the slave-ship, he, unfortunately, missed. Thus circumstanced, with scarcely any supplies, and nearly 600 people under his charge, he stood across for Bahia, where he arrived with only one day's provision on board: yet such was the care and humane treatment which the Negroes experienced from this officer, that two only died on the protracted passage.

The next European power which claims our notice is FRANCE, whose inhabitants, according to Sir James Mackintosh, are also a 'high-minded people'—in allusion, we presume, to a small party who, from whatever motives, have raised their voice against the government, and, in this case, will, we trust, never cease to do so, until it shall have taken effectual measures for putting a stop to that detestable traffic which their sovereign voluntarily declared to be 'contrary to justice, morality, and the Christian religion.'—Clamorous, however, as they are, such is their rooted aversion to every thing English, that they eagerly oppose the only effectual means of checking the trade (short of declaring it piracy)—a reciprocal right of search, because the proposal originates with this country. Mean time, the French slave-trade proceeds with increased vigour and accumulated atrocity from year to year and from day to day! We extract the following passage from Sir George Collier, who, having learned that the master of a French schooner had plundered another slave-dealer of fourteen slaves, sent an officer to examine her.

'On the return of Lieutenant Finlayson, who had boarded the *Jeune Estelle*, I was much shocked to learn, that after the positive declaration of Mons. Sanguines that he had no slaves on board, while examining the platform and hold, his curiosity was excited by a cask carefully closed at the bung-hole, by canvass nailed over it; on knocking the hoops off, two female children were discovered almost suffocated, who had been headed up in the cask, and stowed in the hold to avoid discovery. These children were ordered on board the *Tartar* to be questioned, when the American mate of the *Swift* declared solemnly they were two of the fourteen slaves seized by force from him at Trade Town by Mons. Sanguines in person, being a part of those left him by the will of Captain Richards; and this was not only assented to in part by Mons. Sanguines, but corroborated by the children themselves. Under these circumstances I should have felt myself justified in sending the *Jeune Estelle* to Goree or Senegal; but her actual state and condition appeared so bad as not to warrant the risk of the passage during the tornados, which have already commenced. I therefore decided upon retaining the two slave children, and indorsed his papers with a notification to that effect. In the belief that some other slaves might be on board, I desired that all the casks in the hold might be examined, and
sent

sent Mons. Sanguines to his schooner, to attend, that no injury to the vessel or cargo might occur. While this examination was taking place, Mons. Sanguines confessed he had one slave still on board, secreted between the casks; and in fact the plank on which they were standing being removed, a male slave was found lying between the casks, and supporting on his back the plank forming the deck. The situation of this unfortunate being was deplorable; but as he did not appear to be one of those taken by violence from Trade Town, I felt rather glad at an excuse for leaving him, in the hope that in case of a future chase, it might prevent Mons. Sanguines taking more effectual means of ridding himself of such evidence of his violation of all laws human and divine.

—*Papers*, &c. p. 28, 29.

The case of the *Rodeur*, mentioned by Lord Lansdown, proves the general want of feeling in France on the subject. A dreadful ophthalmia prevailed among the slaves on board this ship, which was communicated to the crew, so that there was but a single man who could see to guide the vessel into port. 'There is but too much reason,' said his lordship, 'to believe that many of the slaves, after becoming totally blind, were thrown overboard, as unproductive articles of merchandize; some were however conveyed to the hospitals,—and so singular and severe were the symptoms of the disease, that it became the subject of scientific inquiry at the ophthalmic institution in Paris.' Yet notorious as the case thus became, the French government unluckily could not ascertain the fact of the *Rodeur* having had any slaves on board! and the only answer our ambassador obtained was the affidavit of the blameless and calumniated master, who swore that he knew nothing of the slave-trade; and that the Spanish and other vessels concerned in it called themselves French, for the purpose of casting an odium upon the innocent nation.

On the eastern coast of Africa, the French are equally active. In March last the *Menai* captured, off the Seychelles, le Succès, French brig, having on board 340 slaves from the island of Zanzibar, ostensibly for Bourbon, but supposed to be actually for one of the small islands, a dependency of Mauritius, where it was intended to establish a depot, whence they might with greater convenience be smuggled into the Mauritius, where they bear about three times the price which they fetch in Bourbon. This brig was commanded by a person of the name of Bertrand, an officer in the French navy, who, with three lieutenants, two surgeons, and a supracargo, had shares in the trade. She was stated to be one of *twenty-four* vessels of the same kind fitted out last year, at Nantes, with the view of filling up the vacancy occasioned by the supposed abandonment of the traffic on this coast by the Spaniards and Portuguese. One of her consorts, *l'Industrie*, was chased, but escaped in the night, with a cargo of 400 blacks; and it appeared that another, the *Albatross*, had left the

island a few days before with about 500 on board. Thus, in less than a month, nearly 1,500 blacks were carried off one small island by three French vessels alone; and the crew of one of them, the *Succès*, stated that 20,000 still remained on it. The last Spanish ship that left it took on board 800 slaves, of which 600 perished on her voyage to the Havaunah!

The island of Zanzibar lies in lat. $6\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ S. and belongs to the Imaum of Muscat. What this petty chief, living under the northern tropic, on the shore of the Persian gulf, can have to do with Zanzibar, is not easy to conceive. Its sheik, we believe, pays him a trifling annual tribute; and this is all the connection he appears to have with it. As the friendship of the English East India Company, however, is highly important to his interests, commercial and territorial, he would doubtless transfer to them the sovereignty of the island on easy terms: it is extremely fertile, and has a safe and commodious harbour; but our chief, indeed our only cause for wishing to see it in their hands arises from a conviction that it would essentially serve the cause of humanity. That the French, who are strengthening their marine force in the eastern seas, will avail themselves of any opening to obtain a footing on that part of the coast of Africa, where slaves are abundant, there can be no doubt; and when the officers of their royal navy contend for the dishonour of conducting the trade, little hope remains of its abolition, except by compulsion.

What will be the result of the present capture, (the *Succès*), we know not; but it must at least have the good effect of exposing to the world the countenance given by the French government to this execrable traffic, by permitting their own officers to carry it on; and this very fact may partly explain its obstinacy with regard to the refusal of a reciprocal right of search. As long as we are prohibited from interfering with ships bearing the white flag, thousands of slaves will continue to be, as they now are, clandestinely shipped and carried off without molestation, and without the possibility of ascertaining their numbers. Sir George Collier states, that, from various sources of information, 'he has no hesitation in estimating the amount of slaves carried off from the windward coast alone, under the flag of France, within the last twelve months, at ten thousand'! In fact, vessels, mostly American-built, and under French colours, may be met with in every creek and harbour, along the whole coast of Africa, taking on board cargoes of slaves for Martinique, Guadaloupe, and Cuba, the last of which places is the general entrepôt for most of the slaves imported into the southern and western states of America, and the first is well known to afford an annual supply for the Dutch colony of Surinam.

The government of AMERICA, it is true, has by statute-laws abolished

lished the slave-trade, and, like ourselves, made it felony; nay, it has even gone beyond us, by declaring it piracy, and the punishment death; and when the Americans have executed some of those felons whom they have taken in the fact, we shall be disposed to believe that, like us, they are earnest in their endeavours to put an end to the traffic, and to wipe away the disgrace of ever having been concerned in it: but they too, as well as the French, have resisted the proposition of a mutual right of search, by which alone the clandestine and most horrible part of the trade can be detected and punished. A very atrocious case occurred in the spring of the present year. By a stratagem of Lieutenant Hagan, of the *Thistle*, a schooner, called the *Anna Maria*, from Cuba, under Spanish colours, was surprized in the river Bonny. The supracargo, a most determined and desperate villain, an American, who was also master, and probably owner, fired upon the crew of the *Thistle*; upon which, some of the female slaves jumped overboard, and were immediately devoured by the sharks which swarmed round the vessel: for these voracious animals are the constant attendants of slave-ships. On being seized, the villain swore that he would have blown himself and all on board to the devil, could he but have reached the magazine, rather than suffer his property, that is to say, about 500 souls, of whom more than 450 were slaves, to have fallen into the hands of the English. Of these unfortunuate wretches the males were linked by the leg in pairs; many of them were bound with cords, and their arms dreadfully lacerated by the tightness with which they were drawn. The cries and groans of the pent up multitude, for water and air, as appeared from their signs, and the stench that issued from this den of abomination, were too horrible to be described; for disease had already begun its ravages, though the vessel had only cleared out the day before. Such, in fact, says Sir George Collier, was the rapid increase of vessels under the flags of France and America in 1819 and 1820, 'that they will probably, in another year, cover the whole line of the windward coast, and be used for the worst purposes.' This skilful, zealous, and humane officer thus concludes his Report.

'My public letters, reciting a variety of atrocious facts, will, I trust, have satisfied their Lordships, that this more than ever cruelly conducted Slave Company's trade is, contrary to their anxious expectations, far from being on the decline. I therefore feel it my duty, before I conclude this report, to give some general understanding of what the Slave Trade really is at present; and I humbly hope, I shall the more readily be excused this, as the naval force of His Majesty, which their Lordships have been pleased to place under my command, is fitted expressly for the object of suppressing this abominable traffic. England certainly, the whole world must acknowledge, has most faithfully

fully abandoned the trade. America may be considered next in good intention. She has passed laws, forbidding the trade by her subjects, and has decreed heavy punishments on those who shall engage in it. She has also sent an armed force to the coast of Africa, and this force has captured vessels, the property of American subjects. Still, her measures are not yet complete, and American vessels, American subjects, and American capital, are unquestionably engaged in the trade, though under other colours and in disguise; but it may be hoped, time will effect in America, as it has in England, a total discontinuance of this traffic, as the Government of America appears to have engaged in its suppression with great sincerity.

‘Spain, by her decrees, in consequence of her engagements with Great Britain, has relinquished the trade; but her colonies still carry it on in defiance of these engagements; and as a Spanish vessel is not subject to capture, unless she shall have slaves on board, although, as I have frequently observed, landing those embarked on the appearance of a British man of war, she will, by her colonies, continue the traffic, though not with the same security she formerly has, yet certainly to a great extent. If Spain be sincere, she can show it only by compelling her colonies to observe her engagements.

‘Holland, it is true, has entered into engagements similar to those of Spain; but in her colonies also the trade is encouraged, and vessels under the flag of the King of the Netherlands are frequently met on the slaving coast, and some have been sent into Sierra Leone, which, after much opposition by those whose duty it was to have acted otherwise, have been condemned.

‘Portugal, though restricted by her treaties to the continuance of the trade south of the line, permits her subjects of St. Thomas’s and Prince’s Island to carry on the traffic to a very considerable extent; and in the month of February last, no fewer than six vessels arrived at Prince’s Island with cargoes, ultimately for the West Indies.

‘But France, it is with the deepest regret that I mention it, has countenanced and encouraged the Slave-Trade, almost beyond estimation or belief. Under pretence of supplying her own colonies, and furnishing only the means required for their cultivation, she has her flag protected, and British cruizers can only retire when they shall see her ensign; for search being forbidden, power and force become unavailing. Under this security, France is engrossing nearly the whole of the Slave-Trade, and she has extended this traffic beyond what can be supposed, but by one only who has witnessed it. In truth, France now supplies the foreign colonies, north of the line, with Africans. I exaggerate nothing in saying, that thirty vessels, bearing the colours of France, have nearly at the same time, and within two or three degrees of distance, been employed slaving, without my daring to offer interruption, but at considerable risk; yet I was induced, under some circumstances, to detain vessels bearing the French flag, in the hope of checking the bold and frequent outrages committed by the French on our own coast. I will add, that in the last twelve months, not less than 60,000 Africans have been forced from their country, principally under

under the colours of France, most of whom have been distributed between the Islands of Martinique, Guadaloupe, and Cuba. The confidence under which vessels navigate, bearing the French flag, has become so great, that I saw at the Havannah, in July last, no fewer than forty vessels fitting avowedly for the Slave-Trade, protected equally by the flags and papers of France and Spain. France has certainly issued her decrees against this traffic, but she has done nothing to enforce them. On the contrary, she gives to the trade all countenance short of public avowal.

‘ Piracy upon the coast of Africa is increasing, for a vessel so engaged has only to show the flag of France, and search by a British officer incurs a penalty; and unless His Majesty’s ships, employed on that coast in suppression of slavery, shall, against slaving-vessels, have the full powers of a belligerent, all prohibitory laws against this trade will become a mockery.

‘ On this distressing subject, so revolting to every well regulated mind, I will add, that such is the merciless treatment of the slaves, by the persons engaged in the traffic, that no fancy can picture the horror of the voyage, crowded together so as not to give the power to move, linked one to the other by the leg, never unfettered while life remains, or till the iron shall have fretted the flesh almost to the bone, forced under a deck, as I have seen them, *not thirty inches in height*, breathing an atmosphere the most putrid and pestilential possible, with little food, and less water, subject also to the most severe punishment, at the caprice or fancy of the brute who may command the vessel. It is to me a matter of extreme wonder, that any of these miserable people live the voyage through; many of them, indeed, perish on the passage, and those who remain to meet the shore, present a picture of wretchedness language cannot express.’—pp. 76, 77.

It is due to the worthy RADAMA, to observe, barbarian as he may be considered, that he alone has religiously adhered to his engagement; and that all the slave-dealers from the Mauritius and the Isle of Bourbon have been sent away from his capital empty-handed, and thereby sustained such an immense loss, that they are not likely to renew their attempts.

The conduct of Sir George Collier, of the officers employed under him, and of their respective crews, in the arduous, unhealthy, disgusting and uncomfortable service on the coast of Africa, is above all praise. The following paragraph, written on the occasion of his having joined with his officers to purchase a fast-sailing vessel to cover the boats and protect their crews, is highly honourable to their feelings.

‘ Had there been a chance of any pecuniary emolument arising from this measure, as in time of actual war, I should not have felt it necessary to have noticed this circumstance; but the desire springing from the best feelings of the heart, and which had been roused in this instance into an active benevolence, by the dreadful scenes occasionally witnessed

witnessed in the suffering misery of the unfortunate captives from the African shores, I have felt it due to the character of my officers, to show, that the same philanthropic feelings which actuate the conduct of so large a proportion of our countrymen, are not confined to those resident on shore. Indeed, were it necessary, I could prove, that on some occasions, where I have had doubts as to further detention of slaving-ships, from the chance of incurring heavy damages, and perhaps entire loss of fortune, and whilst the slaving-vessels have been under examination by myself and officers, the whole Crew of the Tartar have come forward, and in the most decorous, but urgent manner, have added their entreaties to the measure, offering their growing pay as a security for their proportion of the expense in case of the non-condemnation of the vessel by the mixed court at Sierra Leone; though it was explained to and fully understood by them, that as the law now stood no pecuniary benefit could arise to any one from head-money as formerly, even though the condemnation should actually take place. It therefore strongly proves what the misery and sufferings of the slave must be, until he may reach his point of destination, when they could produce such strong effect upon so many unlettered and uneducated minds as the crew of a man of war may be supposed to be composed of.—pp. 58, 59.

It is obvious, therefore, from the few facts which we have mentioned, (and they are but a very few in comparison with those we could produce,) that the measures hitherto pursued for the abolition of the slave-trade have totally failed; that all the treaties made with foreign powers have either been directly violated or evaded; and that if the numerical amount of human misery has been somewhat diminished, which however is doubtful, the aggravation of heinous guilt, and of human suffering, has been increased in a tenfold degree since the trade was abolished by England, and more especially since the conclusion of the treaties with the several powers of Europe. Every species of crime may now be comprehended under the name of slave-trade—murder—robbery—pillage—desolation, and all the evils and distress which moral turpitude and depravity, excited by the basest avarice, are capable of producing. Owing to the difficulties of embarking the slaves clandestinely, the poor negroes from the interior are marched from one place to another along the coast, shipped and reloaded, according to the interruptions from our cruizers, ill-fed, chained, and driven about like so many herds of cattle. They are crowded and squeezed into small vessels in such masses that they are exposed to every species of misery, till death relieves them by removing, not unfrequently, more than half the original number. Not long since a Portuguese vessel took on board, for the Brazils, the enormous quantity of 1100 slaves, of which more than 500 perished on the passage, and half of the remainder almost immediately

diately after being landed. To elude the vigilance of our cruisers they are sometimes jammed in, under a false deck, unable to stand upright, and piled together till they become a living mass of putridity; at other times, as we have seen, they are inclosed in casks. On their arrival at the place of destination they are instantly sent into the fields to labour, as the object, especially in the Brazils and Cuba, is to get out of them the largest possible quantity of work in the least possible time.

England, by the abolition, may certainly console herself with the reflection of having done her best to atone for the misery inflicted by her while she continued to carry on the trade: the sacrifice, however, was very great; and though we take an honest pride in the fact, yet we must be permitted to temper our joy, as the benevolent purpose has evidently been defeated. It cannot be concealed that, by this act, we have set the seal to the gradual decay of our West India colonies, and raised the value of those to which we have resigned the horrid traffic. The sturdiest abolitionist will scarcely venture to deny that Jamaica is threatened with the most serious calamities, while Cuba and the Brazils are inundating the markets of Europe with their coffee and sugars; and that while all these advantages are reaping by Spain and Portugal, England has suffered herself to be cajoled by them (perhaps we might be justified in the use of a stronger word, if obtaining money under false pretences deserve one) out of a million sterling, under the name of indemnities. Something more must be done, or we had better abandon the cause altogether. One little sentence from the Powers assembled at Vienna would have given the death-blow to a traffic, which they pronounced disgraceful to Europe; it was only necessary to declare those guilty of piracy who should be detected carrying it on, and liable to the punishment of death, (and nothing short of this, we fear, will do,) and the external part of it at least would have been effectually stopped. It is true we have made it felony, and the Americans piracy;—but while France and Portugal are suffered to pursue the traffic, there is but too much reason to believe that both English and American masters, and English and American capitals, will be employed under the flags of those nations, and even under the Spanish flag from the Havana, where it is ascertained ships of various nations still continue to fit out for the coast of Africa. The government of America we would willingly believe in earnest, when it declared the slave-trade to be piracy; but, admitting this, it is not very probable that she will be able to destroy slavery on the coast of Africa, while she continues to permit it in two-thirds of her own dominions; or that the southern and western states will cease to smuggle

smuggle in fresh cargoes of slaves through the Havannah. Her sincerity, however, would be less doubtful if she would consent to the point of mutual search. It is not exacting from her any concession, or requiring her to give up any right, or wave any principle; it is a mere reciprocal agreement, which would facilitate the great object that the two nations profess, and one of them is known, to have in view. The same observation will apply to France; but we are the less surprized at her resistance, because we have seen nothing in her conduct that could lead us to believe that she ever was in earnest on this point. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the *right* of search is a belligerent right which cannot exist but in time of war, when both France and America may be well assured Great Britain will, as heretofore, exercise it, as authorized by ancient usage and public law. We are glad to see that a Committee of the American legislature view the measure precisely in the way that we do, and state their conviction that nothing short of the concession of a qualified right of visitation and search can practically suppress the slave-trade; but the President affects to consider the measure, as agreed to in the treaties with other powers, to be of a character to which the peculiar situation and institutions of the United States do not permit them to accede:—We cannot help thinking that this is considering it *rather too curiously*; for, as the Committee justly observe, ‘the proposal itself in the manner made, is a total abandonment, on the part of England, of any claim to visit and search vessels in a time of peace.’

The Committee however, it is quite evident, are not on the popular side of the question. The sense of the people of America, notwithstanding the vapouring of the apostate Walsh, (the venal calumniator of England,) is decidedly in favour of negro-slavery. When it was debated in Congress, whether slavery should be extended to the Missouri territory, the question, after a long debate and a call of the house, was decided in favour of slavery; and thus, says an American writer in the *Alexandria Gazette*, ‘by the blessing of God, slave-holding is established there by statute,—by the laws of our free and independent national legislature.’ We have before us some very sensible remarks of a respectable American, on this ‘blessed’ establishment of slavery by law, in the new portion of their dominions. ‘The Missouri question,’ he observes, ‘settles the point beyond the possibility of contradiction, and confirms the irresistible truth, that a majority of the American nation, having debated the question, almost without intermission, for thirty-one days, have most solemnly voted for the extension of slavery; and such was the tenacity with which this determination was adhered to, that many members

members from the slave-holding states declared the existence of the Union depended upon its decision in their favour: this threat had its operation on the minds of a few northern members, and America was disgraced for ever.'

A singular incident took place on this occasion. During the debate, by accident or design, a slave-driver passed under the walls of the *Capitol* with fourteen or fifteen negroes, men, women and children; the former handcuffed, to prevent their turning upon their driver. Several representatives witnessed this edifying sight, and, with the exception of three or four, who were conscience-struck, entered the House, like the patriotic beater of the poor Knife-Grinder, and, 'in a paroxysm of universal philanthropy,' gave their votes for the establishment of negro slavery.

It would not greatly surprize us, if some of our readers should here remind us, that, after what has been said, we ought to suspend at least our favourable opinion of the sincerity of the American government, a hint which will not be thought the less necessary when they peruse the following horrible advertisement, which now lies before us, and which was posted in the streets, and in all the papers of those sacred 'hundred square miles' which form the district of Columbia, the capital of the enlightened States of America, the throne of freedom, the fountain-head, and clear unpolluted source of law and justice, and the everlasting prop and stay of natural equality.

'NOTICE. Was committed to the jail of Washington County, D. C. on the 27th October last, as a runaway, a yellow woman, who calls herself Nancy Rebecca; she is 5 feet 2½ inches high, supposed to be about 40 years old, and appears to be in a state of derangement. She does not claim to be free, neither does she state to whom she belongs. Had on when committed, a home-made jacket and petticoat, and a linen shift. The owner of the above woman, if any, is requested to come and prove property, and take her away, otherwise *she will be sold for her jail fees*, and other expenses, as the law directs.

C. TIPPETT, Keeper,

For T. RINGOLD, Marshal.'

We cannot do better than subjoin the remark of our sensible American correspondent, who feels for the shame of his countrymen. 'Volumes (says he) have been written on the cruelties of the Holy Inquisition, and on the treatment of slaves in Algiers: but no other country professing to be governed by the pure principles of the Christian religion does, at this enlightened period, tolerate such savage barbarity as this.—A miserable human being, by the visitation of God deprived of her reason, a wretched maniac, against whom no crime is even alleged, is taken up, put into prison, and probably into chains, and *sold for prison fees*, if a still more miserable wretch can be found,

found, hard-hearted enough to become the purchaser !' 'How,' he adds, 'is it possible to reconcile this and a thousand other practices of the same kind with the boasted Declaration—"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that their Creator has endowed them with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" !' Well was it remarked by a traveller in that country, that 'if there be an object truly ridiculous in nature, (and, let us add, truly detestable in ethics,) it is an American patriot signing resolutions of independence with one hand, and brandishing a whip over his affrighted slaves with the other.'

But there are other reasons which tend very much to stagger us in our belief of the professed sincerity of the American government to put an end to the slave-trade. It was broadly asserted in Congress, by one of the most respectable of the representatives of one of the Northern States, and not attempted to be contradicted, that 'though the laws were highly penal against the slave-trade, yet it was a well known fact that *fourteen thousand* slaves, at the least, had been brought into the country, in the course of the year 1818.' That these could only be introduced by a general connivance is quite certain; and that it is so, we have the authority of the *Aurora*, a Philadelphia paper in great circulation. In that of November 20, 1819, which now lies before us; it is said, 'That so far from any prospect of the slave-system being done away, their introduction into many parts of the United States has been connived at, and even some vessels of the United States have brought in slave-ships, whose cargoes have been clandestinely disposed of; and it appears, by a late Georgia Newspaper, that a public agent of the United States has been concerned in the ignominious traffic. In fact, (continues the writer) the government of the United States was particularly informed, more than two years ago, of the names of the owners of *more than fifty vessels* belonging to citizens of the United States, from Boston to Savannah, and the names of the vessels, and their captains, who were concerned in carrying on the slave-trade with Havanah.—We say, the Executive had this list authentically made to the proper department,' &c.

We deem it right to notice these things, that the world, in general, and the people of this country in particular, may not be duped by fine speeches and lofty pretensions in the cause of humanity, into the belief that we have a real co-adjutor, in our own honest exertions for putting an end to this detestable traffic, in the government of the United States. We do not think, with the Marquis of Lansdown, that the Congress has proved its sincerity by passing an Act which makes the trade to be

be piracy; while it almost simultaneously produces another which sanctions the very worst species of slavery. If any advance, however trifling, has been made towards the extermination of the African trade, (which yet we scarcely dare to hope,) it has been by our own unassisted efforts, and by them alone.

What then, it will be asked, is to be done? The 'mixed courts' are evidently favourable to the daring speculator; and their structure and proceedings are so anomalous, and so much at variance with every principle of justice administered in the British courts, that we are decidedly of opinion the character of the nation would suffer nothing by their discontinuance. How must a British officer abhor the idea of his declaration on oath and his evidence being put in competition with the deposition of a monster who had already set all laws at defiance, human and divine—while he himself is shut out of the court, and neither allowed to confront the offender, nor to put special interrogatories to him in his own person or by his representative! The expense of these courts, of which there are four abroad and one in London, is no trifling consideration; and as they appear, from the papers laid before parliament, to be wholly inefficient for the purposes for which they were intended, the sooner they are broken up the better. What indeed could be expected from the kind of people nominated—by the Portuguese, for instance,—as judges and arbitrators—not gentlemen zealous for the national honour, and their own individual character, but habitual and hardened slave-dealers—but what actually took place, namely, the most gross and shameful partiality? It is little to reply, that some of them have been degraded on this account. We know they have; but nothing has been gained on the score of justice and humanity, since their seats are filled by the same descriptions of persons.*

Thus the question recurs—What is now to be done? It is difficult to answer satisfactorily; but we presume to think, that, after the anathema pronounced by the combined sovereigns of Europe against the trade, it is incumbent upon them to do, what they have full power to do,—namely, *to declare it piracy*: for

* We are willing to believe, and indeed are morally certain, that the English commissioners are of a very different description, though those of Sierra Leone are certainly not held in the highest estimation by the officers of the British navy; but we are very much disposed to think that Sir George Collier must labour under some mistake in the representation of their conduct made to the Admiralty, and printed in the papers laid before parliament. Both he and his officers, however, will be as much surprized, as we have been, to find Mr. Gregory and Mr. Fitzgerald reporting to Lord Castlereagh, under date 5th January, 1821, 'the actual reduced state of the trade,' particularly as they state the ground of this conclusion to be 'the information obtained through his Majesty's cruisers,' which is in direct opposition to all the statements made by these cruisers.

although it was agreed by the plenipotentiaries that 'the determining of the period when this trade is to cease universally, must be a subject of negotiation between the powers,' yet it was also declared to 'be understood that no proper means of securing its attainment, and of accelerating its progress, were to be neglected; and that the engagement, thus reciprocally contracted between the respective sovereigns, cannot be considered as fulfilled until the period when complete success shall have crowned their united efforts.' We think then, that, as six years and a half have passed since the combined sovereigns made this public declaration, the success of which instead of being 'complete' has been entirely 'negative,' they are bound in honour and conscience to take some further steps; and we know of none so likely to be efficient as the one we have suggested: for, as the American Committee justly observe, 'the detestable crime of kidnapping the unoffending inhabitants of one country, and chaining them to slavery in another, is marked with all the atrocity of piracy. As such, therefore, it ought to be stigmatized and rendered punishable.'

As we have our doubts, however, whether any further steps will be speedily taken by the sovereigns of Europe, and are pretty well satisfied in the mean time that the onus of thwarting its progress will continue to be laid upon England, we must end as we began, with strongly recommending the purchase from the natives of the little island in the bay of Fernando Po, described in the early part of this Article. At this secure and healthy anchorage the ships of the squadron might conveniently replenish their wood, water and provisions, all of which the great island is capable of supplying in the utmost abundance. A small class of vessels attached to the ships of war might, at all seasons, reconnoitre the several rivers, and return with information in forty-eight hours from the most distant of them—thus keeping up a kind of moral blockade, which, if rigidly pursued, would, at no remote period, have the effect of a legal one.

ART. IV.—1. *An Enquiry into the Doctrines and Necessity of Predestination.* By Edward Copleston, D.D. Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, and Prebendary of Rochester. London. 1821. pp. xvi. 219.

2. *Archbishop King's Discourse on Predestination. With Notes* by the Rev. Richard Whately, M.A. Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London. 1821. pp. xiv. 126.

THE remark which Cicero made concerning philosophy, that there was no opinion so unreasonable, as not to have found some

some defender, is, in a still higher degree, applicable to theology, the noblest and most important kind of philosophy which can engage the attention of a reasonable being. It is scarcely possible to estimate the injury which has been done to the cause of truth by men, who have speculated, in the abstract, upon the relations which subsist between the Creator and his intelligent creatures, as if the nature and properties of both were perfectly understood. A code of intellectual and moral laws, deduced from the various processes of the human mind, is transferred to the operations of the Deity; and men speak with confidence of the *necessary* course of his proceedings, upon the strength of principles, which are grounded upon an imperfect acquaintance with the functions of a limited intelligence. It is perfectly true, that constituted as we are, we have no other means of understanding the nature and attributes of God, than to investigate the powers and faculties of our own minds, and to conceive the Deity to possess them in the highest degree of perfection of which we can form a notion. But it does not follow, because this is the best, or the only method, that it is therefore adequate to the end which we propose to ourselves; because it is by no means certain, that our Creator intended us to enjoy a full and satisfactory knowledge of his own nature, or of his moral government of the world. Indeed, independently of the absurdity which attaches to the supposition, that an inferior intelligence should be able to comprehend a superior in all its parts, it is utterly inconsistent with a state of moral discipline, that the creatures who are subject to it, should have a perfect comprehension of all its features and bearings; or, consequently, of the nature of that Being upon whom these depend. Every observable analogy leads us to believe, that man is in progress to a more perfect state; as a preparation to which, he is here placed in a course of moral discipline: and if this be the case, to complain of any difficulty, or seeming contradiction, in the plans of God's providence, is only to complain that he is not more perfect than God has thought fit to make him; that he cannot anticipate that promised state, where faith will terminate in knowledge.

The neglect of this one consideration, that man is at present in a state of discipline, with regard to his intellectual as well as his moral habits, has been the fruitful source of many an error injurious to the purity and the utility of religion. Religion is the practical law, by which our conduct and our hopes are to be regulated in a state of trial; and if once we enter into speculations upon its nature, which have no reference to our actual condition, as creatures in a course of probation, there is great danger of our falling into difficulties and errors, because we are wandering beyond the legitimate province of religion. As far as reason will conduct us

to the grounds of those commands, the observance of which tends to the amelioration of our moral state, or afford us an insight into the nature of those attributes of the Deity, which are calculated to exalt our piety, so far we may proceed with safety: if we would go beyond this, we must commit ourselves to the guidance, not of our own reason, but of revelation.

A secondary cause of the confusion which the speculations of human reason have introduced into theology, is the imperfection of human language, or, rather its inadequacy to a purpose, which it was never intended to answer: for, as to its proper objects, it is sufficiently perfect. If it be impossible, as undoubtedly it is, for a finite and imperfect intelligence to form a correct idea of one which is perfect and uncircumscribed, it is plain that language, which must always be correlative with the ideas of those who invent it, cannot, in strict metaphysical propriety, be employed by beings of a finite understanding, in speaking of the divine nature. It will express very well the ideas which they *have* of God; and these, for all the practical purposes of the state in which they are placed, may be and are sufficient; and the ideas themselves may be *in kind* just, as far as they go: but certainly they are inadequate, and so, of course, are the words which express them; and, therefore, these words are very likely to be the causes of confusion, when not employed with care. Here again it is necessary to keep in view the *practical* objects of a knowledge of divine things; or we shall be misled by the words in which we are obliged to speak of them. The human mind, as Reid has observed, delights in *analogies*. There is scarcely any thing, when considered with regard to its relative effect upon some other thing, for which an analogy may not be found amongst objects of a totally different class; and these analogies are employed to facilitate the conception of things, which are not easily apprehended, by comparing them with others with which we are more familiar. This practice has prevailed so universally, that in many cases, the proposition, which asserts the analogy, has been confounded, in common speech, with the enunciation of one or both of the ratios of which it consists; and the consequence has been, that many propositions are continually stated, which are essentially false; but which are not productive of material error, as long as the terms of both ratios in the analogy are cognizable to human reason; as when we say, 'the mind *apprehends a certain truth*,' instead of saying, 'the mind is in the same relation to a certain truth, as the hand is in, to an object which it lays hold on, or apprehends.' It is where the terms cease to be homogeneous, that analogy leads us into error; and this distinction is one of the leading features of the new philosophy; for the old, down to the time of Des Cartes, was purely analogical.

Archbishop

Archbishop King and Dr. Copleston have shown the danger and deceitfulness of analogical reasoning, when applied to the relations which subsist between the Creator and his creatures.

We observe certain results of God's government of the world, corresponding, in kind, with those which would be produced, on a more limited scale, by the justice, or mercy, or knowledge of an individual of our own species. To corresponding results we are naturally led to assign identical causes; and therefore we transfer at once the properties of justice, and mercy, and knowledge, to the Deity. And for all practical purposes we may safely do so: but when we reason back from these properties, and argue that the justice and mercy of the Deity will, in all cases, produce effects visibly corresponding to those which result from the justice and mercy of man, we go farther than we have any right to go, and are misled by the improper use of terms.

The most important mistake which this cause is apt to produce, is the imposing upon the operations of the Deity the same laws of necessity which regulate our own proceedings. It is said, for instance, that if the Deity permits a man to do that which He might have inclined him not to do, it is inconsistent with his justice to punish him for doing it. But the correct statement of the proposition is this: As far as we can collect from what is revealed to us of the moral government of the world, the Almighty acts in a manner analogous to that, which in human affairs is called justice; and as in human affairs it would be unjust to punish a man for a crime which we might have hindered him from committing, so it does not seem to us to be consistent with the general tenour of the Divine proceedings, that punishment should overtake an offence under the circumstances here described. If it be said, that the principles of justice are immutable and eternal, we answer, true; but then arises the question, how is justice to be defined? As far as we ourselves are concerned one with another, the question may be readily answered; and as far as we are practically interested in the justice of God, and in the imitation of it, we may abide by that answer; but when we proceed, upon the strength of it, to say what *may* or *may not* be done by the Deity, consistently with justice, we forget that we are binding Him down to our own knowledge of his plans, and confining his attributes by rules, drawn from an observation of their effect. Instead of saying, God can do nothing but what is just, we ought to shape the assertion thus, whatever God does, is just. And the difference, although seemingly verbal, is in fact very material, as the disputes concerning predestination abundantly prove.

We have observed that, for all the practical ends of religion, it is sufficient that men should attribute to the Almighty the moral properties

properties of justice, mercy, &c. free from all alloy of prejudice and passion, according to the common and received acceptation of the terms. But we tread upon unsafe ground, when we proceed to define with accuracy the divine attributes of *perfect justice*, *perfect goodness*, &c. and to talk of them as of properties well understood, and to deduce from them a regular system of action for the Deity. It is still more inaccurate, if it be not more unsafe, to talk of his *infinite* wisdom, justice, and goodness; an epithet, which, when applied to moral qualities, is perfectly unintelligible. Of abstract infinity we have no idea at all; of infinite space, or substance, we have at most only a negative idea; it is something so great as to admit of no addition; and it is extremely doubtful whether we are capable of forming any such idea in our minds. But when we talk of a Being *infinitely good*, it can mean nothing more than this, a Being so good, as to admit of no addition to his goodness; and in this sense it is plainly more proper to speak of *perfect* goodness.

Again, since justice, mercy, &c. are relative qualities, i. e. affecting the relations by which men are connected together as parts of a moral system, and are virtues, inasmuch as they promote the happiness of the individuals; so when we speak of the justice and mercy of God, we must understand them as those attributes, by which He shapes his proceedings towards mankind, so as to bring about, in the end, that quantity of positive happiness, which He intended them to attain when He created them. And since we neither know the nature of that happiness, the degree in which it is to be enjoyed, nor all the methods by which, on the part of God, it is to be brought about, it is plainly very presumptuous and unsafe to arraign any proceeding of his providence, as inconsistent with the principles of justice.

In the sermon on Predestination, the republication of which by Mr. Whately is an acceptable service to the theological student, Archbishop King observes, that what are called the attributes of God, are ascribed to him by way of analogy and comparison: that they are (he should have said that they *may be*) quite of a different nature from the qualities to which we give the same names in ourselves; and that we have in fact no more proper notion of them than a blind man has of colours,—‘If we would speak the truth, those powers, properties, and operations, the names of which we transfer to God, are but faint shadows and resemblances, or rather indeed emblems and parabolical figures of the divine attributes which they are intended to signify; whereas his attributes are the originals, the true, real things, of a nature so infinitely superior and different from any thing we discern in his creatures, or that can be conceived by finite understandings, that we cannot with reason pretend to make any other deductions from the nature of one to that

that of the others, than those he has allowed us to make; or to extend the parallel any farther than that very instance, which the resemblance was designed to teach us.' In this conclusion we readily acquiesce; but the premises are not worded with sufficient caution and accuracy. There is no reason in the nature of things, and there is certainly none in Scripture, for supposing that justice and mercy amongst men are of a nature entirely different from those qualities which actuate the Supreme Governor of the universe; although their operation is greatly more circumscribed, and their effects more discoverable to us, than the effects of the divine attributes are, in the operations which are proceeding on so much grander a scale. Such a supposition is inconsistent with the doctrine, that man, in his intellectual nature, is a faint likeness and *ἀπαύγασμα* of the Deity; a doctrine to which the Archbishop himself seems to refer, when he terms the moral faculties of man, *shadows* and *resemblances* of the attributes of God. A stronger objection still to this notion is, that it precludes, as Dr. Clarke has observed, that imitation of the divine perfections, which we are commanded to aim at. And, indeed, it is hardly possible to maintain it, without falling into some contradictory enunciations; as is the case in the paragraph above quoted, where the author talks of 'originals and real things, infinitely different from their resemblances.' We confess that Dr. Copleston's reasoning on this particular point, in his first note on Discourse the third, does not altogether satisfy us.' We are not contending that the divine attributes can be comprehended by finite intelligence; but only that, as far as they enter, by their visible effects, into the movements of the moral system of which we form a part, they are subjects of contemplation to the eye of human reason; as in the instance of that contrivance which is so easily discoverable in the structure of the human frame, we are sure that it originated in a faculty of the same kind with that which we call wisdom, but incomparably more exalted and comprehensive.

We are not disposed, therefore, to agree with Mr. Whately, in censuring as inaccurate the prevailing custom of speaking of the 'being' and 'attributes' of a Deity as distinct. 'For,' he asks, 'what do we know of any thing, except its attributes?—Ask a man what his idea of God is, and perhaps he will reply by calling him "the author of the universe;" (that is, *attributing* to him the creation) and assigning to him such and such other attributes.' This is strangely inaccurate. Every one knows, that, when we talk of the attributes of the Deity, we mean his *moral*, not his *historical* attributes. No thinking man indeed would make the answer which Mr. Whately supposes. If asked, what has God *done*? he would answer, 'He has made the world:' but if the question were 'what is God?' the reply would be obviously very different—'He is a Being perfectly wise

and

and good,' &c. The being of God may be proved from the simple datum of the existence of the universe, by reasoning *à posteriori*. His attributes must be proved by reasoning downwards, *à priori*. The existence of a First Great Cause being established, it follows that he must possess in perfection all the good which he has communicated to his creatures; for, let it be remembered, that the traces of wisdom and goodness, which are observable in the works of creation, when considered by themselves, furnish a proof which only rises to a high degree of moral probability; but when viewed as confirmations of the proof which may be deduced from other considerations, they reach the certainty of demonstration; a truth which seems to have been overlooked by Mr. Whately, in his note on p. 5.

Archbishop King, speaking of the abuse of analogical reasoning, says, p. 13. 'It does not follow from hence, that any of these (faculties) are more properly and literally in God, after the manner that they are in us, than hands or eyes, than mercy, love, or hatred are;—nor can we draw consequences from the real nature of one, to that of the other—with more justness of reason than we can conclude, because our hand consists of fingers and joints, that the power of God is distinguished by such parts.' But we *may* conclude, that the same kind of volition which sets in motion our hand, as the instrument of our strength, takes place, when the Deity exerts his power; that is to say, as our hand does not move unless we will it, so the Deity does not perform an act of power without willing it; although it does not follow from this, that the *process* should be the same in both cases. Dr. Copleston observes, that 'attributes, such as those in question, have no form or existence of their own, as the whole essence of them consists in their relation to something.' This is equally true of all the moral faculties of man, which are measured, both as to kind and degree, by the effects which they produce. And it is true, as Mr. Whately remarks, that the only resemblance between the attributes of A. and those of B. is a resemblance of *relations* or *ratios*, in other words an analogy. But it obviously does not follow from this definition, that the attributes of God are not as fair a subject of inquiry to the human mind, as those of man, since neither of them can be judged of but in their relation to their respective objects. The real reason, why we cannot safely argue upon the divine attributes, as resembling those of man, is this; that in point of fact we do not know the effects (i. e. the whole effects) of any one attribute; that we do not, for a certainty, know its object (i. e. not the *whole* object) nor the degree in which one attribute may limit and qualify another; nor can we be certain that the effect which we assign to one attribute, may not have proceeded from another. But we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the Deity does not possess the very same *moral* qualities

in kind, (however superior in degree) which constitute the perfection of human nature; although He may possess many others, of which we have no conception. And the denying of any resemblance whatever between the moral attributes of the Creator, and those of his rational creatures, seems calculated to introduce a great degree of perplexity into our speculations upon the Divine Nature. It appears to be sufficient, for the purpose of repressing undue inquisitiveness and dogmatism, on the one hand, and doubt, and scepticism on the other, that we should be conscious of our utter inability to comprehend the attributes of God in their full extent, or in their complete relation towards man; and acknowledge that there is no reason, in the nature of things, why He should have revealed to us any more of the motives and ends of his operations, than was sufficient for the purposes of our improvement in a state of moral discipline; and that consequently apparent difficulties in the scheme of his government of the world, prove, not the imperfection of that scheme, but of our own intellectual faculties. This consideration supplies the only solution which can be given of that difficult problem in theology, how to reconcile the foreknowledge of God, with the free will of man; and it has been stated and enforced by Dr. Copleston with admirable clearness and precision.

Every one knows that the church is indebted to Augustine for the controversies on this subject, which have so long disturbed her peace. Till Pelagius asserted in direct terms the free will of man, and Augustine, with greater vehemence, maintained the doctrine of *irresistible* grace, Christians in general had been content to acquiesce in two undoubted truths, without attempting to reconcile their apparent inconsistency with each other; viz. the foreknowledge of the Deity, and the free agency of his creatures. The Magdeburg centuriators, who were themselves Predestinarians, acknowledge, that there was no writer in the second and third centuries, who did not maintain the freedom of man's will, after the fall; and in the fourth century we find the most eminent Fathers of the church speaking on this subject with equal piety and good sense. Nothing can be more just, or more concisely expressed, than the following sentiment of Arnobius. 'Libertatem arbitrii et negare periculum est; et nudare, peccatum. Si enim negaveris, omnibus fræna laxasti; si nudaveris, decepisti. Nam negas, si dixeris; Deus si vult, bonus sum; si non vult, bonus non sum; cum constet, Deum velle omnes homines salvos fieri; et unusquisque suo sit iniquus arbitrio. Nudas autem, cum tantum ipsi arbitrio dederis, ut eum rebus divini adjutorii denudaris.'

But from the time of Augustine, these difficult and perplexing questions have been continually the great debatable ground in theology; and in the index of Ecclesiastical History, the articles Pelagianism,

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gianism, Jansenism, and Calvinism, will furnish specimens of all the confusion and uncharitableness, which usually result from an appeal to the authority of human reason, upon subjects which it has no power to grasp.

The opinion of Augustine, of the Dominicans in the Romish church, and of the Protestant synod of Dort, is this: that God decreed to create mankind holy and good:—That he foresaw that man would sin unless he prevented it; and He decreed not to prevent it: That out of mankind, so fallen, He chose a certain number to restore to righteousness, and rejected the rest; and that to these chosen, He sent his Son. This is a less offensive form of the doctrine of predestination than the *Irrespective Decree* which is inculcated by the supralapsarians, and which the framers of the Lambeth Articles endeavoured in vain to introduce into the Articles of our church.* The defenders of the first-mentioned opinion, claim our seventeenth Article as agreeing with them. That it was not *intended* to agree with them, appears from several considerations; especially from this, that Cranmer and the other framers of the Articles followed the Augustan confession of faith, and ordered Erasmus's paraphrase of the Gospels to be read in churches.†

Two other varieties of the doctrine of predestination are stated by Plaifere; but they are, of course, all liable, *in limine*, to the objection that this doctrine destroys the moral agency of man. The difficulty was not effectually surmounted by Arminius, who professed to revert to the doctrine of the early Fathers, and maintained; that God, having known all things which were possible to be, determined upon that order of things which now is, but was, before his determination, only possible: that God foreknew, that certain persons would come to eternal life, and others to perdition, if justice should be done to them; that nevertheless He determined upon the existence of this order of things; and thus predestinated all men to life or death eternal. This account of the matter, which is intended to leave room for a free will to have its work, passes over the great difficulty in silence; viz. that if God did determine upon the present order of things, since the variation of a single action on the part of any individual would make it a different order of things from what it is, the whole, and every part of it must be such as God has decreed it to be, and consequently men cannot chuse but act as they do. According to the Arminian notion, God foreknew all things contingent or possible, and of these possible things, He decreed that such and such things should be. His knowledge, as knowledge, causes nothing; and his decree does not alter, but only con-

* Dr. Copleston has subjoined some valuable remarks on this point in his Appendix.

† See Plaifere. *Tracts on Predestination.* Camb. 1709.

firms, what He knew would be the work of man. The obvious answer to this is, that although the divine knowledge of things possible, could cause nothing; yet the divine knowledge of things future must have depended upon the divine decree, which made them future;* and, for its practical effects upon the condition of man, may be considered as identical with that decree. One of the chief advantages which is assigned to this notion, is, that it acknowledges the unsearchableness of the divine counsels: for who can tell, why God suffered one man to perish and not another, when he was able to dispose of their course of action to contrary ends? But surely this argument is fatal to the former.

Dr. Goad's account of the matter is this, 'It is one thing to know that a thing will *necessarily* be done: and another, to *know necessarily* that it will be done. God knows that things will be done; but He knows that they might have fallen out otherwise for ought He had ordered to the contrary. God foreknows all things, *because* they will be done; they are not done, *because* He foreknows them.' This account leaves the difficulty where it found it; and is, in fact, little more than a play upon words. God foreknows all things because they will be done; true: but then they will be done, because God has decreed them. The fact is, that according to all our notions of the divine attributes, the connexion between God's prescience and his predetermination, is undeniable; and it makes but little difference as to the real difficulty, whether we maintain, with the Lutherans, that he has predestinated certain men simply to life eternal, or, with the Calvinists, that He has foreordained them to the means as well as the end; or, with Arminius, that He determined to save those who should obey his will, without determining *who* these should be; for this last exception is, in fact, the whole difficulty: and it may be briefly stated thus upon the principles of human reason alone. Did Adam sin of his own free-will? If you reply yes; then his fall was not foreseen; if no; then he was not blameable. The difficulty is thus stated by Bayle;† but, as was to be expected, he does not furnish us with an answer.

The answer, which had been briefly stated by some few preceding writers, and more at large by Archbishop King, is briefly this: that, in stating their respective doctrines as inconsistent with each other, the Predestinarians and Freewillers both fall into the mistake, of speaking of the attributes of God, as falling within the scope of human reason; and of using, in a direct and proper sense, terms, which, when applied to the Deity, can only be understood in the way of

* Aquinas and the Schoolmen call the knowledge of things which were, are, or shall be, 'The Knowledge of Vision;' the knowledge of things possible they term, 'The Knowledge of pure Understanding.'

† Art. Jansenius.

comparison and analogy; that the only safe and satisfactory method, is to conclude, as we have good reason to do, that the intellectual qualities, if not moral attributes of the Deity, are of another nature than ours; that although we are treated by Him as free agents, He foreknows all our actions; and although we understand not how this can be, yet that *He* does; and, as it has been strongly expressed by a Father of our church, ‘God can reconcile his own contradictions:’ that is to say, his seeming contradictions; for when we fancy that contradictions exist between the plainest principles of that reason which God has given us, and the no less plain and certain declarations of his Word, we ought to suspect that the secret lies in our own ignorance; and to acquiesce in that portion of light and understanding, which is given us for the uses of a state of trial, and which will be found abundantly sufficient for all the practical purposes of such a state.

Mr. Whately has very justly observed, that although it was Dr. King’s primary object, in this Discourse, to treat of Predestination and the doctrines connected with it; the principles which he lays down are equally, if not more, applicable to every other mysterious doctrine revealed in Scripture, and furnish us with a rule for interpreting rightly the Scripture accounts of God, and of his dealings with mankind. In his Appendix he has also endeavoured to show, that the doctrines of prescience and necessity are, in fact, those which least admit of, and least need that mode of explanation, which Dr. King has adopted, and that the whole difficulty lies in the use of ambiguous terms. But it appears to us, that this is but descending a step lower in the argument; for the very ambiguity of which Mr. Whately complains, arises from the inadequacy of human language to the purpose of defining the relations which subsist between God and man; and this inadequacy proceeds from our ignorance of the divine attributes. His Appendix, however, contains many valuable observations on this subject, intermixed, however, with some questionable arguments. He says, that the original meaning of the word necessity appears to have been *an intimate connection*, as is indicated both by its etymology, as if from ‘necto,’ and by the use of ‘necessitudo’ and ‘necessarius’ to denote intimacy.’ This etymology is extremely doubtful, as are all the other derivations suggested by the grammarians, e. g. *nec esse, ne cessa*, &c. The old form of the adjective, as it is well known, was *necessus*, which we conceived to have been formed from *ne* and *cassus*, ‘not vain, not uncertain,’ as regularly as *nefandus* and *nefastus*.

Mr. Whately says, (p. 90.) ‘If in any case it depends on us to do, or to abstain from doing, any thing, and we have a *decided* inclination—a *predominant* will, to do it, then it is (in the primary sense

sense of the word) a necessary consequence that we do it; and whoever *knows* that we have this power and this will, knows that we shall do so: this knowledge implies necessity in one sense, but not in the other: it implies the connection between the cause and the effect—between our power and our will, and a certain action; but not any compulsion and opposition to our will.' We must confess that this mode of reasoning appears to us to keep altogether wide of the real difficulty. We would ask Mr. Whately what '*decides*' our inclination, what makes our will to '*predominate*?' If he replies, certain extrinsic objects operating upon the mind; we ask further, who has so regulated the course of events that those objects shall be presented to the mind? Whoever knows that we will an action, and that we have power to do it, may indeed know that we *shall* do it; but the real question is, who can know beforehand that such or such an action will be presented to our choice, unless he has decreed beforehand that it shall be? And if we attempt to evade the difficulty, as Mr. Whately does, by saying, that God foreknows, from our moral propensities, which way we shall act in any given case, we ask, who gave us those propensities? The same objection presses upon Tucker's remark, adopted in p. 97. that 'for a man to complain that he is not free, because his conduct is conformable to his own character, and because he cannot voluntarily act against his own inclination, is the same absurdity, as to complain that he cannot walk without walking, or sit still without sitting still.' We entirely agree with Mr. Whately in his exhortation, 'Let us not be driven by metaphysical quibbles, to give up the plain, broad, and practical distinction between voluntary and involuntary actions;' but still the original difficulty recurs, and the Fatalist will come upon us with the inquiry, who constituted our will, so as to make us choose some actions and reject others? or, who fashioned the course of events, so as to present to our choice these objects, which he knew would influence our wills in a certain way? After all, we must revert to Archbishop King's account of the matter, as being the only one which strikes at the root of the difficulty. We have great pleasure in quoting the sensible and pious remarks with which Mr. Whately concludes his first Dissertation.

'And here it may be worth while to remark, that, in inculcating the duty of humility, there is an important distinction to be observed between two different offices of it, or as some would express it, two different kinds of humility, which are not always found in the same person. The one consists in forming a modest estimate of one's own *individual* powers and worth, compared with that of the rest of mankind; the other in not overrating the human faculties—in estimating, as humbly as we ought, the powers and capacities of *man in general*. Now there are many

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many who observe one of these rules, but violate the other: partly perhaps from not attending to the difference between them. A man may be entirely free from *personal* arrogance—from all undue pretensions to superiority over others—and may, so far, be justly regarded as a modest and humble-minded man;—and yet may err most grievously in exercising his faculties on subjects which lie out of their reach; reasoning and dogmatising on things beyond reason, and presumptuously prying into the mysteries of the Most High: nor will he be at all checked in this fault by any admonitions against despising others and overrating himself in comparison of them. On the other hand, a man may be personally arrogant, and yet form a just and modest estimate of the human powers; which appears to have been the case with Warburton.—pp. 102, 103.

But it is more than time to give some account of Dr. Copleston's very able *Enquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Predestination*. He takes for the leading principle of his first discourse, a maxim long received in philosophy; that if we reason justly on a false supposition, the conclusion will involve an absurdity; and that inversely, an absurd conclusion, resulting from just reasoning, shows that the original supposition is false; which is what the logicians call the *reductio ad absurdum*. Now the whole course of human action proceeds upon the principle, that certain ends are to be attained by the use of certain means; and that the use of those means is matter of choice. Men never try to do that which they know they cannot do; and in every instance, while reason holds its empire, they desist from action, the moment they are convinced that the end which they proposed to themselves cannot be accomplished; and in proportion to the prospect of accomplishing it, are the energy and activity with which they set about it. If all men were impressed with a thorough conviction, that some superior influence would interfere to accomplish, or to prevent the objects of their wishes, a total inactivity would be the result. Where there is no uncertainty, there is no hope nor fear, nor consequently any motive to action. And if what the Fatalist says be true, that those who are Necessitarians* in theory, are not so in practice; but that they conform to the seeming order of contingencies; it only proves, that they do not believe what they profess. Our present state of being is strictly a practical state, and the only method which we have of judging of a man's intellectual and moral condition is the effect which it produces on his conduct. The Fatalists then may sophisticate their reason by the use of terms, the full meaning of which they do not comprehend; but

* Dr. Copleston uses the word 'Necessarians.' We conceive that 'Necessitarian' is more conformable to analogy, as a designation of one who believes in the doctrine of Necessity; as Trinitarian, Humanitarian, Ubiquitary.

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their nature refuses to acquiesce in their theoretical conclusions, and affords a practical refutation of them.

Now if the discovery of the true relations of things be the great object of human knowledge, it will follow, upon the hypothesis of fatalism, that in proportion as we advance in knowledge, we become less qualified for the purposes of our being, as creatures placed in a state of intellectual discipline. Our Creator has implanted in us active powers and principles, the capacity and the disposition to continual improvement in that knowledge, the highest point of which, according to this system, is the certainty that all our faculties and principles are absolutely useless. This is an absurdity of the most striking kind.

Dr. Copleston pursues the absurdity into the moral relations of man; but, to speak the truth, we do not see why he has made so strong a distinction between his *active* and *moral* capacity; since the doctrine of fatalism can no farther affect him as an *intelligent agent*, than as it affects him in his endeavours to discover the *moral* relations of things. Dr. Copleston illustrates, with great force and clearness, the unquestionable truth, that all men act as if they were free moral agents, and that in the habitual judgment of mankind, they are only so far considered to be the objects of praise or blame, as they act of their own accord; whereas if a general persuasion were entertained, that in all the concerns of life they were acting under the control of necessity, all the degrees and shades of right and wrong would be done away, all moral feeling extinguished, and the voice of conscience put to silence. 'And thus man is formed by his Maker a preposterous compound, with a *conscience* that informs him of his duty, and with an *understanding* that tells him, in proportion as it is cultivated and improved, that his conscience is a mistaken guide.' The *tendency* of this doctrine to the horrors of antinomianism is obvious; and if it rarely happens that it produces them *in fact*, this must be attributed to the stand, which conscience and common sense must ever make, against such a perversion of reason.

Dr. Copleston observes, that if there be any difference between the doctrines of the Fatalists, and those of the Supralapsarians or Calvinists, it consists principally in their practical effects, which are worse in the case of the Calvinists, than in that of the Fatalists. The Fatalist will not disobey the suggestions of common sense, nor expose himself to the inconvenience of refusing to abide by a rule of action which is followed by the rest of mankind. He may *believe* that he is a mere machine in the hands of Fate, but he will *act* as if he were a free agent. But the Calvinist considers, that the glory of God is interested in his strict and practical adherence to the doctrine of predestination; and that the good effect of doing so, is eternal; while

while the inconvenience of acting in a manner which the world considers wrong, is only temporary. Fatalism breeds a disregard of religious duties, Calvinism of moral. In a word, Calvinism is Fatalism applied to the doctrines of a future state; and its essence is comprised in the reply which was made by a certain monk, mentioned by Augustine, when his brethren upbraided him with vicious conduct; 'qualiscumque nunc sum, talis ero, qualem me Deus futurum esse præcivit.'

Dr. Copleston makes some excellent remarks upon the misapplication of the words *true* and *false*, and upon the confusion between words and things which pervades the reasoning employed by Cicero in his treatise *De Fato*: but surely he speaks too generally both here, and in the Preface p. xiv. when he says that 'an assertion respecting the future is neither true nor false.' 'The precise meaning of *true*,' he observes, is, '*id quod res est.*' But *true*, as applied to a proposition, means, that it asserts of the predicate *id quod res predicata est*; at least, this use of the word is so universal, that it would be pedantry to call it in question, and it is admitted by Dr. Copleston in the Preface. Now a future event, which will *certainly* happen, is to the Divine intelligence, as much an object of contemplation, as a thing actually existing; and if we have a divine assurance that it will come to pass, it is as much a matter of certainty to us as our own actual existence; and may therefore be spoken of as such: and that is a *true* proposition, which asserts, that we shall be recompensed for our deeds, because we are assured of the reality by Him, in the plan of whose providence it virtually exists. The Stoical assertion, indeed, 'that every proposition is either true or false,' will not hold good; for a proposition may be nugatory; it may assert nothing; as when we say, 'such an event will happen or it will not happen.' In general, those propositions concerning *the future*, and those only, can be called *true*, which relate to things of which God has assured us. The following just observations are equally remarkable for the spirit of piety and humility which they breathe, and for the eloquence with which they are expressed:

'Neither should it excite our surprise, that in words of such common use as *true*, *possible*, *certain*, and the like, any ambiguity should exist; or that any process of definition should be necessary to guard against fallacy in the employment of them. While we confine our attention to the ordinary occurrences of life, or to those relations of things with which we are all familiar, no such precision or refinement is required. The commonest tools need not be made with mathematical exactness. But when we push our enquiries beyond this daily sphere of vision, greater and greater accuracy is requisite in the instruments we employ. The slightest impurities in the atmosphere, a floating atom, or the vibration

vibration from a footstep, will interfere with the observations of physical science—and throw us perhaps at once out of our true course.

‘Ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air.

‘And when we take upon us to explore the hidden things of God, those vast regions which lie at an immeasurable distance from our ordinary range of thought, can it be surprising if the instruments which serve us well enough here, be found coarse and defective, and that when most perfect they should stand in need of the nicest care in adjusting them, before we can place any confidence in the result? Language is the chief, if not the only medium of all these speculations: and when the conclusions obtained by help of this medium militate against the strongest moral convictions, and the first principles of our nature, is it not reasonable to suspect some inaccuracy in the process, some imperfection in the instruments, or some defect in those organs which are exercised upon objects far beyond the system for which they are principally designed? If indignation be ever justified upon occasions of this kind, it surely is allowable when we hear the name of philosophy applied to errors such as these; when men presume to scan the ways of Omnipotence, and fancy they are fathoming the depths of the mighty ocean, with a line that has not yet measured the soundings of the harbour from whence they set out.’—pp. 41—43.

In the second Discourse is considered the difficulty of reconciling the controlling influence of Divine Providence with the free agency of man; which, however, are in fact practically reconciled by religious men every day of their lives. They engage in business with a full persuasion that the upshot of it depends *in a great degree* upon those exertions which they freely make; and yet, whensoever they allow themselves time to reflect, they spontaneously recur to the notion of a superintending providence; and, as it is elegantly expressed by Dr. Copleston, ‘in calmer and more leisurely* hours, the impression of that supreme influence returns upon the mind with increased force, as some sound, which in the stillness of the night fills the air, yet is lost or unperceived amidst the several discords and noises of a busy day.’

We must, however, confess that we do not entirely approve of the notion, which Dr. Copleston suggests, of a controlling providence, which may be kept in reserve to act upon occasions, which may form the *plan* and the *outline*, and delegate the subordinate parts to minor agents. The prescience, or omniscience, of God must comprehend all these subordinate parts, as well as the grand outline of the moral government of the world. It is as hard to conceive the smallest event to happen without his foreknowing it, as the greatest. And, consequently, the same difficulty presses upon

* We doubt whether the epithet *leisurely*, which is properly used of a person at leisure, or a thing done at leisure, can be applied to *time*.

this notion, as upon that of predestination; and the same answer is to be given in both instances, viz. our ignorance of the kind and mode of the divine knowledge. That we are free agents is matter of experience, practically speaking; and the law which God has given us to regulate our conduct proceeds upon the supposition that we are so. And if we find it difficult to conceive the compatibility of this state of things with *what we conceive to be an attribute of God*; it is probably, as Dr. Copleston observes, from overlooking some condition of this great moral problem, which does not enter into the scope of our observation, or which utterly surpasses the grasp of our intellect. What are really only difficulties (to us) we make to be seeming contradictions, by reasoning without sufficient data, and by the misapplication of terms; and if all controvertists, before entering upon the discussion of this subject, had been required to agree upon some clear and intelligible definitions of the incommunicable attributes of God, they would have seen at once where the real difficulty lay.

Hume has followed the principles of the Necessitarians into their natural results, and shows how difficult it is, according to those laws, which philosophy first deduces from an observation of the human mind, and then applies to the Supreme Intelligence, to avoid one of two conclusions; first, that if human actions can be traced up, by a necessary chain, to the Deity, they can never be criminal; or, secondly, if they be criminal, that we must deny to the Deity the attribute of perfection. But he asserts what is contrary to every man's experience, when he maintains that there is such a connection between the principles and conduct of men, as amounts to a moral necessity. It is, in fact, the absence of this *necessary* connection, which gives scope to the exercise of many moral virtues, and is characteristic of a state of trial. And as to perfection, the term, when applied to any object but the Deity himself, is relative. That thing is perfect, in its kind, which perfectly answers the end for which it was intended. And if the moral system of the universe be calculated to produce those ultimate ends, which its Author proposed to Himself, it is perfect, as a means, however difficult we may find it to reconcile some of its features with our notions of perfection. Imperfection, real or apparent, is essential to that state of trial, in which both reason and revelation show that we are placed. A belief that evil exists and may be avoided, that we ourselves may become better and happier by Divine assistance, is necessary to habits of piety and devotion; and it is a belief which has been universal in all ages of the world, and in all nations. However irreconcilable it may be with *our notions* of the foreknowledge of God, that he should deal with man as if he were at liberty to obey him or not; what does it matter to us, as creatures, who are not
to

to be rewarded for our knowledge, but for our practical conformity to what we know of the divine will? Let us agree that apparent incongruities are not always moral contradictions; these may be amongst the truths, which, like a curve and its asymptote, as Dr. Copleston has illustrated it, 'must continually approach, although to the comprehension of a finite being they will never coincide.' The certain co-existence of the two is a matter of belief, not of investigation; a fit motive to humility and watchfulness, but not a proper subject of controversy. Controversy, however, has been at work for fourteen hundred years, and whatever form it may have assumed, however varied may have been its terms, the point at issue has been always one and the same; and it is stated with admirable clearness and precision by Tucker, in a passage quoted by Dr. Copleston, p. 84.

"An universal providence disposing all events without exception, leaves no room for freedom. But there is such a providence, therefore no freedom: or on the other side, there is a freedom of the will, therefore no such providence. Thus both parties lay down the same major, without which they would make no scruple to admit the minor assumed by their antagonists. But the most sober and considerate part of mankind, induced by the strong evidences both of freedom and providence, have forborne to pronounce them incompatible, *the only obstacle against the reception of either*: yet look upon their consistency as one of those mysteries which we are forced to admit though we cannot explain."

The Third Discourse is employed in restating and illustrating this position, and in enforcing the observations of Archbishop King upon the analogical application of the terms of human language to the operations and attributes of the Deity. Dr. Copleston exposes the absurdity and danger of pressing this analogy so far as to imply an identity or even a similarity in the terms; and of using such phrases as the 'leadings and leanings' in the mind of God, 'his whole mind,' 'his mind in action,' and many similar expressions, which, if they have any real meaning, are little short of impious. It is an admirable observation, which has been often made, but never stated with greater force and precision than by Dr. Copleston, that 'God is revealed to us, not as He is *absolutely* in himself, but *relatively* to ourselves—and that the terms employed are such as clearly to indicate not his nature and essence, but the duties which belong to us, arising out of that relation.' And the moment that we push the application of these relative terms so far as to trench upon any of the *revealed* attributes of God, we should be sensible of having trespassed beyond the just province of human speech; a caution which has been too much neglected by some even of our best divines, 'who speak of the nature of the Deity in language

which a prudent naturalist avoids in the investigation even of the meanest of his creatures.'

The Fourth Discourse discusses 'the main subject of the Calvinistic controversy, *whether there be few that be saved*,' which, however, is in fact only secondary to the great question,—'whether each man's destiny has been fixed from eternity;' upon which necessarily depend those of election and reprobation, the indefectibility of grace, and the final perseverance of the saints.

We consider it unnecessary to pursue the subject through the various arguments by which it is here ably illustrated. One thing is plain, and cannot be denied, without the most wilful opposition to the testimony of reason and revelation; that whether there be few that are to be saved, or many, God *intended* that we should act as if we might *all* be saved, and as if it depended, in a great measure, upon ourselves, whether we *are* saved or not. If the contrary supposition be admitted, we not only make the dictates of our conscience, and the suggestions of our natural reason utterly fallacious and mischievous, but we render by far the greater number of the moral precepts of the Author of our religion nugatory, and the observance of them either involuntary or impossible. How does the Calvinist reconcile his doctrine of election and indefectible grace with the exhortations to diligence, watchfulness, self-mortification, and fear, which form the leading feature of the evangelical teaching? He will tell us, that election and grace are the operative causes of good works. But, as Dr. Copleston observes, the apostles represent them not as reasons why a man *is* zealous of good works, but why he *ought to be*. And if a man cannot be otherwise than zealous of good works, to give him precept upon precept to that effect, cannot be a whit less absurd, than it would be, earnestly to enforce the necessity of sitting still to a man who is fixed to his chair by cords or by a fit of the gout: It is manifestly God's pleasure, as revealed to us both by the light of nature and in his written word; that man should consider himself to be a free agent, and shape his conduct accordingly. The moral precepts of his law all proceed upon this supposition; we are therefore certain of its truth. What, if we find also in the Revelation of his Will an assertion of his eternal counsels and omniscience? We find only a confirmation of what our natural reason had taught us. It is true, we do not find an explanation of them; we are not instructed *in what manner* they are compatible with the great principle of the moral law. But have we any *right* to such an explanation? or do we know that our faculties are adapted to receive it? If our faculties are limited, we are sure, that there must be many truths of which, as to the *mode* of their existence, we neither have, nor can have, the least notion; which

which are yet perfectly familiar to beings of a higher order; and that there may be many which no finite being whatever is able to comprehend. The question here is not, whether *either* of the doctrines is irreconcilable with human reason, for that is not pretended; but whether two doctrines, each resulting from the plainest principles of human reason, be reconcilable with each other. It is clear that any difficulty in this respect ought not to be considered as invalidating either doctrine, but only as proving, that some principle ought to enter into the calculation, which we have omitted to take into account; and *that* principle is the imperfection and insufficiency of human reason when employed as a criterion of the measures of Divine Providence. 'Such expressions,' observes Dr. Barrow, 'do import, not that God acteth absolutely in the thing itself, but *quoad nos*; not that he acteth without reason, but upon reasons (transcending our capacity, or our means to know) incomprehensible or undiscernible to us; not that He can give no account, but is not obliged to render any to us. That the methods of his Providence commonly are inscrutable; that his proceedings are not subject to our examination and censure; that his acting doth sufficiently authorize and justify itself; that it is high presumption and arrogance for us to scan, sift, or contest, or cavil at the equity or wisdom of God's acting.'

At the same time it ought never to be forgotten, that since both the prescience of God and the free agency of man are truths distinctly asserted in Scripture, if there be an individual, who feels more of conviction and encouragement to well-doing in one of these doctrines than in the other, he is no fit object of censure, much less of abuse, as long as he holds the leading articles of the Christian faith, and makes his principles subservient to the great ends of the Gospel. The doctrines of the Calvinists *only then* become a fit subject for reprobation, when they assert one truth to the utter exclusion, or practical annihilation of the other; when they press the doctrine of predestination beyond what is necessary for the comfort and encouragement of *all* true believers; and disparage, in the hearing of those whose religion must be chiefly practical, the necessity (we will not say the efficacy) of a holy life. Surely it must be by this time obvious to the wisest men of both parties, that no good can result to the cause of religion, and still less to that of the visible church, by the continuation of a dispute, which, by its very nature, can never be *decided*; but which *does* admit of a *compromise*, viz. that each should acknowledge the truth of the doctrine for which the other contends; as not being able to contradict it, but only to conceive its compatibility with his own; that both parties should acquiesce in the imperfection of human reason; and agree in the

paramount importance of those duties which neither party calls in question, viz. faith and a holy life.

No Irenicum is so effectual as the near prospect of a common danger; and we trust that the period is not far distant, when both parties will lay aside their disputes concerning the abstruse and speculative points of the Quinquarticular controversy, for the purpose of uniting their efforts to crush the pestilent heresy of Antinomianism, and to oppose the presumptuous and heartless system of the God-denying apostasy. We are convinced that Dr. Copleston's book will do much towards accomplishing this desirable compromise, if it be read as generally and as attentively as it deserves. It breathes throughout a spirit of piety and moderation, suitable to the high and difficult nature of the subject which it discusses; and every thing material to the main question is stated with the greatest force and precision, and with the most lucid arrangement of words. In short, we consider it to be a model of discussion upon points concerning the philosophy of religion. An ignorant and blundering libeller, who has probably been foiled in his hopes of obtaining eminence in that University, of which Dr. Copleston is so distinguished an ornament, has mentioned these Discourses on Predestination in terms of contempt, which plainly show that he is as ignorant of the importance of the subject, as he is of the manner in which Dr. Copleston has treated it. For our own parts, we cannot conceive a worthier employment for one who holds an ostensible situation in those venerable seminaries of the church, than the endeavouring to recall the attention of disputants in theology from the logomachies of the schools, and from speculations upon matters which are not legitimate objects of human reason, to the great practical purposes of religion.

Let us, in conclusion, give one word of advice, and it shall be the advice of Melancthon, to those persons of either party, who persist in declaiming upon these most difficult and unimproving questions, as if the essence of Christianity were involved in them, instead of imitating the moderation and practical good sense of that church to which both belong: '*Gaudeo relinqui altercationem, quæ inter vos fuit, de justitia ante lapsum humanæ naturæ. Mi Mathesi, de præsentibus nostris ærumnis, de præsentī beneficio disputemus.—Hos locos agitandos et illustrandos esse duco. Et in his versari Paulum vides. Omittamus disputationes; quæ plus habent subtilitatis quam utilitatis, ac in nostris Ecclesiis concordiam faveamus. Id autem fieri non potest, nisi nos ipsi interdum quosdam iracundorum hominum aculeos dissimulemus. Hanc philosophiam profecto necessariam esse doctori in Ecclesia judico.*'

ART. V.—*Table Talk, or Original Essays.* By William Hazlitt.
London. 1821.

WE will not take upon us positively to say, that Apollo ever enters our study; but we feel no scruple in affirming, that if he should occasionally condescend to grace it with his presence, he might not, perhaps, be ill-entertained; since it is odds but he finds us occupied (as Perseus found the Hyperboreans of old) in his favourite amusement, the sacrifice of asses—Hone, Hunt, Hazlitt, and other κνωδάλα.—Were they not more vicious than stupid, we should almost feel inclined to pity the unconscious levity of the ‘beasts’ at their fate. Not so Apollo: he, light-hearted deity, laughs outright.

Ἀπόλλων
Χαίρει, γελᾷ δ’ ὄρνων ἔβριν
Ὀρδιᾶν κνωδάλων.

Thus beautifully rendered by the Rev. Mr. Dudley:

‘Entering their halls,
He caught them offering to the gods
Hecatombs Assinine.—
In such their sacred feasts
Apollo much delights. Laughing he views
The vigorous wanton brutes.’

Mr. Hazlitt, our present concern, having already undergone the wholesome discipline of our castigation, without any apparent benefit, a repetition of it would be useless, as far as regards himself: for the sake of the younger class of readers, however, it may not be entirely fruitless to take some brief notice of these crude, though laboured lucubrations. Laboured, we call them; because, in spite of the author’s formal renunciation of the toil of revision, every thought is spun out with a pertinacity truly wonderful, except where some paradox is abruptly started in the face of the reader, which is intended to astound him by its unusual condensation.

Mr. Hazlitt’s character as a writer may, we think, be not inaptly designated by a term borrowed from the vocabulary of our transatlantic brethren, which, though cacophonous, is sufficiently expressive. We would venture to recommend its importation and adoption into the language of this island, for the particular delineation of such persons as we have enumerated above: they must be too partial to the produce of a Republican soil, to be displeased with the application. The word to which we allude, SLANG-WHANGER, is interpreted in the American dictionary to be ‘One who makes use of political or other gabble, vulgarly called slang, that serves to amuse the rabble.’ Those who peruse the

'Table Talk' will determine how far the definition answers to the case in point; they will observe also the truth of a remark often made, that the disciples of the Radical School lose no opportunity of insinuating their poison into all sorts of subjects; a drama, a novel, a poem, an essay, or a school-book, is in their hands an equally convenient vehicle. A direct attack upon the constitution of the country puts the reader effectually on his guard: it is the oblique stroke, like that of the tusk of the boar, which most dangerously assails the unwary. Thus, in Mr. Hazlitt's '*Essay on Genius and Common Sense*,' we are surprised by a spiteful tirade against the speeches of an Attorney and Solicitor General, ornamented by a sort of *silhouette*, representing 'the gaunt figure of Mr. Pitt'! It is not wonderful that the image of this illustrious statesman should haunt the distempered imagination of such persons, since they can neither forget nor forgive that prompt energy to which, under Heaven, we mainly owe our preservation from the designs of Jacobins, Spenceans, Radicals, or by whatever other name these pestilent vermin may be distinguished. The passage alluded to is nevertheless curious. Our author has certainly the merit of sometimes making spirited sketches from the life. He gives here a lively picture of the sensitive feelings of one of those consciences which 'fear each bush an officer.' The subject of the drawing appears to be a friend of the artist; one of those fortunate wights, (those acquitted felons, as they were termed by Mr. Windham,) who in the year 1794, by the admirable tenderness of the English law, escaped the sword of justice. He is presented to us as retiring, after his deliverance, into the enchanting vale of Langollen; but even there,—although the intoxicating gas of a projected epic poem plays round every cell and convolution of his brain,—he is unable to *steep his senses in forgetfulness*, and lull the terrors of his mind, disturbed as it is by daily and nightly visions of halters, gibbets, and government spies. Like the great first Radical, he carries his hell about him, even in the purlieus of Paradise. The tender sympathy of the author for this 'martyr of liberty' may be easily imagined;—but we are pressed for room, and must refer to the book for the syllables of dolour yelled out on the occasion.

The volume before us consists of sixteen '*Essays*,' on various subjects. We are spared the trouble of copying their titles, since they merely afford occasion for desultory declamation, and for observations which have little or no connection with the respective theses.

In the *Essay* just noticed,* Mr. Wordsworth is characterised

* On Genius and Common Sense.

as 'the greatest and most original poet of the present day;—compared with whose lines Lord Byron's are but exaggerated common-place, and Walter Scott's old wives' fables.' In the character of Cobbett, a sketch, by the bye, which proves Mr. Hazlitt to be no ill portrait-painter where the subject suits him, he asserts, in confirmation of the taste and judgment of this profound and consistent critic, 'that in one sense Shakspeare was not a poet'! He does not favour us with any key to this enigma, and we are unable to solve it.

In that 'On People with one Idea,' he quotes with approbation a saying of 'Tom Moore,' 'that some one puts his *hand* in his breeches pocket like a crocodile.' 'This (says Mr. Hazlitt) is hieroglyphical;' but neither does he here condescend to expound the mysterious symbol, except by observing that 'Mr. Owen puts his *foot* in the question of social improvement, much in the same manner.'

The tricks of the Indian jugglers strike the Essayist's imagination with a full conception of the unbounded powers of the human capacity; and, though he has elsewhere evinced a proud satisfaction at his own share of talent, he is here driven, from the contemplation of their genius, to admit his comparative worthlessness. This naturally leads him to reflections on those sublime arts, which are so successfully cultivated at Sadler's Wells; and he draws a grave parallel between the fame of Richer the rope-dancer and that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Having already noticed the author's partiality to the graphic art, we are prepared for the decision which he offers. 'Upon the whole, (he says,) I have more respect for Reynolds than I have for Richer; for, happen how it will, there have been more people in the world who could dance on a rope like the one, than who could paint like Sir Joshua. The latter was but a bungler in his profession to the other, it is true; but then he had a harder task-master to obey.' Dazzled by the glory which plays round the Indian and English professors who have acquired such astonishing command over the muscles of the human frame, he is blind to inferior merit, and becomes extremely fastidious in reviewing the display of human intellect. In the records of France he is only able to discover three great men, Molière, Rabelais, and Montaigne; but he cautiously qualifies the distinction conferred on the first of this triad, (who, let it be remembered, is the author of the *Misanthrope* and of *Tartuffe*,) as being but 'a great farce-writer.'

In the 'Essay on Vulgarity and Affectation,' we are assured that 'Gentility is only a more select and artificial kind of vulgarity.' We must refer those, who feel any curiosity to see the full elucidation of this text, to the work itself, as in this case the author vouchsafes to assist the slow understanding of his readers by a prolix commentary.

tary. In the course of it we learn, that 'the Coronation, the ceremony which delights the greatest monarch, and the meanest of his subjects,—this height of gentility, and consummation of external distinction and splendour,—is a vulgar ceremony.'

Having been taught what is vulgar, we are further instructed what is *not* so; by which we may form a tolerable notion of the author's minor morals. 'Nothing (says he) is vulgar, that is natural, spontaneous, unavoidable. Grossness is not vulgarity; awkwardness is not vulgarity; but all these become vulgar when they are affected and shown off on the authority of others.'

In pursuing this subject, our Slang-whanger deals his blows indiscriminately among all ranks of people, and thinks proper, in the bitterness of his gall, or for the more exquisite amusement of his admirers, thus to libel the whole British nation: 'If the lower ranks are actuated by envy and uncharitableness towards the upper, the latter have scarcely any feelings but of pride, contempt, and aversion, to the lower. If the poor would pull down the rich to get at their good things, the rich would tread down the poor as in a vine-press, and squeeze the last shilling out of their pockets, and the last drop of blood out of their veins.' Now we confidently appeal to all who have taken a general view of the state of society in this great country, whether the truth be not the very reverse of this malevolent and incendiary statement? The rich in Great Britain have been ever found to have hearts and hands 'open as day to melting charity;' and the lower orders, the continual objects of their bounty, have always, except when enlightened by the care of some active demagogue of the Hazlitt school, received their liberality, and their indefatigable efforts to ameliorate their condition, with a laudable degree of gratitude.

But the most perfect sample, perhaps, of the great Slang-whanger's manner and mode of thinking will be found in the 'Essay on Paradox and Common-Place'; in which he severely condemns the tergiversation of some of his former associates in the great and laudable work of sapping and mining. 'Twice has the iron entered my soul. Twice have the dastard, vaunting, venal crew, gone over it; once as they went forth, conquering and to conquer, with reason by their side, glittering like a faulchion, trampling on prejudices, and marching fearlessly on in the work of regeneration; once again when they returned with retrograde steps, like Cacus's oxen, dragged backwards by the heels* to the den of *legitimacy*, rout on rout, confusion worse confounded, with places and pensions, and the Quarterly Review dangling from their pockets,

* We have in another place intreated Mr. Hazlitt 'to stick to his pipe and pot, and leave Greek and Latin to us.' The oxen of Cacus were not dragged backward by the heels.

and

and shouting, "Deliverance for mankind," for "the worst—the second fall of man." Yet I have endured all this marching and countermarching of poets, philosophers, and politicians, over my head, as well as I could, like "the camomil, that thrives the more 'tis trod upon." By Heavens! I think I'll endure it no longer.' The insane extravagance of this rhapsody almost disarms our anger. It is however remarkable, that in all the ravings of all the maniacs of this description,—from Ensor to Lady Morgan inclusive,—the word *legitimacy* appears to be uttered with a scream of terror, as the war-whoop of the tribe. Yet what is its import? *Lawfulness*. Applied to kings, it designates those who are entitled to that dignity according to the laws wisely made to prevent usurpation, and the manifold evils of disputed succession.

The heaviest discharge of Radical artillery, however, is reserved for the doctrine laid down by Mr. Canning in a passage of his celebrated speech to his constituents at Liverpool.

'My lot,' says Mr. Canning in the conclusion of his address, 'is cast under the British monarchy. Under that I have lived; under that I have seen my country flourish; under that I have seen it enjoy as great a share of prosperity, of happiness, of glory, as I believe any modification of human society to be capable of bestowing; and I am not prepared to sacrifice, or to hazard the fruit of centuries of experience, of centuries of struggles, and of more than one century of liberty, as perfect as ever blessed any country upon the earth, for visionary schemes of ideal perfectibility, for doubtful experiments even of possible improvement.' This paragraph, to which every sober-minded Englishman will subscribe, as the sound and wise resolve of genuine patriotism, is characterized by the Slang-whanger as common-place; and he supposes, that, in giving his refutation of it, he 'cannot be accused of falling into that extravagant and unmitigated strain of paradoxical reasoning, with which he has already found so much fault.' 'So, then!' he exclaims, 'here are centuries of experience, and centuries of struggles to arrive at *one century of liberty!*' As though the having enjoyed the prize for the term stated, was all that had been obtained by those struggles. He seems not aware, or willfully resolves not to see, that we are still in possession of the blessing so acquired. The people of England nevertheless see and feel it; and, in spite of this crazy gabble, will exert all their efforts to retain and transmit it to their posterity.

The Essayist next charges Mr. Canning with inconsistency, because in the paragraph quoted, 'he throws down a bar to all change, to all innovation, to all improvement. He says, we are arrived at the end of our struggles; and yet he tells us in another part of his speech, that our struggles are not at an end, but that a crisis is at hand,

hand, where every man must take his part, for or against the institutions of the British monarchy.' What is there inconsistent in the assertion, that our ancestors have, by their struggles, acquired a sufficient degree of rational liberty, and that the present race will as resolutely oppose all the attempts of a democratic faction, which, at the period of Mr. Canning's address, appeared to be hastening on the crisis to which he alluded? The good sense of the country, though it sometimes reposes, wants only such spirit stirring appeals to it, as those of Mr. Canning, to be raised into emotion: surrounded as it has been, during the last twelve months, with a more than usual store of inflammable matter, it has acted like the safety-lamp of Sir H. Davy; and, under Providence, prevented, and we trust will continue to prevent, a perilous explosion. Mr. Hazlitt concludes what he calls his 'simple and mitigated strain of paradox', by an exquisite illustration of the qualifications of the Right Honourable Member for Liverpool, in the course of which he informs us, that 'whilst he shows off his rhetorical paces by his ambling, and lisping, and nicknaming God's creatures, he would change liberty into slavery, and cause us to anchor, through time and eternity, in the harbour of passive obedience and non-resistance!'

Our Slang-whanger exults exceedingly in the production of these choice flowers of eloquence. He claps his wings, and crows over his prostrate foes without stint, or mercy: nay, in the pride of recent victory, he seems persuaded* that nothing can withstand his potent perseverance;—when, in an unlucky moment, an incidental glance at the transcendent talents of the Indian jugglers throws him once more into a fit of humility, and he sobs out the following confession of the true scope of his own abilities:

'What have I been doing all my life? Have I been idle, or have I nothing to show for all my labour and pains? Or have I passed my time in pouring words like water into empty sieves, trying to prove an argument in the teeth of facts, and looking for causes in the dark, and not finding them? I can write a book: so can many others who have not learned to spell. What abortions are these Essays! What errors, what ill-pieced transitions, what crooked reasons, what lame conclusions! How little is made out, and that little how ill! Yet they are the best I can do.'—

Tandem Phœbus adest: morsusque inferre parantem
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus.

* Essay on Thought and Action.

ART. VI.—*Rob Roy, Tales of my Landlord, 2d Series, (Heart of Mid Lothian), Tales of my Landlord, 3d Series, (Bride of Lammermoor, Montrose), Ivanhoe, Monastery, Abbot, Kenilworth.*

THE reader may expect an apology for our having delayed noticing the works that compose the long list prefixed to this article. We are disposed to apologise for noticing them at all. And, certainly, most of the motives which direct us in the selection of writers to be reviewed, are in this case wanting. We cannot propose to draw the public attention to works, which are bought, and borrowed, and stolen, and begged for, a hundred times more than our dry and perishable pages. We have little expectation that the great author, who tosses his works to us with such careless profusion, will take the trouble of examining our strictures—and still less that he will be guided by them. Our praise or blame cannot well be heard among the voices of a whole nation. It is by these motives, or rather by this absence of motive, that our silence has been principally occasioned. But it cannot be persisted in. One of our duties is, to give a literary history of the times we live in—to tell those who follow us what were the subjects and the writers which chiefly engaged the attention of our contemporaries.—And it would be a strange omission if we were to pass over the works, which, from their number, their merit, their originality, and their diffusion, have more influence than is exercised by any others within the whole scope of our literature.

Our deliberation has been quickened by feeling that this really is no case for further delay. We have suffered three years to elapse since we reviewed the first series of the *Tales of my Landlord*—and in that interval a line of three-and-twenty new volumes has covered our table. A sight which, as we sit with it before us, might alarm even German diligence. It is in some measure a compensation, that we consequently address readers who are masters of their subject, and may engage in criticism without previous exposition. Our present situation has all the advantages over our ordinary one, which the comedian in *Athenæus* attributes to tragedy over his own art.

— In every sense

This tragedy's a blessed kind of writing:
For first, before your Prologue opes his mouth,
The audience know the tale, and catch your drift
From a mere hint. Mention but *Cædipus*—
They knew the rest by rote, "his sire was *Laius*;
His mother, Queen *Jocasta*; such and such
His sons and daughters; such his former deeds,
And such (anon) his fate." Or name *Alcmæon*,

"The

"The madman, is it not, that slew his mother?"
Echoes each urchin.—

— Now we poor Comedians
Get no such lucky lifts—our toiling brains
Must coin new names, new circumstances past,
New present incidents, new introductions,
And new catastrophes; and if we blunder
In this same dull explanatory task,
We get hiss'd off; while your high tragic dons
May boggle by prerogative forsooth.

But to business. First, in order of time, comes **ROB ROY**. We never rejoiced more in the circumstances which exempt us from endeavouring to relate our author's plots: for though we have this instant closed the last volume, and though one of the objects of our re-perusal was to make out the story, we are by no means sure that we have succeeded. Nothing but the novel's being in the first person, so that the author appears bound only to relate the events which his hero saw and heard, without detailing the steps by which they are brought about, could have enabled him to make it hang together, even with the small portion of plausibility which it now possesses. He must have been sorely puzzled, if he had been forced, in his own person, to account for the influence which constrained Rashleigh to produce Campbell, in order to extricate his hero at Justice Inglewood's, or for the success of such an extraordinary proceeding. It is equally difficult to account for the interposition of Rashleigh's political friends, to oblige him to give up the assets, which he had taken in order to forward (though in a most unintelligible way) their views as well as his own—and for the effect of that interference, at a time when he had determined to quit their party. Indeed, the whole business of the assets—what they were—the objects for which they were taken—the manner in which they are recovered, is one mass of confusion and improbability. The author himself, as he goes on, finds himself so thoroughly involved in the meshes of his plot, that seeing no legitimate extrication, he clears himself at last by the most absolute, we had almost said the most tyrannical, exercise of the empire which authors must be acknowledged to have over their personages and events, which we recollect, even in the annals of that despotic class of sovereigns. *C'est un vrai coup d'état*—and one which we should have expected rather from an Asiatic writer, than from a novelist 'in this free country.' He had resolved that his hero should, after the custom of heroes, enjoy the family estate and marry the heroine. But the estate is in the hands of an uncle, with six healthy sons; the heroine is pledged either to marry one of them or to take the veil. *Opusuit Natura alpesque nivemque*. First comes the estate. An ordinary

ordinary novelist would have felt that his hero could not have it; or, if he had set his heart upon giving it him, would have made out some story of an old entail, or a forged will, or have tried to find some other expedient, by which, with a resemblance to the common course of events, he might obtain it. It would not have been easy to do it well, and we cannot find out any plan by which it could have been done tolerably. One plan only, we can confidently say, he would *not* have adopted. He would not have killed all the six sons by different violent deaths, and the father of a broken heart for their loss, within the space of six months. If the sudden death of one person is a most inartificial mode of bringing about a catastrophe, what shall we say of this literary execution of a whole family?

But the marriage was as difficult a business as the succession. Diana was opposed to the hero in religion and in principles; she was under the absolute influence of her father, and he is determined, at their last appearance, Vol. III. p. 316, and p. 345, with her apparent acquiescence, to 'dedicate her to God.' It appears, from a hint in p. 345, that our author had thoughts of recurring to his old method, and killing Sir Frederick Vernon before his daughter should be irrevocably vowed to the cloister, and then making her change her mind and marry. Whether the clumsiness of these expedients disgusted him when he came to put them into execution, or whether, when in sight of land, he was too anxious to scramble ashore to wait for the ordinary means, we are not informed—but, in fact, he has left the difficulty as he found it. He tells us indeed that Diana Vernon became Mrs. Francis Osbaldistone—and he tells Will Tresham that *he* knows how it took place, but he does *not* tell the reader. We recollect, when we were beginners in chess, our indignation at the abrupt ends of some of Philidor's games, in which, the pieces and pawns appearing to our ignorant eyes pretty well balanced, we were told, 'The white King wins in seven moves.' When we played out the game, sometimes the white king won in four moves, sometimes in twenty, sometimes he was checkmated in six moves, and sometimes he gave a stale mate in five. But what were the seven moves thus obscurely indicated, we could not for our lives find out. How Mr. Osbaldistone 'sped in his wooing' is still more mysterious.

The characters are, as usual, admirable. The best, perhaps, of the men is the Baillie. Nothing can promise less originality or interest than the portrait of a conceited, petulant, purse-proud tradesman; full of his own and his father's local dignity and importance, and of mercantile and presbyterian formalities, and totally without tact or discretion, who does nothing in the story but give bail, take a journey, and marry his maid. But the courage, the generosity, and the

the frank naïveté and warm-heartedness, which are united to these unpromising ingredients, and above all, perhaps, the ‘Hieland blude of him that warms at thae daft tales o’ venturesome deeds and escapes—tho’ they are all sinfu’ vanities,’ and makes him affirm before the council that Rob Roy ‘set apart what he had dune again the law o’ the country, and the hership o’ the Lennox’ (i. e. the laying waste and plundering a whole country), ‘and the misfortune o’ some folk losing life by him, was an honestier man than stude on any o’ their shanks,’ make him both original and interesting in the highest degree. Rashleigh is among the best portraits of that difficult subject, a well-drawn villain, that we recollect. The reader feels that his hypocrisy might have deceived—that of the common fictitious rascal would only disgust. Rob Roy himself well answers our preconceptions of his character. The man who, without rank or fortune, could for thirty or forty years set all law at defiance, who, though peculiarly obnoxious to the government, not merely as breaking its laws and plundering its subjects, but as a rebel and a traitor, and at deadly feud with the great men on whose property he lived, could resist all their power, and elude all their stratagems, without being ever overwhelmed by superior force, or betrayed by the treachery of his own companions—taken, as many of them must have been, from among the least trust-worthy of men—must have been a man of extraordinary talents and, mixed with his great vices, of extraordinary virtues. He must have had the first in order to play his own part well, the second in order to retain in devoted fidelity his associates.

And he must have been a man of extraordinary courage. Some of our readers may perhaps be surprized at hearing that the last has been doubted; and, certainly, on the occasions which are the most usual tests of courage, he behaved ill. He fought two duels, and in both of them yielded almost immediately, in no very honourable manner. And, at Sheriff Muir, on the only occasion in which, with the temporary command of the clan, he had an opportunity of showing at once his spirit and his devotion,

‘He never advanced
From the place he was stanced
Till nae mair was to do there at a’ man.’

But the fact is, that no two things can be more different than the courage of an outlaw and that of a soldier. The first is founded on familiarity with danger,—it is the virtue of rude times, and can be obtained only by repeated exposure to peril. The second is founded on the point of honour—it can exist only in a most artificial state of society, and is so far from requiring repeated exposure, that it is often most perfectly exhibited by men who were never in danger before in their lives. The first arises from the contempt

tempt which is the proverbial result of familiarity. A man who has been often in danger has learnt to distinguish its real, from its apparent, symptoms—to fear the lightning, not the thunder. He has learnt to balance the hazards of different modes of escape—to wait the opportunity for putting in practice that which appears most pronising, and to snatch that opportunity when, on the whole, it appears probable that a better will not offer. All this supposes great calmness and presence of mind—but is compatible with a thorough detestation of all unnecessary risk. It not only is compatible with such a detestation, but its natural tendency, if uncounteracted by other causes, must be to produce it. The constant association, in such a man's mind, with danger has been, that it is a thing to be as much as possible avoided. His constant meditation has been, how shall I attain my object with the least hazard, and, having attained it, how shall I best provide for my safety? Such habits fit him admirably for avoiding danger—and for encountering it when it cannot be avoided; but very ill for thrusting himself into it when it can—or for continuing in it when any mode of escape is open. No man can show more calmness in danger, than a North American Indian, or try more frightful modes of escape, if they are the best that offer,—or fight more desperately if he is absolutely forced to fight. But he will not fight *unless* he is forced. He will rather endure any fatigue, cold, sleeplessness, and famine, to surprize his deadliest enemy, than meet him on fair, or nearly fair, terms.

Military courage is founded on the glory attached to the endurance of danger, and to the infamy attached to undue fear. And, as no natural bounds can be assigned to qualities, which are themselves unnatural, the necessary endurance was first raised to insensibility, and, at last, to delight, in danger. In that most artificial period which followed both the English and the French civil wars, when the minds of men, deprived of the violent sources of excitement to which they had been accustomed, ran into every sort of affectation and absurdity, a gentleman seems to have been bound to hold any opportunity of encountering danger a source of unalloyed enjoyment. Any ulterior purpose, however frivolous, was not to be required. A man who was so fortunate as to receive, or to have a fair opportunity of giving, a challenge, had the patronage of inviting three or four friends to partake in the amusement; and while the principals, who might be supposed to have some object in it, were fighting, the seconds, instead of minding their duty as umpires, fought too, to show how much they enjoyed a chance of being wounded or killed. The story is well known of the man who offered to Lord Stair such an opportunity, provided he would exercise this patronage in his favour; and who refused to interfere further

ther when he found he could derive no advantage from the transaction, as his lordship's list was full for his next three affairs. The story is probably coloured, but it shows what were the feelings, at least the cant, of the times in which it could be circulated. A man so trained would have shone on those occasions, on which we have described Rob Roy as failing—but it may be questioned whether he would have heard, with the same presence of mind, the Baillie's step on the Tolbooth's stairs; and whether, if strapped, like him, to Evan Bigg, he would have had sufficient boldness to plan his escape, sufficient composure to execute it, or sufficient patience to delay it to the most favourable instant.

But what of 'Die Vernon, the heath-bell of Cheviot, the blossom of the Border?' To say the truth we had rather say nothing, for we fear we may not be impartial judges. We are now old and grey-headed, and, even when young, we do not recollect that we ever were in love; a passion, of which Bacon remarks that great and worthy persons are unsusceptible. But if we could suspect ourselves of admitting a feeling so inconsistent with our age and situation, we should believe ourselves in love with Die Vernon. We have what has always been considered as the first and most fatal symptom—'We like her faults as much as if they were our own.' We acknowledge that her debut is coarse and unnatural—that her telling Osbaldistone, in the first five minutes of their acquaintance, that she thinks him handsome, is shocking—that her selecting their first meeting at dinner, when all eyes and ears would naturally be open upon the stranger, to abuse the whole family seriatim, by name, is absolutely impossible. And yet we dwell upon all these passages with pleasure. But certainly the damage was not done on the first day. The next we were very much amused. We were delighted with her during her ride to Justice Inglewood's, and still more during her return—laughed most heartily at her meeting with Jobson, sympathised with her three subjects of pity, envied Osbaldistone his situation as her confidant and counsellor, 'tho' he was to know nothing of her affairs;' admired her collection of treasures, and were pleased even with her blue-ism, so different was it from any to which we had been accustomed. By this time we probably were in some danger, but we are not sure whether she completed our conquest in the masterly scene, in which she drew from Osbaldistone the account of Rashleigh's falsehoods, or in that, perhaps still finer, in which, after her unsuccessful defence of the mysterious glove, she baffled her cousin's curiosity, and defied his jealousy, without diminishing one shade of his esteem or his love. We have heard the character called unnatural throughout. She ought, perhaps, to be somewhat older, twenty-two would have been better than eighteen; but grant the author what he has always a right to claim for his heroine, if
he

he is bold enough to think he can support them, great talents and excellence of disposition, and add, what certainly is possible, an education perfectly unfemale, under the superintendence of two men of talent and learning, and add the pride of high birth, and the enthusiasm of an adherent to a persecuted religion and an exiled king—exclude her from the ordinary wishes and schemes of young girls by predestining her to a hateful object or a cloister, and give her, instead of their ordinary amusements and employments, political intrigues, Greek and Latin, and field-sports, and you have the rough outlines of the portrait, to which our author has given such relief and colouring.

But we must hasten to the *HEART OF MID LoTHIAN*, with the exception perhaps of *Waverley*, the most perfect of the whole set. And we are not sure that even *Waverley* may not owe the superiority in our eyes, which, on reconsideration, we still feel that it possesses, to the circumstances under which we first read it. We shall never forget the disappointment and listlessness with which, in the middle of a watering-place long vacation, we tumbled a new, untalked of, anonymous novel out of the box, which came to us from our faithless librarian, filled with substitutes for every thing we had ordered. Any where else we might have returned it uncut; but a watering-place makes a man acquainted with strange companions for his reading, as well as his talking, hours. So we opened it, at hazard, in the second volume, and instantly found ourselves, with as much surprise as *Waverley* himself, and with about the same effect, in the centre of the Chevalier's court. Little did we suspect, while we wondered who this literary giant might be, that seven years after, we should be reviewing so many more of his volumes in one article, and that the mystery would be, except by internal evidence, as dark as ever.

But, abstracting from *Waverley* the advantage of its primogeniture, the two novels, different as they appear, have many points in common; they are unequalled in the happiness of their subjects. The story of Prince Charles is a piece of the wildest romance, in the midst of the dullest flats of history, as if the cave of Staffa could rise in the middle of the Zuyder Zee. The *Heart of Mid Lothian* is as fortunately chosen. The escape of Robertson, the murder of Porteous, and the pardon of Effie, though the principal facts of the last are true, and even the minutest details of the two former, are as marvellous in their way as the enterprise of Prince Charles; and the characters in both novels derive the same advantage from our imperfect knowledge of the class from which they are taken. All our author's readers must have observed how much better he paints beggars, gipsies, smugglers, and peasants, the favourites of kings and queens, and kings and queens themselves,

the very lowest and the very highest ranks of society, than that rank to which he must himself belong. How superior is Effie Deans to Lady Staunton, and Daddie Ratton to Sir George? How much bolder, and how much more accurate, appears to us the pencil that struck out Dandie Dimmont than that which drew, though with far more elaboration, Mr. Pleydell? How much more do his Mary of Scotland and Elizabeth of England appear to resemble queens, than his Julia Mannering does, a young lady? How comes he to copy more correctly what he knows imperfectly, than what he knows well?

Our first answer is, 'We doot the fact.' We suspect that his gentlemen and ladies are, in truth, more faithful portraits than his princes, his beggars, or his rustics; but that the familiarity of his readers with the originals makes their examination of his faithfulness too severe. They are more struck by the deficiencies than by the merits; by what varies from their own standard, than by what coincides with it. No jockey was ever satisfied with the horses even of Phidias. But when the author paints a peasant, a cowfeeder, or a queen, he takes from a class with which the reader is so little acquainted, that, if the figure be but spirited and consistent, and contain nothing obviously incompatible with its supposed situation, we are willing, indeed we are forced, to take its resemblance upon trust. And perhaps the author's consciousness of the reliance of his reader is even more valuable to him than that reliance itself. It leaves him at liberty to dress his characters, not in the most appropriate, but the most picturesque, habiliments. If he draws from his own sphere of life, it is from a finished model, where every detail is prescribed to him. If from any other, it is from a sketch of which only one or two leading features are marked, and his imagination may supply, as he likes best, the remainder. He has the same advantage which Dryden translating Chaucer had over Dryden translating Virgil. He is saved too from the danger of losing *general* resemblance in too close a copy of the individuals with whom he is intimate; and from that of introducing something of effort, something of overcolouring and caricature, into his figures, in his endeavours to render striking, the representations of a well-known class. A painter may be tempted to put horses and cows into some studied attitude, or to group them too artificially, who would not think of any thing more than an unaffected resemblance of an hippopotamus.

Our general admiration of the story of the Heart of Mid Lothain does not, of course, extend to the management of all the details. The beginning, or rather the beginnings, for there are half a dozen of them, are singularly careless. The author, in his premature anxiety to get in *medias res*, introduces us at the point where the
different

different interests converge; and then, instead of floating down the united stream of events, we are forced separately to ascend each of its tributary branches, like Humboldt examining the bifurcations of the Oroonoko, until we forget, in exploring their sources, the manner in which they bear on one another. We regret too, that he should have violated the simplicity of his narrative by that novel-like incident, the testimonial from Butler's grandfather through which, in some degree, Jeannie obtains the assistance of Argyle. Its introduction is, if we may be allowed to revert to a distinction which we endeavored to establish in a former article, vol. xxiv. p. 355, both improbable and unnatural. Improbable, because, that Jeannie should, the instant she wanted a great protector, have found her obscure lover possessed of the strongest claims on the man best fitted for the purpose, was, to a degree almost beyond the powers of numeration, against the chances of real life. Unnatural, because it was absolutely impossible that a family, holding a document which gave them unlimited access to the patronage of the most powerful nobleman in Scotland, should have suffered it to remain unemployed, like Aladdin's rusty lamp, while they struggled through three generations in poverty and disappointment. If our author thinks even *this* more natural, than that Argyle should have been induced, by Jeannie's representations, to examine into her sister's case, by his doubts as to her guilt to interfere in her favour, and by his sympathy with Jeannie's heroism to bestow his benefits on her and her family, we must say that he thinks much worse, than we do, of the characters he has drawn.

We are not sure too, that it might not have been politic in the author to suppress almost all his fourth volume. We are very glad that he did not, for it is all very amusing. Knockdunder is excellent; and so is the transformation of Gentle Geordie and Effie into Sir George and Lady Staunton, particularly the latter; and we revisited with pleasure, in Sir George's company, the Tolbooth door and Saddletree's shop. A new and most entertaining light is likewise thrown upon the character of David Deans; his feelings on Dumbiedike's marriage, his reconciliation of his speculative principles with existing circumstances, and his discussion with Butler as to his acceptance of the Duke's preferment, are delightful. But all this has the effect of a farce after a tragedy. Where the ludicrous is interwoven with the pathetic or the terrible, it heightens the effect, both by contrast and by the appearance which it gives of authenticity. Saddletree's absurdities have certainly a good effect in the trial scene; but a whole train of light amusing narrative, in which the very persons, whose previous history has harrowed the reader's mind with pity and terror, or swelled it with admiration, have nothing to do but to show foibles

and enjoy prosperity, lowers sadly their poetical dignity, little perhaps as they themselves would have been aware of it.

Among the exquisite scenes, on which the opinion that we have just ventured to express is founded, perhaps the most perfect is the meeting of the sisters before the trial. We will own, that on our first perusal, we trembled for the author when we found that he really meant to exhibit it. We felt that such a meeting must create emotions almost beyond the power of words; and yet that a single expression exaggerated, or constrained, or artificial, would poison the whole. The trial has not perhaps the same merit from its difficulty, but is as striking in its execution. Effie is a perfect specimen of the fit subject for fictitious misfortune. Not so good as to make her calamities absolutely revolting; not so bad as to make them appear appropriate punishments. Her crime is precisely the *αμαρτία μεγάλη* of Aristotle. Had it been deeper, her sufferings would, of course, have excited less pity; had it been none at all, they would have raised, instead of pity, horror and indignation. As it is, our exquisite pity for *her*, and our pity, mingled with admiration, for her father, produce an intensity of interest, which extends itself, not only to the important incidents, but to the minute formalities, of the trial, which is even heightened, as we observed before, by the foolery of Saddletree, and the bad taste of her advocate, and is not destroyed even by our constant anticipation of the event. We wait with almost as much anxiety during Jeannie's silence after Fairbrother's question, 'And what was the answer she made,' and while the yet unpublished verdict is sealed and recorded, as if we did not well know what must, in each case, be the result.

We cannot bestow the same unqualified praise on another celebrated scene, Jeannie's interview with Queen Caroline. Jeannie's pleading appears to us much too rhetorical for the person and for the occasion; and the queen's answer, supposing her to have been overpowered by Jeannie's entreaties, 'This is eloquence,' is still worse. Had it *been* eloquence it must necessarily have been unperceived by the queen. If there is any art of which *celare artem* is the basis, it is this. The instant it peeps out, it defeats its own object, by diverting our attention from the subject to the speaker, and that, with a suspicion of his sophistry equal to our admiration of his ingenuity. A man who, in answer to an earnest address to the feelings of his hearer, is told, 'you have spoken eloquently,' feels that he has failed. Effie, when she entreats Sharpitlaw to allow her to see her sister, is eloquent, and his answer accordingly betrays perfect unconsciousness that she has been so, 'You shall see your sister,' he began, 'if you'll tell me;' then interrupting himself,

himself, he added in a more hurried tone, 'no, you shall see your sister whether you tell me or no.'

The duke himself is, perhaps, a little too fine spoken in his opening conversation with the queen, but his character is in general happily finished. The vanity, which covered his great qualities with a varnish, that has perhaps contributed to the permanence of his reputation, is very gracefully insinuated. Douce Davie Deans is magnanimous in his affliction, and amusing in his prosperity. We have but one fault to find with him, the laugh which is constantly raised by his religious peculiarities. It may be said, that the weight of his religion, like that of armour of proof, if it sometimes repels the impulses of nature, when they are right, always secures him from them when they are wrong; that, if it loads him with unnecessary scruples, it arms him with heroic self-devotion and constancy; and if it sometimes makes him absurd, leaves him often venerable, and always respectable, in his absurdity. But it is precisely to this union of good and evil consequences, that, *as a subject of general representation*, we object. When religion, or what resembles it, is represented as rendering sanguinary and merciless such a fanatic as Burley, every reader can perceive that his belief does not create his bad passions, but only decides their course. Pride, violence, and malignity, are essential parts of his character; and if he had been an Atheist instead of a Cameronian, they would have only changed their objects. But the religion of David Deans is the basis of his whole character; his faults and follies seem, no less than his virtues, to spring from it. And we can conceive a reader, without much power of discrimination, so strongly associating them together, as to believe the one as necessary a consequence of it as the other; and to congratulate himself that *he* is a man of the world, above all silly scruples. We refer, as an illustration of our remark, to his conversation with Saddletree and Butler, on the choice of a counsel for Effie, at the end of the first volume.

To get rid of the little we have remaining of blame, we must add, that we do not think George Robertson quite worthy of his author. He is somewhat too melo-dramatic. Men, whatever may be their remorse, do not profusely apply to themselves the terms villain, murderer and devil; or calmly affirm themselves predestined to evil here and hereafter. They have always a reserve as to the goodness of their hearts, especially where they are ready, as Robertson is described to be, to sacrifice their lives to save that of another. Saddletree is less annoying than our author's fool generally is, because there is less of him. He is not, like Fair Service, locomotive, so that when we escape from Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, we leave him. His wife is happily

contrasted to him. We thoroughly enter into her dislike of her husband's gossips, and her indignation to 'see sae mony o'them set up yonder in their red gowns and black gowns, and a' to take the life o' a bit senseless lassie.' What to say of Madge Wildfire we scarcely know. The outline is bold and the colouring vivid; and it is more like what we suppose madness to be than any other representation of it that we recollect. But whether it is really like, those only can tell who have had the misfortune to see more of the insane than has fallen to our lot. Her introduction, to warn Robertson by her songs that an enemy is at hand, rather too much resembles the incident in the *Lady of the Lake*, where Fitz James is warned of the ambush by the song of the maniac Blanch. The novel, however, tells the story with more plausibility.

We must not close our remarks without taking a more formal leave of Jeannie. She is a perfect model of sober heroism; of the union of good sense with strong affections, firm principles and perfect disinterestedness; and of the calm superiority to misfortune, danger and difficulty, which such an union must create. A hero so characterized generally spoils the interest of a novel, both because the reader knows him to be protected, among all his dangers, by the strong arm of poetical justice, and because his conduct, upon every occasion, is anticipated. The first of these inconveniences is skilfully obviated, by making another person the object of the dangers on which the interest of the story depends, and using Jeannie only as the means of averting them; the second, by placing her in humble life, and then exposing her to situations in which no good sense could supply the want of experience. As it is, she is a splendid exception to the insipidity of perfect characters, and excites and retains the reader's deepest interest, without possessing the advantage of a single fault.

We are almost inclined to renounce the supremacy of *Waverley*, and of the *Heart of Mid Lothian*, when we come to the *BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR*. It is a tragedy of the highest order, and unites excellence of plot to our author's usual merits of character and description. It may be objected, that poor Lucy Ashton's misfortunes are too much the sufferings of innocence to be the fit subjects of tragical sympathy. Her forming the engagement with Ravenswood cannot, as it is described, be considered even as an error. She adheres to it, through every persecution of violence and art, while her reason remains unimpaired; and her final breach of it is scarcely an act of the will. Perhaps the answer is, that a voluntary breach of engagement is a fault, to which so much disapprobation is attached, that some degree of disapprobation—that degree which affords a pretext for the misfortunes of tragedy—is attached

attached to one that is involuntary. No combination of circumstances will perfectly wipe off the stain of a breach of chastity, and constancy is the chastity of the affection, and is as necessary to the security of unmarried love, as that of the person is to married love. Both are, therefore, fenced with the same jealousy; and a woman who has been surprised, or seduced, or impelled into a violation of either, though under circumstances that may acquit her in foro conscientiae, is guilty foro imaginationis. To this arbitrary tribunal the poet resorts; here Miss Ashton will be tried, and though her case is a very hard one, we fear the verdict will be against her.

Although there is no deficiency of faults in Ravenswood, it is perhaps a blemish, that his faults are so remotely connected with his misfortunes. They set in motion, it is true, the train of causes on which his misery and his death ultimately depend. If he had not been violent and revengeful, the lord keeper would not have feared him; if the lord keeper had not feared him, he would not have endeavoured to soften him by effecting an intimacy with Lucy Ashton. Without that intimacy there would have been no engagement; without the engagement he would not have received the challenge, or been lost on his way to meet it. But it is not to the remote and accidental, but to the immediate and appropriate, effects that the reader looks. Now all the immediate effects of Ravenswood's spirit of pride and vengeance are advantages; it frightens a powerful enemy into a friend, gives him the affections of a charming girl, and appears to have great influence in obtaining a valuable patron. His misfortunes spring from the enmity of Bucklaw and Lady Ashton; both arising from causes out of his own controul, and as likely to have arisen if he had been the meekest of mankind. If this is a fault, it is an unlucky one, as it might have been so easily avoided. His own temper might have been made to afford far more obvious, and more probable, causes of offence, than a gaucherie of Caleb's, or the hereditary dislike of Lady Ashton. As a character he is excellent, admirably drawn, and admirably grouped and contrasted with those around him. Indeed we recollect no work of our author's in which contrast is more skilfully used. Ravenswood is opposed to Lucy, and Sir William to his lady; and those characters, which at first appear the same, are beautifully distinguished from each other. Sir William and Lucy are flexible and timid; Ravenswood and Lady Ashton firm and decisive. But the flexibility of Sir William, arising from fear of personal consequences, and fickleness of purpose, differs as much from that of his daughter, which springs from affectionateness of disposition, anxiety not to give pain, and preference of others to herself, as the firmness of Lady Ashton does from that of Ravens-

Ravenswood. Lady Ashton's firmness is nurtured in affluence and power, strengthened by the subservience of him who fills the station of her superior, and confirmed by the direction of all her purposes to family aggrandizement. Ravenswood's is grounded, in a great measure, on the want of those advantages, the possession of which contributes to that of Lady Ashton; on an habitual feeling that he is defrauded of his just rank in society, and habitual exertions to force those who cross him to acknowledge it. He treats them as inferiors, whom accident and injustice have made his equals, and follows his own impulses without deference for their opinions or their feelings. But, as one impulse succeeds another, his course, though vehement and intrepid, is not always consistent. Lady Ashton's is governed by calculation, and is therefore unvarying.

The engagement between the lovers is beautifully managed, and with the more merit, as it is a scene in which ordinary novelists so often fail. They generally seem to select it as an opportunity for fine writing—for long flowery 'declarations in form,' to use their own expression, on the part of the hero, and pretty disclaimers on that of the lady. Now in fact, where such a scene is merely the eclairsissement of a previous mutual affection, (and those are the cases of which we are speaking,) nothing can be shorter, less impassioned, or less 'in form' than the really important parts of it. The veil between them has become so slight that the least touch tears it down. Short half-hints of attachment on *his* part, and of acquiescence on hers, are enough to explain their mutual feelings, and both parties are anxious, as quickly as possible, to consider the explanation as made. There may, or may not, be protestations and vehemence in the conversation that follows; we only wish to exclude them from those very few words which, with the reply or silence by which they are followed, actually form the declaration and acceptance; and we will admit, too, a great distinction between the case we have supposed and one of indifference on the man's side. Where an Irish captain woos a city widow, or a boarding-school heiress, he may make all his approaches in form, and when he thinks he can venture to batter in breach, may open with vows and protestations,

And all the 'great' artillery of love;

but the conduct of a lover will differ as much from that of a fortune-hunter as his feelings.

The three hags are a bold, we had almost said a not unequal, rivalry of the Weird Sisters. Their professional praise of Ravenswood is whimsically horrible.

'He is a frank man and a free-handed man, the Master,' said Annie Winnie, 'and a comely personage—broad in the shoulters and narrow
around

around the lungies. He wad mak a bonnie corpse; I wad like to have the streaking and winding of him.'

'It is written on his brow, Annie Winnie,' replied the Octogenarian, her companion, 'that hand of woman, or of man either, will never straught him—dead deal will never be laid to his back, make your market of that, for I hae it frae a sure hand.'

'Will it be his lot to die on the battle ground then, Ailsie Gourlay?'

'Ask nae mair questions about it—he'll not be graced sae far,' replied the sage.

We wish Ailsie Gourlay's prediction had been omitted. Like the apparition of Alice Gray, and the prophecy that the last Lord of Ravenswood would stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow, it is a useless improbability. If the latter had been made a mere vague presage of evil, it might have produced equal effect, in deepening the gloom which always overshadows the hero's destiny, without requiring us to mix a belief of actual supernatural agency with the actions and habits of the world as we see it. Or if Ravenswood had been a knight of romance, in habitual intercourse with giants and dæmons, we might as easily have supposed him to encounter a ghost as a dragon. But in a novel, in which the main instrument is a suit in the Scotch courts carried by appeal into the House of Lords, where the only knight is a lawyer, the principal incident a change in the ministry, and the most affecting scene, the signing of marriage settlements, we cannot believe that an infant's fortune was truly spaed before the sark gaed over its head, that a circumstantial prophecy was accurately fulfilled, or that an old woman made mouths at a young man after she was dead.—Ghosts have no business to appear to mortgagers or mortgagees.

But Caleb is a more serious blemish. Of all our author's fools and bores, and we acknowledge we dislike the whole race of them, from Monk Barns down to the Euphuist, he is the most pertinacious, the most intrusive, and, from the nature of his one monotonous note, the least pardonable in his intrusion. His silly buffoonery is always marring, with gross absurdities and degrading associations, some scene of tenderness or dignity. Our author's eminent success in the difficult and almost untrodden path of tragicomedy (few writers before him, excepting Shakspeare, having ever ventured to bring the ludicrous into close contrast with the pathetic) has probably tended, as is often the case, to tempt him into carrying the expedient to an excess. Such contrasts occur in nature; and when represented as they occur in nature, have an interesting and agreeable effect, in a great measure, as we hinted before, from the vivid resemblance to reality thus produced. But they will not admit of being violently and ambitiously introduced. It is the old mistake of the first landscape gardeners, who, in their rage to imitate nature, used to plant dead trees, and build ant-hills,
close

close to a house: if it be intolerable to have every circumstance of horror or pathos artificially crowded together, with a studied exclusion of every lighter character and event, still less tolerable is it to have an equally artificial effort after the contrasts of tragi-comedy; to have the broadest and most extravagant caricature continually dragged into studied opposition to the tragic characters and incidents.

We must not quit the *Bride of Lammermoor* without remarking its deviation from the usual management of a narrative. The fatal nature of the catastrophe is vaguely indicated in the very beginning; at every rest in the story it is more and more pointedly designated; and long before the conclusion we are aware of the place and means of its accomplishment. We are first told of the malignant fiend under whose influence the tissue of incidents is to be woven. We are told that a dreadful punishment awaits Sir William's selfish calculations on the supposed attachment of Ravenswood and Lucy. Before the lovers have thrice met we are told what were his remarks after the catastrophe of their love; and, however he might disregard, in real life, the ominous fatality of the mermaid's well, the raven that is killed as the lovers quit it, the thunderstorm that marks their interview at Wolf's Craig, or even the prophecies of Ailsie Gourlay and True Thomas, every reader feels that, in fiction, these are tokens true as holy writ; and yet our interest in the story is strengthened, instead of being destroyed, by our foreknowledge of the conclusion. How is this managed? How is that which generally deadens the reader's interest made, in this instance, its auxiliary?

We believe that the *Bride of Lammermoor* owes to the nature of its catastrophe its exemption from the usual necessity of reserve—it is the privilege of tragedy. We will assume that every fiction must contain Aristotle's μεταβασις, dangers terminating in happiness, or happiness converted into misery. In the former case the impending evils, the probability of which formed the danger, do not actually take place; in the latter, during the apparent safety of the characters, evils are brooding which ultimately destroy it. They are disturbed, in the one case, by causeless fears, and, in the other, lulled in fatal security; and if the reader is aware of this, he in both cases sympathizes, not with their actual feelings, but with what would be their feelings if they knew their situation. In the first case, if they knew their own safety they would laugh at the danger; and accordingly there is nothing more ludicrous than a man, who thinks himself in danger, when he is not. If the seconds have resolved to charge the pistols merely with powder, we defy their principals, however cool may be their courage, with whatever calmness they may make preparations for a fatal result, to excite any emotions but ridicule.

dicule. Sauchó, clinging in darkness to a ledge of rock with firm ground, where he supposes an unfathomable abyss, six inches below him, has every reason to think himself in the most frightful danger; but we know that he is safe, and we laugh. If we are to sympathize with the courage, we must sympathize with the fear of the hero; to do that, we must, like him, be ignorant of the event. But though a man who is safe, when he thinks himself in danger, is only an object of amusement, a man who is in danger, when he thinks himself safe, may be an object of the deepest interest;—we feel as he would feel if he knew his situation—we appear even to feel more deeply, when we contrast it with his enjoyment and his gaiety.

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,

That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

There is no picture more affecting, than that of high hopes and brilliant expectations, when the reader, alone, hears the wheels of an avenging fortune 'groan heavily along the distant road.' It is a consequence of this distinction that Tragedy is allowed to take her plots from known events, while Comedy must invent them herself. We use the word comedy, somewhat improperly, to designate the class of fictions which end happily; for danger, which the spectator knows to be unfounded, makes an admirable subject for comedy in its narrow sense of ludicrous fiction, on the very same ground that it is an improper subject of serious fiction. How utterly would the Judgment-scene in the Merchant of Venice have been ruined if it had been preceded by the conference between Bellario and Portia, and the reader had been warned of the flaw by which Antonio is to be saved! and how carefully has Shakspeare provided, by the interference of Portia, and her reiterated advice and entreaty to the Jew to accept the money, (which are in fact unnatural, as she was provided with a better remedy,) to convince the spectator that the issue will be fatal! If we could put ourselves in the situation of those for whom Shakspeare wrote; if we could take a draught of Lethe, and then read it as for the first time; or if it could have been concealed from us till our taste was ripe, how much would the scene, beautiful as it is, be improved! But our interest in Lear or Othello is not diminished by a tenth perusal. It is probable that they would lose by that ignorance of the events by which the Merchant of Venice would be improved. A fiction which ends happily may give as much pleasure on a first perusal, as one which ends unfortunately; but a great part of its power is exhausted by that first perusal. We have been admitted behind the scenes, and though we may admire the skill with which the giant is compounded, we know that his bones are made of wicker, and his muscles of straw. But the evils of tragedy are 'no sham,' and the knowledge that they are impending, renders affecting even the

the tranquil scenes by which they are preceded—we feel them to be the calm before the tempest,

The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.

The Legend of MONTROSE will not detain us so long as its predecessors. It is, we think, inferior to them all. The plot, if it can be called one, is a fragment of the history of Montrose, without middle or end; to which two or three well-known stories of no great merit, such as that of the Chieftain who cheated his English friends of a fairly won bet, the amputated head which the Macgregors placed at the table once its own, with bread between its jaws, and the assassination of Lord Kilpont by Stuart of Ardvairlich, are, with new names and dates, artificially stuck on. A love-story, of slight materials, is interwoven to give it some consistency, and there are in this, as in every other of our author's novels, some splendid *purpurei panni*. It differs from them all in one respect, that the Bore, Dugald Dalgetty, is perhaps the best drawn character. There is a great deal too much of him, as is always the case, but he has more variety in his note than they usually possess. The whole-length portrait of a mere mercenary, whom constant exposure to the violence of his enemies, and the selfishness of his friends, had covered with a callous integument, equally proof against fear, generosity, and delicacy, would have been tiresome, but for the ludicrous tinge of a pedantry, partly scholastic, partly military, and partly national;—and the wild figures among whom he is placed, show off well his regulated vices and his mechanical virtues. His merit is increased by his originality: in ordinary novels high personal courage, and a strict adherence to whatever may have been laid down as the point of honour, are almost entirely confined either to the characters that are intended to be amiable, or to those that, however unamiable, possess a certain lofty and Satanic ferocity—to those whom we intended to love or to fear—to the *Æneas* or the *Mezentius*. In Dugald Dalgetty we find cool intrepidity, arising from long familiarity with danger, and habitual adherence to his own point of honour, combined (as is often the case in real life, and so seldom, as we have said, in fiction) with a calculating and sordid disposition—qualities that, instead of love or fear, excite contempt. The escape from Inverara, with all its improbabilities, is among the splendid patches we have alluded to. Another is the battle of Inverlochy, with the gradual approach of Montrose's army that precedes, and the contest over the body of the Knight of Ardenvohr, that concludes it. Allen M'Aulay and Mac Eagh would have been fine characters in a poem—we are not sure whether their features are not exaggerated in what purports to be a representation of real events. One cannot believe Mac Eagh's parting injunction to Kenneth to have been delivered—but it is a beautiful piece
of

of Ossianic declamation. His vengeance on Allan M'Aulay is perhaps too artificial and too sentimental for the contriver—particularly as two of his enemies were to gain by it, much more than M'Aulay was to lose. Menteith is in perfectly good taste, but too unambitious a character to give scope for much praise or blame: and history has shed a light over the disastrous heroism of Montrose, as disastrous to his country as it was glorious to himself, which debarred our author from individualizing him by a nice selection and compensation of qualities. The opportunities, however, which he had, he has used successfully; and mixed well, with his general panegyric, the alloy of personal motives, which may be supposed to have produced the memorable invasion of Argyleshire.

Next comes the splendid masque, IVANHOE. Of all our author's works, this is formed of the most peculiar materials. Kings, crusaders, knights, and outlaws, Cœur de Lion, and the Templars, and Robin Hood, and Friar Tuck, and the Forest of Sherwood, the names, and the times, and the scenes, which are entwined with our earliest and dearest recollections, but which we never hoped again to meet with in serious narrative, become as familiar in our mouths as household terms. Names coupled with such associations would be interesting, however trivial the actions in which they were engaged—and they are used as profusely as they are collected. We have the public and private life of our Saxon and of our Norman ancestors, the domestic meal, the formal banquet, the tournament in both its forms, the storm of a baronial castle, the solemn trial, and the judicial combat. These are among the scenes immediately before us, and, as we pass through them, views perpetually open on each side of our path, that show the contemporary state of Europe and Asia, with glimpses of Palestine, and Saladin, and the Crusaders in the distance.

We recollect that, on our first perusal, we thought *Ivanhoe*, though not the best, the most brilliant and most amusing of this whole family of novels. We are not sure that it has stood a second so well. Its principal deficiency is one which besets ordinary novelists, but from which our author is in general eminently free—want of individuality in the principal characters. *Ivanhoe*, *Rowena*, *Front de Bœuf*, *Locksley*, the *Templar*, and even the grace of the whole story, *Rebecca*, are each marked with one, or at most two, predominating qualities, without the counterbalancing merits and defects, which, by reciprocally modifying each other, distinguish every man, in real life, from his neighbour. *Ivanhoe* and *Rowena* are the traditionary hero and heroine of romance. He, brave, and strong, and generous; she, beautiful and amiable; and both of them constant—very well qualified for their employment

ment at the end of the story, to marry and live happily together, but a little insipid during its progress. Front de Bœuf is the traditional giant—very big and very fierce—and his active and passive duties are those always assigned to the giant—the first consisting in seizing travellers on the road, and imprisoning them in his castle, to the danger of the honour of the ladies, the life of the knights, and the property of all others; and the second, in being beaten at tournaments and killed by the knight-errant, to whom the author at length issues his commission of general castle-delivery. Brian de Bois Guilbert belongs to that hacknied class, the men of fixed resolve and indomitable will—fine ingredients in a character, which is marked by other peculiarities, but too uniform and inartificial, and, in fictitious life, too trite, to serve, as they do here, for its basis. To say the truth, we have been lately so bored by the continual recurrence of the Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, who allows no law, but that of arms, that if we had found a novel, which we were trying as an experiment, begin with a description of a person, in whom ‘the projection of the veins of the forehead, and the readiness with which the upper lip and its thick black mustachios quivered upon the slightest emotion, plainly indicated that the tempest might be again, and easily awakened’—whose ‘keen, piercing, dark eyes told in every glance a history of difficulties subdued, and dangers shared, and seemed to challenge opposition to his wishes, for the pleasure of sweeping it from his road by a determined exertion of courage, and of will’—we fear we should have been apt to push the inquiry no farther. As Bois Guilbert is almost all in shadow, Rebecca is all in light. Brought up among examples of nothing but extortion and cruelty on one side, and cowardice, meanness, and avarice on the other, in the situation most certain to break the courage, and sour the temper, and narrow the heart, she emerges—perfect. From an education combining every disadvantage, she rises, such as no advantages could have made her. But in Rebecca the beauty of the execution more than redeems the improbability of the conception. We only regret that her love for Ivanhoe, which is so exquisitely described, is not better accounted for. When we recollect that she knew, when she first saw him, that their difference of race raised between them an impassable barrier; and that, in their first conversation, she discovered where his affections were fixed, it is scarcely possible that love, so totally without hope, could have arisen in a well disciplined mind, even with the assistance of similarity of character and frequent intercourse. And even these are, in this case, wanting. They are described as opposed in all their feelings, and habits, and prejudices, and associations—and it is in only their second interview that her passion has reached such a height, that, in despair at its hopelessness, she

she murmurs a welcome to the random shaft which should put an end to her life.

But perhaps the greatest failure, if that term can be applied where so little is attempted, is Locksley. He has precisely that set of qualities, honour, disinterestedness, generosity, and justice, which always mark the outlaw of a novel, at least of a bad novel, and never the outlaw of real life—and he has no others. We have the more right to complain, when we compare this vulgarly featured daub, which is affixed to such a name as Robin Hood, with the living portraits of Donald Bean, and Julian Avenel, and the Children of the Mist, and Rob Roy, which show how the painter can treat such a subject if he chooses. It is true that he was hampered by the historical features of Robin Hood; but our very complaint is, that *circa vilem patulumque moratur orbem*, without venturing to add a shade, or a colour, which shall make the picture more individual, or less improbable.

But our censure must end here. In the rest of the characters we recognize the author of *Waverley*. Nothing can be more bold than the conception, or more vigorous than the representation, of Richard and Friar Tuck. It is difficult to choose between subjects of such excellence—but of the two, we think the Friar is our favourite. Scarcely any other author could have ventured to engraft the outlaw on the priest, or could have prevented the union from being unnatural or hateful. But the humour, which is thrown over it, solders together its heterogeneous parts, and makes the compound as amusing as it is original. As for Richard, we will confess that, long before *Ivanhoe* was written, he had been a subject of our meditation. We have often endeavoured to picture to our minds the appearance and the manners of the man, whom history appears to have amused herself with dressing in the colours of fable. Our author has done for us, what we never could do satisfactorily for ourselves. We acknowledge his Richard with the same conviction of his identity, and the same wonder that we could ever have supposed him any thing different, with which we recognize, in a long separated friend, the features and address which we had in vain tried to imagine in his absence. Prince John, and Cedric, and Athelstan, and De Bracy, and Prior Aymer, and Gurth, are all good, though of coarser materials—and even Higg the son of Snell, and Hubert the forester, and Father Dennett, though their outlines are indicated only by a few negligent strokes, stand out from the canvass with all the prominence of real existence. But we find that it is at the scenes in which Richard, or the Friar, is engaged, that our volumes open of themselves—and a well thumbed passage is that in which, at their first meeting, the ascetic reserve, which the hermit seems to have adopted rather as a vehicle for his humour than as a cloak, re-

laxes before the bold frankness and irresistible smile of the Knight. Another is, the resurrection of the Friar from the dungeons of Front de Bœuf, with his 'captive to his bow and his halbert'—his account of his controversy with the Jew—and his memorable exchange of buffets with Richard, taken of course from the similar contest between Richard and Ardour, so amusingly related by Mr. Ellis. This, however, is hardly imitation—a real incident in Richard's life probably forms the basis, of which the old chronicler and the modern novelist have given us variations. But we have little doubt that the mode in which Rebecca repels the Templar, is borrowed from the celebrated scene in which Clarissa (vol. vi. letter 13.) awes Lovelace by a similar menace of suicide. As they are scenes in which these great writers appear both to have put forth their strength, we would extract them, if our limits, already almost exceeded, permitted us, and as they do not, we recommend our readers to compare them: the cautious, minute, and reiterated strokes of Richardson afford a striking contrast to the bold semi-poetical rapidity of his modern rival.

We have little to say as to the story, but that it is totally deficient in unity of action, and consists, in fact, of a series of events, which occurred, at about the same time, to a set of persons who happened to be collected at the lists of Ashby. The associations, however, which are connected with the actors and the times, and the vividness of the narration prevent the interest from flagging—or rather renew it with each adventure—and the want of one concentrated interest may only make the different scenes more amusing, by allowing the reader leisure to pause and look round him as he passes. Perhaps the scene that bears this examination worst, is the tournament. Our first objection to it is, that it is managed in what we should almost call a childish way, with a profuseness of success, first on the side of the challengers, and then on that of the hero, so glaringly improbable, as to destroy the reality produced by the general minuteness of description. We almost tremble at our rashness when we presume to add a doubt of the antiquarian accuracy of some of the details. We had always supposed the forfeiture of arms and horse to be a punishment reserved for un-knightly conduct, and not the necessary result of the slightest preponderance of success on either side, in each encounter. Front de Bœuf is described as incurring this forfeiture, because he loses a stirrup; Malvoison, because he is unhelmed—and Grant Mesnil because his horse swerves; on these terms no challenger could have expected to retain his horse and arms during a day. We object, indeed, generally to our author's representation of a tournament as a personal contest, in which one knight was to be declared conqueror, and the other conquered. Our ancestors seem to have considered

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it as a knightly game, in which the antagonists might mutually show their address, and which did not imply victory or defeat in either. We equally doubt the correctness of our author's distinction (vol. i., p. 169.) between the effects of a blow on the helmet, and one on the shield—or rather we admit the distinction, but believe that the superiority attributed by him to the former, in fact belonged to the latter. As a general illustration of our remarks, we refer to the most detailed account, which is extant, of such a scene, in Froissart's description of the great tournament held by three French knights at St. Inglevere, lib. x. cap. 11. particularly to the courses run by Sir J. Rosseau, Sir P. Sherborne, and Sir Herchance.

But the most striking scene in the whole work, is the storming of Front de Bœuf's castle. Every reader must have felt the peculiar vividness with which the first assault is painted. Much as we have exceeded our usual limits, we will make a short extract from

t. "It was not, however, by clamour that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed,—by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armour of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their large cross-bows, as well as with their long bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles, on both sides, was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

"With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows, flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight of the fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the bar-bican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders, I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds."

"She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand—Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf!" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf," answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have—and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded

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to the rear, fresh men supply their place in the assault—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!

“Think not of that,” replied Ivanhoe; “this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield?—who push their way?”

“The ladders are thrown down,” replied Rebecca, shuddering; “the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—The besieged have the better.”

“Saint George strike for us!” said the Knight “do the false yeomen give way?”

“No!” exclaimed Rebecca, “they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers.”

“By Saint John of Acre,” said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, “methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed.”

“The postern gate shakes,” continued Rebecca; “it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the out-work is won—Oh God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!”

“The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?” exclaimed Ivanhoe.

“No,” replied Rebecca, “the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others—Alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.”—vol. ii. p. 292—299.

It may be worth while to examine the means by which this vividness has been obtained, and by which the reader feels himself more present at that part of this scene, which is described by Rebecca, than at that which is described by the author in his own person. Had he really been present at that part which is described by the author, he would have seen and heard certain sensible objects, from which he might have inferred, with more or less propriety, that certain events were taking place. Had he been among the assailants, he might have inferred, from the number of men whom he saw bleeding and falling, the loss that his companions were suffering. Had he been on the ramparts, he might have drawn the same inference as to the defenders. From the effect produced on their armour by the arrows, and the mode in which they exposed themselves, he might have judged whether their armour were, or were not, of proof, and whether they did or did not, trust to it. By accurate observation, of the points struck by the

arrows, he might have inferred whether they had, or had not, each an individual aim. And, if accustomed to such scenes, he might have judged whether the defence were more or less obstinate, or the attack more or less furious, than was usual. But, unless the reader's experience has been such as to associate in his mind these appearances and inferences, he must feel that, had he been present, these appearances would not have suggested to him these inferences, and, being absent, the inferences do not suggest to him what must have been the appearances. He cannot, therefore, fancy himself to have been present at the event. He cannot even fancy the author to have been present *at the whole*, for no one person could have seen enough to make, with certainty, all these inferences. He must suppose him to have been informed by many other persons of the inferences drawn by them, from what they saw and heard; and from these accounts to have himself inferred the whole event. It is thus that a narrative is usually formed. And such a narrative may often enable us to judge perfectly of the *consequences* of an event, and leave us perfectly in the dark as to the actual *appearances* of which it really consisted. We, who are now writing, will confess that nothing can be more vague than our ideas of a battle or a siege. When we hear of an assault, or a charge, an advance, or a rout, we have an indistinct conception of blood, and fire, and smoke, red coats, and blue coats, and gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder;—but it is a conception, of which the *parts* are very inconsistent with one another, and all of them, we have no doubt, with the reality. Yet, when we have a full narration of a victory or a storm, we often think we can estimate both the *causes* and the *consequences* of these events, far better than a common soldier, though he may have been present at all that *one* person could witness, and may have a clear conception of the *things*, of which we blindly use the *names*. Yet so far are we from fancying ourselves present at the scene, that, as in the novel, we cannot even fancy the relator to have been. When he tells of events, which took place at different places at the same time, we know that he must be repeating the inferences drawn by different persons from what they saw in different situations. Such a narrative affords the greatest body of information, in the most concise form, to the intellect, but can suggest no new image to the imagination. It is, as we have said, the common and historical one. We lose in the extent, but gain in the apparent authenticity, of our information, when the narrator gives us only the inferences which might have been drawn by one witness. We may then suppose him to have been that witness, and are more disposed to believe his inferences correct, than if he had made them at second hand, and also to sympathize with his feelings when a witness. This authenticity and power of creating sympathy

sympathy are, as we observed in a late Number, (vol. xxiv., p. 361.) the advantages of novels in the first person: the narrow sources of information to which they are confined, is their defect. We approach a step nearer still to being actually present, when the narrator gives us, not his inferences, but the sensible objects themselves. This, only, can be called a description; but, to make it worth having the objects must be interesting, or we should not listen—they must be new, or we should anticipate them—and they must be intelligible, or we could draw no conclusions from them. The remaining merit is, that the spectator should have been affected by them as we should have been ourselves. It is this which makes a traveller so much better a describer than a native—which would make us listen rather to a passenger's account of a shipwreck than to that of a sailor. The native and the sailor are much more familiar with the objects they describe—and therefore describe them more correctly, but with that familiarity we do not sympathize. We wish for first impressions, because we wish to feel as we should have felt if we had been present.

Rebecca's description unites all these merits in a higher degree than any that we remember. The objects are interesting and perfectly new. The previous detail, and Ivanhoe's explanation, make them intelligible, and enable us to infer the progress of events; and her wonder, her horror, and her intense anxiety, are exactly the feelings which we should expect to feel ourselves, if exposed, for the first time, to such a scene, as inactive spectators. We think that, in her place, we should have seen the same sights, heard the same sounds, drawn the same inferences, and felt the same emotions. And our perfect sympathy produces its usual effect, of making us fancy ourselves, as we read, in her situation. Before we quit this scene, we must observe that it contains an heraldic error, remarkable in itself, when we consider the antiquarian knowledge of our author, and still more from its coincidence with a similar mistake in his great rival, Sir Walter Scott. The Black Knight bears what Rebecca calls 'a bar and padlock painted blue,' or, as Ivanhoe corrects her, 'a fetterlock and shackle bolt azure' on a black shield; that is, azure upon sable. This, we believe, as colour upon colour, to be false heraldry. Now on the shield of Sir Walter's Marmion, a falcon

'Soared sable in an azure field.'

The same fault reversed. It is a curious addition to the coincidences of these two great writers, that, with all their minute learning on chivalrous points, they should both have been guilty of the same oversight.

The peculiarity, as well as the merit, of Ivanhoe, has seduced us beyond our usual limits. We are in less danger of exceeding

them with the MONASTERY. Without disputing the general verdict, which places this below the rest of our author's works, we shall endeavour to ascertain the grounds on which it may be supposed to be founded. We believe the principal deficiency lies in, what is usually our author's principal excellence, the female characters. In general, his men add to the boldness and animation of the scene, but his women support almost all its interest. Perhaps this must always be the case where both are equally well drawn. We sympathize more readily with simple, than with compound, feelings; and therefore less easily with those characters, the different ingredients of which, have, by mutual subservience, been moulded into one uniform mass, than with those in which they stand unmixed and contrasted. Courage restrained by caution, and liberality, by prudence, loyalty, with a view only to the ultimate utility of power, and love, never forgetting itself in its object, are the attributes of men. Their purposes are formed on a general balance of compensating motives, and pursued only while their means appear not totally inadequate. The greater susceptibility, which is always the charm, and sometimes the misfortune, of women, deprives them of the same accurate view of the proportion of different objects. The one upon which they are intent, whether it be a lover, a parent, a husband, a child, a king, a preacher, a ball, or a bonnet, swallows up the rest. Hence the enthusiasm of their loyalty, the devotedness of their affection, the abandonment of self, and the general vehemence of emotion, which, in fiction as well as in reality, operate contagiously on our feelings. But our author has, in the Monastery, neglected the power of representing the female character, which he possesses so eminently, and, in general, uses so liberally. The heroine is milk and water, or any thing still more insipid: Dame Glendenning and Tibbie are the common furniture of a farm-house; and Mysie Happer and poor Catherine, though beautiful, are mere sketches.

This deficiency might have been supplied by the skilful complication and disentanglement of a well constructed plot. But all that resembles a plot is the union of Halbert Glendinning with his demure, pale-faced love—and that is effected by mere accident, his introduction to Murray, and Murray's unforeseen march to Kennaquair. We cannot help suspecting that our author began to tell his story with very vague plans for its progress. We can conceive him to have sketched the characters of Halbert, Edward, Mary, Boniface, Eustace, Warden, and Shafton—to have resolved to marry Halbert and Mary, make Edward a monk, say a good deal about the Monastery, and bring in, and get rid of, the Euphuist as he could; and then to have set to work, trusting that the White Lady would help him whenever he stuck fast. His trust was certainly well

well founded, for he could not doubt the willingness or the power of a being who was to act with no assignable objects, and to be restrained by no assignable limits. With such machinery, constructing stories is as easy as lying. We could invent them so for eight years together : dinners and suppers, and sleeping hours, excepted. But he must know that such props to the author are stumbling-blocks to the reader. We tolerate a supernatural agent only when

Actoris partes, officiumque virile

Sustinet—

when its purposes and means are referable to some standard. Without such a standard, we can neither enter into the conduct of a being that appears to have no motives, nor estimate the skill of an author who has not let us know what he intends to represent.

A natural consequence, of writing without a well digested plan, is disproportion of parts. Too long a beginning is a common fault of our author's, but we know no instance of it so glaring as the work before us. Until the morning when Halbert leaves his companions at their lessons, and runs up the glen to invoke the white lady, the real story can scarcely be said to begin. Edward, Mary, and Halbert, till then, are children, and a whole volume has been employed in introducing to us the trite characters of Espeth, and Tibbie, and Martin, and of the fierce borderer, the good-natured luxurious abbot, and the pious sub-prior ; and in relating the absolutely trifling legerdemain which transports to and fro the black book. We could almost venture to assert that the first nine chapters might be compressed without injury into nine pages. And even when the narrative is at last set flowing from the capacious cistern of the first volume, it breaks, almost immediately, like a stream in a flat country, into three or four independent channels. We have the stories of Mysie, and Sir Piercy Shaftone, of Halbert, of Henry Warden, and of the inhabitants of the convent, and the tower of Glendinning, all diverging in different directions, and only connected by terminating in Murray's march. The only individual for whom we feel much interest, is poor Mysie, for she is almost the only one who acts on natural motives. Halbert is a fine high-spirited youth, but when we are told that his character is altered by his being conversant with high matters, and called to a destiny beyond that of other men, and by his communications with a supernatural being, and find that his fate is to be swayed by the capricious exertions of her indefinite power ; the one ceases to be intelligible, and the other to be interesting. Henry Warden's perils are too soon over, and Eustace's begin too late, and the motives of both are too artificial, to be the subjects of much sympathy. Espeth, Tibbie, and Mary cannot be interesting, for they do nothing and suffer nothing, and the only scene in which Edward is so, is that, in which he resolves to assume the cowl. As for Sir Piercy,

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he is as incomprehensible as the white lady. We might let his Euphuism pass, for it would be rash to set any bounds to the possible influence of affectation, but from the manner in which the story of his birth is mentioned by Stawarth Bolton, it could not have been a matter of deep mystery; and if it had, his conduct, when the bodkin is presented to him, is the most absurd piece of exaggeration even in our author's pages, subject as they are to that fault. And the conclusion is as hurried as the commencement is drawled out. The troops of Murray and Foster are let down *e machina* on the stage, to kill Julian, Kate, and Christie, betray Shafton's genealogy, change Abbot Boniface into Abbot Eustace, and, *de more*, marry the two pair of lovers.

And yet no reader can doubt the genuineness of the Monastery. 'Many men, many women, and many children' might have avoided its faults—but we know no man or woman, besides 'the Author of *Waverley*,' who could have painted the scene which follows the entrance of Halbert and Henry Warden into the Castle of Avenel, the meeting between Warden and Eustace, or Halbert's ride to the scene where the battle was fought. To *one* other name alone could we ascribe the poetry, so wild, so varied, and so powerful, that flows from the White Lady; and *he* is a champion who seems to have retired from the literary lists, and is suspected to see, without bitter regret, his proudly-earned honours matched, perhaps eclipsed, by those of his masked successor.

But the great merit of the Monastery is, that it is a foundation for the ABBOT. This not only relieves, in a great measure, the reader from the slow detail, or the perplexing retracings and eclairsissements, which detain or interrupt him in a narrative that is purely fictitious, but is an improvement on some of the peculiar advantages of one that is historical. In the latter, the hard and meagre outline of his previous knowledge seldom contains more than the names and mutual relations of the principal personages, and what they had previously *done*, with very little of what they had previously *felt*. But where one fiction is founded on another we are introduced, not merely to persons who are notorious to us, but to old acquaintances and friends. The Knight of Avenel, the Abbot Ambrosius, and the Gardener Blinkhoolie, are the Halbert, and Edward, and Boniface, into whose early associations and secret feelings we had been admitted. We meet them, as we meet, in real life, with those whom we have known in long-past times, and in different situations, and are interested in tracing, sometimes the resemblance, and sometimes the contrast, between what has past and what is present; in observing the effect of new circumstances in modifying or confirming their old feelings, or in eliciting others which before lay unperceived. We view with interest the fiery
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freedom of Halbert's youth ripened into the steady and stern composure of the approved soldier and skilful politician; and when, as Knight of Avenel, he sighs for birth and name, we recognize the feelings, that drove him from the obscure security of a church vassal, to seek with his sword the means of ranking with those proud men that despised his clownish poverty. And when Ambrose acknowledges that, bent as he is by affliction, he has not forgotten the effect of beauty on the heart of youth—that even in the watches of the night, broken by the thoughts of an imprisoned Queen, a distracted kingdom, a church laid waste and ruinous, come other thoughts than these suggest, and feelings than belong to an earlier and happier course of life; a single allusion sends us back through the whole intervening time, and we see him again in the deep window recess of Glendearg, and Mary's looks of simple yet earnest anxiety watching for his assistance in their childish studies. The allusion would have been pretty, but how inferior, if Ambrose had been a new character, and we had been forced to account for it by some vague theory as to his former history.

The Abbot has, however, far greater advantages over its predecessor than those, great as they are, that arise from their relative situation. We escape from the dull tower of Glendearg, with its narrow valley and homely inmates, to Edinburgh, and Holy Rood House, and Lochleven Castle, and the field of Langside, and to high dames and mighty earls, and exchange the obscure squabbling of the hamlet and the convent, for events where the passions of individuals decided the fate of kingdoms, and, above all, we exchange unintelligible fairyism for human actors and human feelings.

It is true there is a sorceress on the stage, but one endued with powers far greater 'for evil or for good' than the White Lady.

History has never described, or fiction invented, a character more truly tragic than Queen Mary. The most fruitful imagination could not have adorned her with more accomplishments, or exposed her to greater extremes of fortune, or alternated them with greater rapidity. And the mystery which, after all the exertions of her friends and enemies, still rests on her conduct, and which our author has most skilfully left as dark as he found it, prevents our being either shocked or unmoved by her final calamities. The former would have been the case, if her innocence could have been established. We could not have borne to see such a being plunged, by a false accusation, from such happiness into such misery. The latter would have followed, if she could have been proved to be guilty. Her sufferings, bitter as they were, were less unmingled than those of Bothwell. He too endured a long imprisonment, but it was in a desolate climate, without the alleviations which even Elizabeth allowed to her rival, without the hope of escape, or the sympathy
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of devoted attendants : such was his misery, that his reason sunk under it. And though his sufferings were greater than those of his accomplice, if such she were, his crime was less. He had not to break the same restraints of intimate connection and of sex. But nobody could read a tragedy of which his misfortunes formed the substance ; because we are sure of his guilt, they would excite no interest. While we continue to doubt her's, Mary's will be intensely affecting.

And yet no poet has, with success, taken her for a heroine. The last and most distinguished of those who have made the attempt, Alfieri, who might have been expected, from his peculiar situation, to write *con amore*, has only failed the most conspicuously. By selecting the murder of Darnley for his subject, he has, at once, given up almost all the advantages that her history afforded. His Maria Stuarda is merely an affectionate, sweet tempered wife, who loses a sulky husband. She incurs neither guilt nor danger ; and the story, after languishing through five declamatory uneventful acts, breaks off, at the first incident, which gives the reader hopes that something is to happen, and leaves him to guess what that something must have been, not from the situation of the characters, with which it is totally irreconcilable, but from an obscure prophetic denunciation. But Mary has at length fallen into the hands of an author that deserves her. He had not only to paint the queen, the beauty, and the accomplished woman, to embody all our ideas of the majestic, the pleasing, and the brilliant, but to shade his picture with the weaknesses that were necessary to its probability, without diminishing its fascination ; to allude constantly to past events, without implying the innocence or guilt of the principal character, and to make us lament the failure of schemes, under which, if they had succeeded, we should probably ourselves be this instant suffering. Never was there a more difficult attempt, or a more splendid execution.

For a purpose, of which we shall speak hereafter, he has given her a companion from that class of characters, which it seems his delight to draw, and we are sure it is ours, to read ; in which the arch bouyancy and lightheartedness of youth are united to the arduous designs and firm resolves of maturer age ; and where all that is lovely, and playful, and fragile in woman, is mixed with the deep cares, and adventurous enterprise of man. Not even in Flora Mac Ivor, or Diana Vernon, is this union more bewitching than in Catherine Seyton.

Our author, to be sure, was put upon his mettle. The hero was to betray his trust, to desert the religion of which he began to feel the truth, and to engage in schemes, the success of which endangered the ruin of his country, and was certain to effect that of the

the protectors of his infancy. Strong temptations were necessary, and strong temptations are applied; we feel that an older and more thinking mind than Roland's would not have resisted them. We admit the probability and the interest of the narrative, and yet we wish it could have been altered. The picture of stern duty opposed to violent temptation is only safe, either where, as in the case of Jeannie Deans, duty prevails, or where its failure, as in that of Lucy Ashton, is followed by misfortunes, which are to be the subjects of our sympathy. The rule of poetical justice has obtained such currency, that whatever the author rewards he is supposed to approve. Our author appears to have felt this objection, and to have endeavoured to obviate it by expedients, which strike us as aggravations. He makes Roland rejoice that Morton's interruption enabled him to part from the Regent, without plighting his troth to fulfil his orders, and feel himself at liberty, without any breach of honour, to contribute to the Queen's escape, as soon as he has intimated to Dryfesdale that he refuses trust. But, when he proceeded on his office, after a full explanation from the person who entrusted him with it, of the duties to which it was attached, it is mere jesuitism to say, that he was not bound by its conditions, because he had given to them only a tacit consent; or that he could be released from them, after having acquired, by a long apparent acquiescence, the means of defeating them, by any declaration even to his principal, much less to a subordinate agent. We do not deny, that his situation was one of extreme difficulty, that to have refused Murray's trust would have been immediate ruin, and that every motive which can soften, and subdue, and delude, the firmest principle and the clearest perception, was accumulated to induce him to betray it. In real life, all would forgive, some would even admire, his conduct; but a writer of fiction has no right to dress, what is fundamentally wrong, in a covering that can attract sympathy or admiration. He is not exposed to the same difficulties as his heroes, and has no right to make their reward *depend* on that part of their conduct which does not deserve unmixed approbation. Still less has he a right to sanction a parley between duty and passion, and to countenance the sophistry that attacks the understanding through the heart. To him, still more forcibly than to Hiero, may Pindar's caution be applied.

ἄ-
 -ψευδῇ πρὸς ἄκρον χάλ-
 -κῳ γλῶσσαι.
 Εἴ τι καὶ φλαῦρον παραιθεῖς-
 -σαι, μίγα τοι φέρεται
 παρ' οἴθῳ. ΠΟΛΛΩΝ ΤΑΜΙΑΣ
 ΕΞΕΙ.

But

But this blemish, the importance of which we must not dissemble, is the only material fault we have to find with the story. It is, in general, beautifully conceived, and beautifully executed. The author has selected the only part of Mary's life which, from the magnitude of the events, their connection with each other, and the short time within which they occurred, affords fit materials for poetical narrative. We have a beginning which excites curiosity, a middle which keeps it up, and an end by which it is satisfied. And the loves of Catherine and Roland are most skilfully interwoven with the fate of their mistress. Never was a double plot better connected. From our first entrance into the Castle of Lochleven, to the last signal of adieu waved by Mary in the Firth of Galloway, our interest is concentrated on the three principal characters, interrupted by no episodes, and broken by few improbabilities.

We are criticizing an author too enterprising to be deterred by any difficulties of execution. We have no doubt, therefore, that in suppressing the visit paid by the Regent to Mary, during her imprisonment, he decided wisely; but we must own we were watching for it as we read, and felt disappointed when we found it was to be omitted. We know that it was, in fact, deeply affecting to Mary; and when we recollect the relation, in which he stood to the principal persons in the castle, the circumstances under which he met the sister, to whom he owed so much, whom he once served so faithfully, and appears to have once loved so truly, now deposed for his advantage, and imprisoned by his authority, the mixed feelings of pride and shame with which he must have been received by Lady Lochleven, the outward deference that must have covered the fear and dislike of George Douglas, the unrestrained hatred of Catherine Seyton, and the awe of Roland Græme, we cannot conceive a finer picture, than would have been the result of such a subject, in the hands of such a master. Perhaps he did not like to injure his fine sketch of Murray's character, by the unnecessary cruelty of that visit; perhaps he feared that he must degrade that of Roland, by forcing from him promises of a fidelity that he was to abandon. Whatever were his motives for the suppression, we cannot well doubt, as we said before, they were sufficient; but we regret that his management of the plot made it necessary.

Where all is so excellent it is difficult to select particular points. We are not sure whether we prefer the busy scenes of Holy Rood House, the interview in which Roland yields himself up to Catherine, as she signs the cross over his forehead, the scene in which Mary anticipates one blithesome day at their blithesome bridal, or the morning that she awakes at West Niddie. Perhaps they are

are all inferior to the battle, painted in the favorite manner of our author, and of Sir Walter Scott, from the point of view occupied by the ladies and the squires who protect them. But there is no end of enumerating beauties, and we have not time or inclination to search for blemishes.

IN *KENILWORTH* our author is again upon tragic ground; a ground which, either from the advantages we have ascribed to tragedy, in its independence of any concealment of the catastrophe, and wider admission of historical subjects, or from the peculiar bent of his talents, he always appears to us, on a re-perusal, to tread most successfully. But though *Kenilworth* must rank high among his works, we think it inferior, as a whole, to his other tragedies, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the historical part of *Waverley*, and the *Abbot*, both in materials and in execution. Amy Robsart and Elizabeth occupy nearly the same space upon the canvass as Catherine Seyton and Mary. But almost all the points of interest, which are divided between Amy and Elizabeth, historical recollections, beauty, talents, attractive virtues and unhappy errors, exalted rank and deep misfortune, are accumulated in Mary; and we want altogether that union of the lofty and the elegant, of enthusiasm and playfulness, which enchanted us in Catherine. Amy is a beautiful specimen of that class which long ago furnished *Desdemona*; the basis of whose character is conjugal love, whose charm consists in its purity and its devotedness, whose fault springs from its undue prevalence over filial duty, and whose sufferings are occasioned by the perverted passions of him, to whom it is addressed. Elizabeth owes almost all her interest, to our early associations, and to her marvellous combination of the male and female dispositions, in those points in which they seem most incompatible. The representation of such a character loses much of its interest in history, and would be intolerable in pure fiction. In the former, its peculiarities are softened down by the distance, and Elizabeth appears a fine, but not an uncommon object, a great, unamiable sovereign; and the same peculiarities, shown in the microscopic exaggeration of fiction, would, if judged only by the rules of fiction, offend as unnatural; but supported by the authority of history, they would be most striking. A portrait might be drawn of Elizabeth, uniting the magnanimous courage, the persevering, but governable, anger, the power of weighing distant against immediate advantages, and the brilliant against the useful, and of subjecting all surrounding minds, which dignify men, and men only of the most manly character, with the most craving vanity, the most irritable jealousy, the meanest duplicity, and the most capricious and unrelenting spite, that ever degraded the silliest and most hateful of her sex.

Our

Our author has not, we think, made the most of his opportunities. He has complied with the laws of poetical consistency, without recollecting that, in this instance, the notoriety of Elizabeth's history warranted their violation. Instead of pushing to the utmost the opposing qualities that formed her character, he has softened even the incidents that he has directly borrowed. When Leicester knelt before her at Kenilworth, 'ere she raised him, she passed her hand over his head, so near as *almost* to touch his long curled and perfumed hair, and with a movement of fondness that seemed to intimate, she would, *if she dared*, have made the motion a slight caress.' Listen to Sir James Melvil's account of the real occurrence. 'I was required to stay till he was made Earl of Leicester, which was done at Westminster, the Queen herself helping to put on his ceremonial, he sitting upon his knees [kneeling] before her with great gravity; but she could not refrain from putting her hands into his neck, *smilingly tickling him*, the French ambassador and I standing by. Then she turned, asking at me how I liked him?' Again, when she discovers Leicester's conduct, in which every cause of personal irritation is most skilfully accumulated, she punishes him only by a quarter of an hour's restraint under the custody of the earl marshal. When, at a later period, and under circumstances of much less aggravation, she detected his marriage with Lady Essex, she actually imprisoned him. Our author has not ventured on the full vehemence of her affection or her rage. But, after all, his picture of the lion-hearted Queen, though it might perhaps have been improved by the admission of stronger contrasts, is so vivid, and so magnificent, that we can hardly wish it other than it is.

We are not sure that we have suggested any improvement in Elizabeth. We have none to offer in Leicester. His struggles under the contest between love, ambition, and vanity, the subservience of his spirits and his feelings to the associations of time and place; Amy's power when present, and weakness when absent; his half formed resolution to abandon for her the court, and its flight at the thought, not of what he would lose, but of what his rivals would gain; his devotion to Elizabeth, only equalled by his fear, are the best picture extant

'Of the old courtier of the queen and the queen's old courtier'—
of the man who, without hereditary rank or fortune, the son and the grandson of attainted and forfeited traitors, without talents in affairs or in war, a dangerous counsellor and an unfortunate commander, stained by the imputation of almost every crime, and the commission of many, unfaithful to his mistress in love, and hurtful in business, managed to deceive, and practically to retain in subjection,

jection, for thirty years, the most jealous woman, the most imperious sovereign, and the most acute discerner, to whose scrutiny his vices and deficiencies could have been exposed; for whose sake she endured, during her whole life, the slander, to which she was most sensible, and reposed the land-defence of her kingdom, at the time when the Armada threatened its greatest danger, in hands notoriously incompetent.

Varney belongs to the class, so rare, if it really exist, of unmixed villains, in whom, with vigorous intellectual powers, the moral sense is totally deficient, and who accordingly select their objects with perfect selfishness, and pursue them with unrelenting earnestness, softened by no compunction, and awed by no fear, but that of failure. Our author apologizes for his introduction, by assuring us, from time to time, that there *are* such men. We are willing to surrender our previous opinion to the authority of one so intimately acquainted with human nature: but the necessity of this apology ought, perhaps, to have led him to doubt the propriety of introducing the character that required it. If the mixture of human feeling, which we think would have been found in the real Varney, could have been infused into the fictitious one, without defeating the plan of the novel, it certainly would have improved it, by rendering more natural one of the principal characters. We are reminded by Tressilian of the Wilfred of Rokeby. They are both executions of the difficult task of giving dignity to an unsuccessful lover. They are both men of deep thought and retired habits; both nourish an early, long, and unfortunate attachment. In both it sinks so deep into the mind, that it becomes their dream by night, and their vision by day; mixes itself with every source of interest and enjoyment, and when blighted and withered by final disappointment, it seems, in both, as if the springs of the heart were dried up along with it. But as Tressilian is to support more of the plot than Wilfred, he has a firmer bodily and mental temperament; and his mind, instead of having mere sorrows to brood over, is steeled by injuries to avenge. They are fine variations of what appears to be one conception.

Blount and Raleigh are very good, particularly Blount at his knighthood; but when we arrive at the end of the journey, at the beginning of which they were so specially introduced to us, and during the course of which they have occupied so much of our time, and find that they have no influence whatever on the catastrophe, we are inclined to ask what procured us the honour of their company? Our author sometimes reminds us of the magician, that accompanied Benvenuto Cellini to the Coliseum, and whose misfortune it was, that his powers of evoking spirits were greater than his means of employing or removing them. No man has more in-

fluence in the vasty deep. They come when he does call them; but for any thing they have to do, it often seems that they might as well have been left there.

The fault of Raleigh and Blount is, that they are supernumeraries. Wayland Smith is not that; but if another agent could have been found to conduct the countess to Kenilworth, we cannot but wish that the whole episode of 'Wayland the cunning smith,' (though the clink of his ghostly hammer still frightens the children of Uffington and Compton,) and of the semi-miraculous cure of Sussex, could have been omitted. They are an unnecessary waste of time and violation of probability. But a legendary hint affects our author, like a sound which reaches the ear in imperfect sleep. He instantly builds on it a superstructure of persons and events, as disproportioned to its origin, as if the mouse had brought forth the mountain.

The last volume and the opening of the first arc, we think, superior to the rest. The author seems to have found some difficulty in filling the interval between Amy's parting with Leicester at Cumnor, and her journey to Kenilworth. For this purpose we have the episodes of Wayland Smith, and Sussex, and Raleigh, the pleasing anachronism of Shakspeare, the bear-bait taken from the contemporary cockney description of such a scene reprinted by Andrews:* Wayland's introduction to Amy, in the disguise of a pedlar, borrowed from the common stock of Novel-ism—and the scene in which Janet detects the person, copied almost faithfully from Artaserse. But as the action proceeds, as the early events begin, in their consequences, to bear more and more upon each other, and the clashing interests to muster their forces on each side, our author's genius seems roused as the demands on him increase. Like Sir Walter's Minstrel, when at last 'he caught the measure wild,' he is cursu concitus heros. Nothing can be finer than the evening which Amy passes in Mervyn's tower—more striking than the conclusion of her interview with Leicester, or more affecting than its beginning. The paleness that indicates Varney's purpose to Foster, and is told only by the dialogue, is a splendid imitation of Buckingham's question to Dorset, in Richard the Third:

'Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?'

At every page the catastrophe seems impending, yet none of the events which defer it appear forced. And so skilful is the preparation of the mine, which is to overturn Leicester's confidence in his wife, that though all the circumstances, by which his jealousy

* Orson Pinner's supplication (for the outlines of the story are true) was in fact successful. The biped performers were restrained from acting on certain days in the week, lest they should interfere with the quadrupeds.

is to be fired, have taken place under our eyes, we are unconscious of her danger, till Varney's rapid recapitulation lights the train.

'Then come at once the lightning and the thunder,
And distant echoes tell that all is rent asunder.'*

It is a fault perhaps of the conclusion, that it is too uniformly tragical. In *Waverley* and the *Abbot*, the happiness of Rose and Waverley, and of Catherine and Roland, is entwined, like the ivy of a ruined window, with the calamities of their unfortunate associates, and relieves us from one unvaried spectacle of misery. And even in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, our author relents from what appears to have been his earlier intention, restores Bucklaw to health, and pensions Craigengelt, and suffers the whole weight of the catastrophe to fall only on his hero and heroine. But in *Kenilworth*, the marriage of Wayland Smith and Janet (an event which scarcely excites any interest) is the only instance of mercy. The immediate circumstances of Amy's death, as she rushes to meet, what she supposes to be, her husband's signal, almost pass the limit that divides pity from horror. It is what Foster calls it, 'a seething of the kid in the mother's milk.' All our author's reiterations of Varney's devilishness, do not render it credible. *Tresilian*, Sir Hugh Robsart, Varney, Foster, Demetrius, Lambourne, almost every agent in the story, perish prematurely or violently. Elizabeth is reserved for the sorrows of disappointed love and betrayed confidence, and Leicester for misery, such as even our author has not ventured to describe.

We doubt, also, the propriety of utterly confounding all biographical truth, in a life so well known as Leicester's. We do not object to the alteration of events that are neither notorious nor important, nor to supplying the details of what is imperfectly known. The reader of the *Abbot* may know, if he choose to inquire, that Murray was not in Scotland at the time when Mary is represented to have signed the relinquishment of her power. And he has no reason to suppose that Sir Halbert Glendinning, or Catherine Seyton, or Roland Græme ever existed. But, as to Murray, if we discover the variation of the story told in the *Abbot* from that of other histories, we treat it merely as one of the discrepancies frequently found in the details of different historians. It does not diminish our belief in the fidelity of the general outline: and as to the imaginary figures, with which our author has adorned his canvass, if we have no reason to suppose that they have, we have none to suppose that they have not, existed. They

* We wish we could persuade our author to let us have this 'old play.'—We suspect that he has the only copy—and if the rest resembles his quotations, it will be worth all our new ones.

are neither supported nor contradicted by our previous opinions; if they fit in well, we admit them with confidence, as supplementary details. But all who started with an acquaintance with Leicester's history, or have been led by our author to examine it, and we think this division embraces all his readers, must feel that neither his detail nor his outline bears any resemblance to the truth. Leicester's union with Amy appears to have been a marriage *de convenance*, publicly celebrated, when both parties were very young, and long before Elizabeth's accession, and from which he was freed, after having publicly supported it for several years, by her violent and mysterious death, as soon as the situation of England and Scotland opened to him a double hope of royal alliance. Many years after occurred the celebrated visit to Kenilworth,—and at a still later period, his marriage with Lady Essex, the discovery of which occasioned the burst of fury in Elizabeth, to which we have alluded. Such a perversion of known facts not only deprives the story of the credibility, which an historical fiction derives from our conviction that the outline is true, but even of the temporary belief that we give to a well constructed tale. Even our author's ordinary legal accuracy fails him. Leicester's treason could not, as he supposes (vol. iii. 213.) have enriched his widow; it would have forfeited her dower. Nor is his topography more correct. We think he never was at Cumnor—we are sure he never rode from thence to Woodstock—or found a bog near Wayland Smith's stone.

We have dwelt so long on the novels in detail, that our readers will gladly be spared any general remarks. Our parting exhortation to the 'Great Unknown' must be, if he would gratify the impatience of his contemporary readers, to write as much and as quickly as possible: if he would transmit his name to posterity, in such a manner as to do full justice to his extraordinary powers, to bestow a little more time and leisure in giving them their scope; in concentrating those excellencies which he has shown to be within his reach, and in avoiding those blemishes, which he cannot but have taste to perceive.

ART. VI.—*Of Population. An Inquiry concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind, being an Answer to Mr. Malthus's Essay on that subject.* By William Godwin. London. 8vo. 1821. pp. 626.

ABOUT thirty years ago, Mr. Godwin published an Inquiry concerning Political Justice, with an intention, as he states in the preface of the present work, 'to collect whatever was best and most liberal in the science of politics, to condense it, to arrange it more

more into a system, and to carry it somewhat farther, than had been done by any preceding writer.' The work bore the stamp of a mind accustomed to think deeply, and to feel strongly:—but it was a mind of such overweening confidence in its own powers, as rashly to pull down, in its imaginations, whatever had been held most venerable and valuable in society, in order to erect upon the ruins a visionary fabric of his own. To favour the reception of his sentiments, he employed all his ingenuity in exposing, or rather in exaggerating, the vices and follies which flow from the present system of society; and to depict the state of blessedness that would result from the adoption of his own,—that is, the virtue and happiness that would universally prevail, on the total abolition of religion, government, private property, marriage, and a few other inconvenient evils of a similar kind. We must do Mr. Godwin the justice, however, to observe, that he no where recommended the hasty or forcible overthrow of existing institutions. Reason alone was to be employed in securing the acquiescence of mankind in the removal of abuses, and their co-operation in the substitution of the meditated improvements. As the system was in itself so unreasonable, while reason only was to be engaged in its support, there seemed little danger of any mischievous effect from the book; but the author's skill in argumentation, joined to that fervour of manner, which, evincing conviction in the writer, so much aids it in the mind of the reader, contributed to procure it a considerable portion of attention, more especially as it appeared at a period when the signs of the times created a pretty general expectation of some political regeneration. Of those who fostered such expectations, the splenetic and the sanguine, the revolutionist and the reformer, were equally taken with a work, which dwelt with energy on the evils of present institutions, and with enthusiasm on the universal felicity of an ideal system. Contingent abuse was confounded with inherent evil; and the counterbalance of good, which the experience of all ages and nations had confirmed, held light in comparison with the happiness of that political millennium, where, indeed, no alloy of evil could be proved from experience; but where it seemed to be forgotten, that experience was equally wanting to corroborate the hope of good.

Mr. Malthus, however, left to others the defence of existing institutions, and the exposure of the gross errors and absurdities of Mr. Godwin's imaginary substitutes; and he undertook to prove, that, even admitting the whole of his premises, supposing him to have broken all the great bonds, which, for six thousand years, the closer they have been drawn have made society the stronger; and to have realized all that his imagination had suggested, yet there still existed in nature a principle against which Mr. Godwin *had*

provided, and *could* provide, no counter-action, and of which the operation would subvert the whole fabric of his system as soon as formed. For, suppose human nature to be so improved, that, instead of self-love, the love of mankind were the strongest incentive in the mind of each individual; and suppose *that* love so enlightened, that private judgment supersedes the necessity of all direction, and of all motives, derived from religion and law; suppose the whole earth to be cultivated as a garden, and the productions to be equally divided among its swarming inhabitants, all united, as one family, in mutual love; each labouring for the common physical support; and each exerting his mental energies for improving the intellectual powers, and increasing the moral excellence and enjoyments of all. Imagine all this to be realized, and in less than half a century, says Mr. Malthus, the whole fairy vision will vanish, and selfishness, vice and misery, take again triumphant possession of the world; and this from a law of nature, as simple as it is unchangeable; from the different rates at which population unobstructed, and fertility, however aided, tend to increase. For the tendency of population would be to double itself every twenty-five years; while the most sanguine speculator could not pretend to increase the powers of fertility, at every such period, by more than an amount equal to its first power; or, in other words, the increase of population is in a geometrical ratio, and of fertility in an arithmetical one. So that whilst population was tending to increase as 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32—fertility would only tend to be increased as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Mr. Godwin's happy population, therefore, who, with their united efforts of mind and body, might, in the first 25 years, have doubled the fertility of the earth, and in the second 25 made it three times more productive than at first, would, in the same period, have made their numbers four times greater than at first; and in the sixth period the population would become 32 times greater, whilst the products to support it would only be six times greater than at first, and so on,—the disparity between food and population continually increasing, as the number of assumed periods was augmented. It is, however, easy to perceive, that, if Mr. Malthus's principle be just, the series of periods must soon be cut short by starvation; and that, in the approach to that extreme, the importunate cravings of hunger would silence the delicate remonstrances of refined benevolence; that the strongest would seize the larger portion to himself; the weakest would perish; in a word, mankind would revert to a state of barbarism, from which ages would be required to bring them up to that point of civilization, where Mr. Godwin's theory had found them; and where, though, according to Mr. Malthus, the principle of population will not allow evil to be

be banished, yet the reversion to barbarism, through the extremes of vice and misery, is checked by the control of religion and law; by the stimulus to individual exertion which the security of private property gives, and by 'the monopoly of marriage' fostering all the gentle feelings of conjugal, parental, and filial affections.

Mr. Godwin might, if he pleased, have urged in reply, that, admitting Mr. Malthus's principle of the different rates of increase in unchecked population, and in the assisted fertility of the earth, yet, in a state of such exalted virtue, as Mr. Godwin's theory supposes, we must not imagine, that individuals would allow the brute impulses of their nature to increase, for their own gratification, the number of beings beyond what the stock of public food could, without diminution of public comfort, supply. And he has not omitted to avail himself of this defence; but he has used it only as a collateral support; for he was perfectly conscious, that, if Mr. Malthus's principle were admitted, its immediate operation on the interest of actual society would throw into oblivion *his* speculations on remote and possible existences. He seems, indeed, to have experienced something of this. 'The Essay on Population had gotten possession of the public mind;' and the author of Political Justice waited, in vain, to see the errors of Mr. Malthus sunk by neglect, or demolished by the disciples of the Godwin school. Finding, however, that the book 'still held on its prosperous career,' Mr. Godwin determined (he says) 'to place himself in the breach,' and to attack, not only the collateral arguments, or the inferences, but, the 'main principle' of the Essay on Population. Thus, then, the parties are at issue.

Mr. Malthus founds his geometrical ratio on the experience of the North American colonies, which, for the last 150 years, are said to have doubled their population every twenty-five years. Mr. Godwin, with reason, objects to the vague manner in which so very material an assumption is supported; though indeed it was not easy to be much more precise: for had authorities been given, with the censuses, to bear out the conjectures and assertions of Price, Franklin, Styles, Pitkin, &c. still the assumption of a doubling, 'by procreation only,' every twenty-five years, could not have been satisfactorily proved; because all calculations must be much disturbed by the unknown quantity of immigration perpetually mixing itself with every part of the details. But, avoiding these details for the present, we wish to confine ourselves to the most general view of the question; to discuss the principle itself, not the degree in which it operates, or the rate at which it proceeds.

In the 4th chapter of the 2d book, Mr. Godwin gives some valuable tables of the population of Sweden, from which he makes

the following deduction. 'In Sweden there has been, for a certain period, a progressive increase of population; and we have great reason to believe, that this increase is chiefly, or solely, the effect of the principle of procreation. To judge from what has appeared in fifty-four years, from 1751 to 1805, we should say, that the human species, in some situations, and under some circumstances, might double itself in somewhat *more* than a hundred years.'*

Thus, then, it is agreed, that, in some situations, population tends to double itself in 100 years; and thus the principle of the geometrical ratio, in which population tends to increase, is at once admitted by Mr. Godwin, and established by the facts in his book; in which, however, we are told, that Mr. Malthus's 'theory is evidently founded upon nothing;' and that 'it is time, in reality; that some one should sweep away this house of cards;' which is thus performed.—Because the term geometrical ratio had been used, Mr. Godwin and his friend Mr. Booth (whom he employs to assist him in his mathematical disquisitions) have determined to hold the uses of it to the strict mathematical meaning. They employ a great deal of unnecessary labour to show, that if an equable progression from year to year be not proved, the doubling at equally distant periods cannot be called a geometrical ratio, as the law of the series remains unknown. They might, with equal truth and triumph, have demonstrated, that if a population of three millions in America became, in twenty-five years, six millions minus an unit, and in fifty years twelve millions plus an unit, the population in the first period could not be said to have, to the population of the third period, the duplicate ratio of that which it has to the population of the second.

It is obvious that the term geometrical ratio could never have been intended to be employed in its rigidly mathematical sense. Hume, in speaking of a law, which made the violator of it, and those who had any intercourse with him, equally criminal, observes, 'by this severe, and even absurd law, crimes and guilt went on multiplying in a geometrical proportion.' He could not with more concise strength have expressed, that such a law gave to each transgression a tendency to increase the number of transgressors; in each of whom, from the social nature of man, was a like tendency to a similar increase. Yet if any mathematical critics had called on Hume to prove the law of the series, by which crime and guilt

* In somewhat *less* than 100 years, ought to have been the inference: for (without entering into the niceties of such a progression) if, in forty-four years, 1 became $1\frac{1}{2}$, that $1\frac{1}{2}$, in a second period of fifty-four years, would become $2\frac{1}{4}$; and, in 100 years, would be a small fraction *above* 2.

were

were multiplied, he might, if he had deigned a reply, have found it difficult to bring absolute proof of his geometrical proportion.

In considering the arithmetical ratio assigned as the rate of increase in the fertility of the earth, Messrs. Godwin and Booth choose to consider that expression, also, in a strictly mathematical sense. 'If (say they) the quantity of the food of man be increased, it is obvious it will not be by starts every twenty-five years; but that it will be increased through many intervening times,'—p. 248. What, however, is all this but captious trifling? If, as Mr. Malthus has asserted, population can be proved to have nearly doubled itself, in certain circumstances, every twenty-five years for 150 years together,—his business being only with the result at those periods, and not with the equable or unequable flow of the progression,—he may be well allowed to express and elucidate the rate of increase, as proceeding in a geometrical ratio; especially when contrasting it with the slow progress of the increase in the productiveness of the same spot of earth; in which experience having shown no tendency to exceed, at most, in any given periods, an increase at each period equal to its original quantity, its progress may well be expressed and elucidated, as being in an arithmetical ratio.

In order, however, that general readers may not suppose the case to involve any technically mathematical question, we will state what we conceive to be Mr. Malthus's principle in plain language. Population, in favourable circumstances, tends to increase; and whatever addition is made by that increase, has in itself a power and a perpetual stimulus to exert the power of still further increase. But if the fertility of any spot of earth be, by any favourable circumstances, increased, the addition made by that increase has no power or tendency in itself to produce a further increase of fertility. Thus, if population be doubled, the population so doubled has a tendency to double itself; but doubled fertility has no such tendency to double in itself. The doubled fertility cannot in itself be a cause of quadrupled fertility; the doubled population can be a cause of quadrupled population, and has besides, in itself, a strong stimulus to become so. The grand deductions from this principle are, that the natural tendency of population is to increase faster than the means for its support; and that therefore the efforts of nations, and the enactments of legislatures, should be directed to increase the productiveness of their soil, which has no natural tendency to increase itself; and that, having done this, we may safely rely on a proportionate increase of population, which *has* a natural power and stimulus for self-increase. Whereas legislators, by giving encouragement to population in the first instance, have added a stimulus where, from imprudence in individuals, there was already

already a proneness to excess; and thus augmented the misery and vice, which are the necessary results of such improvidence.

When men were thus called upon to reverse the precepts of the wisest in all ages and nations, we need not be surprized that much prejudice, and even indignation, should be excited. And accordingly Mr. Malthus was assailed, with equal virulence, by the ignorant vulgar, and by those whose refined, but irritable, minds lead them to contemplate with horror any wish to limit the number of human beings by which they had accustomed themselves to estimate the quantity of human happiness: it was thwarting, they said, 'the first purpose of Nature to produce beings formed for enjoyment, and infringing the first command of Nature's God—to increase and multiply;' not staying to consider, that adding to population, without augmenting the means of subsistence, was producing beings formed, indeed, for enjoyment, but therefore the more miserable, when destined only to suffer; and that the same Great Being, who commanded us to increase and multiply, hath taught us, also, that virtue consists in controlling the passions which He has given us, so as to promote their ultimate purpose,—the production of human happiness. We have been taught, too, by the same authority, (in the wisest petition, which frail man was ever instructed to prefer,) to deprecate temptation: but to what greater temptation can men be exposed than when their numbers exceed the means of comfortable subsistence? they must either live in physical misery, or relieve themselves from its immediate pressure by vice, which is only misery in another form. These, in their hideous combination, inflict the punishment which is provided by Nature for the abuse of her powers; and by thinning, at length, the redundant population, they check the universality of the evil.

Thus, then, it appears to us, that the general principles of Mr. Malthus's book, and the general inference to be drawn from it, continue unrefuted by his opponent. But there remains a very important consideration, concerning the degree in which that principle operates; and, consequently, concerning the urgency of the evil, and the strength of the remedy to be applied: for we are by no means of Mr. Godwin's opinion, that, 'unless Mr. Malthus's assumption be proved, of an inherent tendency in mankind to double to the full amount of once in twenty-five years, the *Essay on Population* is turned into waste paper.'—p. 141. For whilst an inherent tendency to double is admitted in population, and no such tendency is found in the fertility of the earth,—whether the period of doubling be twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred years, in the most favourable circumstances, the difference in the mode of increase remains the same; though, doubtless, as we have observed, the

the urgency of the remedy to be applied, as of the evil to be apprehended, may be less.

It has already been stated, that the proofs of a doubling in the population of the United States, at periods of twenty-five years for the last 150 years, and that from procreation only, as assumed by Mr. Malthus, are far from being accurate, on account of the unknown amount of immigration. Both parties however agree, on the authority of the public censuses, that the population of the United States has increased in twenty years, (viz. between 1790 and 1820,) from 3,929,326 to 7,239,903. This advance, which would double the population in twenty-three years, Mr. Malthus considers as admitting 'ample allowance for foreign immigration.' Mr. Godwin, on the contrary, maintains, that 'throughout the Union the population, so far as depends on procreation, is at a stand.'—p. 441. And, consequently, that the increase is wholly by immigration; and he supports this extravagant assertion by a most curious course of argument. 'To keep up the population of a country, we must reckon upon four births to a marriage. To double the population we must reckon upon eight. Where there are four births to a marriage, the number of births must double the number of procreants; where there are eight it must quadruple it.'—p. 440. But in the American census for 1810, the inhabitants 'under and above sixteen years of age are, as nearly as possible, on an equality.' 'Hence it inevitably follows, that throughout the Union the population, so far as depends on procreation, is at a stand; and that there are not, on an average, more than four births to every female capable of child-bearing.'—p. 441. It will not be necessary to enter here on the dubious assumptions of four births to a marriage, and of the proportion which the child-bearing women hold to the total of a given population; on which assumptions Mr. Godwin's argument hinges: for we may refer to undoubted facts, adduced by the author himself, to exhibit the fallacy of his reasoning.

In the Upsal Table, (*Godwin*, p. 159.) which is considered a fair average for Sweden, the persons under fifteen are 507,176; whilst those above that age are 1,402,005. Now, in order to bring this state of the population into comparison with that of America, we must calculate what may be presumed, from these data, to be the number of persons under sixteen. And in this we shall make ample allowance by assuming, according to the Swedish tables, the annual number of births to be four per cent. of the total population; and by supposing half the born attain sixteen years of age. This, in the present case of a population of 1,919,181, would give 38,383, as the number between fifteen and sixteen, to be added to those under fifteen; making the persons
under

under sixteen to be 545,559; and those above that age 1,373,622: that is, the persons above sixteen are to those below somewhat more than two and a half to one. And this state of the Swedish population Mr. Godwin frequently calls a nearly stationary one. Now, at p. 441, the population of the United States is said to be 'at a stand,' because the persons under and above sixteen are equal in numbers. So that when the numbers in the two classes are equal, and when they are in the proportion of two and a half to one, Mr. Godwin's inference is the same.

It might be expected that such a result, from facts of admitted authenticity, would have led the author to doubt his speculations on the number of child-bearing women in a given population, and the number of births to a marriage; seeing that they conduct to so obvious a contradiction. Indeed, when not under the immediate influence of these speculations, he seems to look at the subject in a right point of view, but through a magnifying medium. 'If (says he, p. 442.) it were true that the population of the United States had been found to double itself for above a century and a half successively, in less than twenty-five years, and that this had been "repeatedly ascertained to be from procreation only," it is absolutely certain, that in that country the children would outnumber the grown persons two or three times over. It would have been a spectacle, to persons from other parts of the world, of a most impressive nature.' And, certainly, to any person (excepting Mr. Godwin) visiting Sweden, for example, and America, the contrast would be very impressive. For it appears, by the above deductions from Mr. Godwin's own facts, that, in a Swedish population of one hundred persons, we should not meet with quite twenty-nine below sixteen; whilst, in an American population of one hundred persons, we should find fifty below sixteen, that is, one-and-twenty per cent. more of children: and if this do not argue more frequent and more prolific marriages, what does?

But Mr. Godwin, compelled to admit a slow increase of population in Sweden, is determined to allow of no greater rate of increase in any country; a determination which could only be justified by proving, that the Swedes were, of all mankind, the most favourably circumstanced for the increase of the species; and, accordingly, what he wants in proof he supplies in assertion. 'We learn (he says) from the example of Sweden, perhaps as nearly as possible, how fast the race of mankind, at least as society is at present constituted, can increase; and beyond what limits the pace and speed of multiplication cannot be carried. Sweden is a country in every respect as favourable to the experiment as we could desire. Almost all the women marry. "The continual cry of the government," as Mr. Malthus expresses it, is for the increase
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of its subjects. And the soil is so thinly peopled, that it would require many ages of the most favourable complexion for the inhabitants to become so multiplied, by the mere power of procreation, as to enable them to rear and to consume all the means of subsistence which the land might easily be made to produce.'—p. 188. This is an extraordinary specimen of bold assertion in the very face of notorious fact. Sweden is a country with a winter of nine months; encumbered with mountains not only uncultivated, but incapable of cultivation; studded with rocks, and bristled with forests; without a navigable river; where support for a family is so difficult to be procured, that a government, 'craving for an increased population,' is obliged to prohibit unprovided males from marriage till the completion of their twenty-first year! and, above all, it is a country that has been agitated for centuries by revolutions, or settled only in aristocracy or despotism; the *soil* so thin, that it cannot furnish grain for even its scanty population; and the *people* so poor, that on a deficient harvest their imports little exceed the average imports of common years. With regard to the improbability of the soil, the *argumentum ad hominem* is fairly applicable. Mr. Godwin says, we have no proof of any higher power of increasing population than what the Swedish tables show; therefore we have no right to presume any higher possible: if the people would increase in numbers, the soil is ready to increase in fertility. In like manner, Mr. Malthus may say, we have no proof of any higher fertility than what the history of centuries shows; therefore we have no right to presume any higher possible: if the fertility would increase, the people are ready to increase in numbers. The truth, however, is, that both soil and people in all countries, (particularly in old countries,) have greater powers of productiveness than either are enabled fully to exert. But, then, if we allow the existence of checks, to account for the non-increase of fertility, we must also admit the existence of checks, to account for the non-increase of population, both in the same country at different times, and in different countries at the same time.

That the whole increase of the population of the United States may be accounted for by immigration only, is further maintained (b. iv. c. v.) by arguments, that seem to prove only the desperate state of the disputant, who can have recourse to them. 'We are told that between the years 1630 and 1640, 21,200 British subjects were computed to have passed over to New England only.' The author then takes the tonnage of ships from 1663 to 1818, and adds, 'the simple deduction by the rule of three, from the two extremes of this statement, is, that if 142,000 tons yielded an emigration to America to the annual amount of 2000 persons,

3,072,409

3,072,409 tons in the year 1818, computing at the same rate, will yield an annual emigration of 43,000 persons from Great Britain only.'—p. 407. This, perhaps, is the first time that one of the best criteria of the wealth, industry, and employment, for a people at home, was taken as the measure of their disposition to seek their fortunes abroad. The author seems aware of his argument requiring some bolstering; and most clumsily he applies it: for his next resource is in the accounts from Niles's *Baltimore Weekly Register*, and from Cobbett's *Weekly Register*. We need not remark on the nature of such authorities in a question tending to elevate America, and depreciate England. 'In a letter of the latter, dated Long Island, in the State of New York, (he says,) I find the following assertion:—"Within the last twelve months upwards of 150,000 have landed from England to settle here."—p. 414. We do not know the grounds of Mr. Cobbett's assertion; but if his inferences from those grounds be in the same style as Mr. Godwin's from Niles's *Register*, they are certainly not much to be depended upon. The inhabitants of the British isles, 'according to Mr. Niles, land on the shores of North America at the rate of 2 or 3000 per week.'—p. 416. Those who place more confidence in the authorities derived from this quarter than we are disposed to do, may, perhaps, consider this as the average result; if, however, they examine the details, they will find that the months specified are only August and September. What would have been the rate of arrivals in January and February? If Mr. Cobbett thus calculated from a week or a month the amount of a year, we might commend his skill in arithmetic, but would leave Mr. Godwin to applaud his candour. These statements too, such as they are, refer to 1817, 18, 19; whereas the question to be elucidated was the doubling of the North American population between 1790 and 1810. Mr. Godwin is aware of this, he says, but then, (he adds,) 'they will at least serve strikingly to illustrate the fact of the vast number of emigrants that may be conveyed across the Atlantic.' So that from the real point he diverts the reader's attention backward to 1630-40, and forward to 1817-19; backward to a period when intolerance and bigotry, despotism and faction, involved all who did not emigrate in the calamities of a civil war; and forward to a time of the most unexpected, as unexampled stagnation, or revulsion, in the whole circulating system of labour, manufacture, trade, commerce, and produce; just when that system had been excited, by long continued stimulus, into an activity at once feverish and plethoric! and this retrospect, and this anticipation, are adduced to furnish criteria for the rate of emigration between 1790 and 1810; when we were either at peace, or (after the first shock of war had been surmounted) engaged in enterprizes of unpre-

unprecedented extent, warlike, and commercial; which called for, and amply remunerated, not only the arm of man, but the hand of woman, and even the fingers of infancy!

We are, however, ready to admit, that during this period the disturbed state of France, and of much of the continent of Europe, would tend, like a storm, to swell the tide of immigration into North America; though checked, at the same time, by the arbitrary nature of the governments increasing the difficulties of emigration from countries, a portion of which only could be considered as maritime. But this will not content Mr. Godwin. He insists on the North American increase being *wholly* owing to immigration; without which the population would be stationary. We have seen the strange course of argument employed to establish this proportion. And lest that should, to some fastidious reasoners, appear unsatisfactory, he engages further to prove, not only that the American increase is wholly owing to immigration, but that it *cannot* be at all from procreation.

Mr. Malthus, he says, 'pretends to enumerate certain causes, which keep down population to an immense extent in Europe, and which have no such operation (for here lies the pith of the question) in America. These causes, when narrowly looked into, crumble into nothing.'—p. 358. In the 3d and 4th chapters of Mr. Godwin's 3d book, we are presented with his own 'Rational Theory of the Checks on Population;' which seem in his estimate to resolve themselves into war, famine, pestilence, and bad government; and his exemplifications prove only so many details of Mr. Malthus's checks of vice and misery. Yet he says, 'I totally reject Mr. Malthus's vice and misery in their obscure details.'—p. 299. Now by 'obscure' details must be meant—not war, pestilence, famine, and bad government, which certainly do not their work in a corner,—but—what Mr. Malthus has called 'the pressure of population on the means of subsistence;' that is, not famine, but the fear of it; and hard fare in the meantime. From the style of argument adopted by Messrs. Godwin and Booth, it might be supposed there was no such state as scarcity; that there was no degree between famine and abundance. 'It is impossible (say they) that any term in the progression of subsistence can be less than its corresponding term in that of population; else that corresponding term would cease to be. Experience never did, nor ever can, show different progressions in population, and in food, in favour of the former.'—p. 253. All this learned logomachy merely means, that people cannot live without food. That a population cannot exist without food sufficient for its production, is a truism; but it is equally certain, that it may perish from a want of food accruing after its production; and it is the continual

continual tendency to this in old countries, (more or less, according to degrees of scarcity,) which Mr. Malthus calls the pressure of population on the means of subsistence, and which produces the vice and misery that he deprecates. These, then, are the 'obscure details' of vice and misery which Mr. Godwin 'totally rejects;' and which, yet, every man, not determined to shut out conviction, must observe; and the question is, do not such checks to population exist in a much greater degree in old countries than in North America, where, Mr. Godwin informs us, 'land, by hundreds and thousands of acres, may be had for almost nothing,' and where 'the wages of labour are high?'—p. 376. But all these advantages are only regarded as causes of the increase of population, by their being incentives to foreigners to immigrate; they are not at all considered as motives to earlier marriage, and less frequent celibacy; as means of greater vigour in the parents, and robuster health in the children.

The conclusion, then, is this—Mr. Godwin has admitted Sweden to be a proof of inherent power in population, under certain favourable circumstances, to increase. North America has shown so much more rapid an increase, and enjoys all the favourable circumstances of Sweden in so much higher a degree, that we have a right to ascribe a considerable part of that more rapid increase to those more favourable circumstances; and thence to infer a greater inherent power of increase in population, than is evinced by the Swedish tables. This greater inherent power cannot be stated to be in the full proportion of the more rapid increase, on account of the uncertain increase by immigration. But though this greater inherent power cannot be expressed in numbers, it is obviously very considerable, and leaves Mr. Malthus's principle, of the tendency of population to increase faster than the means of subsistence, greatly corroborated.

But Mr. Booth controverts this inference in a manner, which is often seen in the loose compositions of Mr. Malthus's vulgar opponents; but which we should not have expected in one so well versed in mathematics, which, in general, 'do remedy and cure many defects in the wit, and faculties intellectual.' 'As far,' says he, 'as animals constitute the food of man, its increase must be in the same sort of series, as that of human beings; and if a geometrical ratio exist any where, it is surely in the vegetable produce of the soil,' p. 251; and again, p. 252, 'If America have doubled its inhabitants every twenty-five years, the prepared food must have increased in equal proportion; for all the inhabitants have plenty, and are able to export grain to foreign countries. In the only country, then, where Mr. Malthus has discovered any ratio of increase of human population, the same, if not a greater,
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ratio has been observed in the increase of the means of subsistence.' In the first of these passages fecundity is confounded with fertility; and, in the second, the increased quantity of land brought into cultivation is confounded with increased fertility in the original tract. The fecundity of plants and animals, like that of the human species, seems indeed unbounded by any thing but the power of the earth to supply them: and unless the fertility of the soil be augmented, the fecundity of all that live on it can only tend to crowd the whole, and prevent any from coming to perfection. If all the corn produced on an acre of wheat were sown on that acre, the produce would be mere rank grass, where not a grain would be ripened. And if all the stock of a field, with the young of this year, were confined to the same unimproved field the next, the whole would either die of hunger, or the old would be emaciated skeletons, and the young stunted dwarfs. It is idle, therefore, to talk of the fecundity of plants and animals, as a supply for increasing population, unless there be provided an increased fertility, or increased extent of soil, proportioned to the demands on that fecundity. And so far is North America from increasing (as insinuated by the 2d passage above cited) in fertility of the same cultivated tracts, that its power of supporting an increased population is, more than in any other country, owing to the increased quantity of new lands brought into cultivation. For it is notorious, that the excessive productiveness of the new lands is soon so reduced by cropping, that the cultivator, who has capital, very commonly, instead of employing it to recover his exhausted soil, applies it in the purchase of newly cleared lands; which he proceeds in the same way to exhaust, and leaves them to the poorer capitalist, who must content himself with the less productive, but more easily cultivated farm. Indeed it is this practice, which swells the apparent numbers of immigrants into the western states; of whom a very large proportion are only transmigrants from other states of the Union. The example of North America, therefore, instead of proving, according to Mr. Booth, a similar ratio in the increase of human population and of the means of subsistence, is one of the most conspicuous examples of population outstripping fertility, and casting off its swarms in search of new lands to be reclaimed from the wilderness.

But Mr. Godwin has in reserve, an argument against population increasing faster by procreation in America, than in Sweden; viz. that it is physically impossible: 'Throughout Europe,' he says, 'taking one country with another, the average falls short of four births to a marriage;'—and 'in every instance where the evidence has come to our hands, the fruitfulness of the human species in the United States does in no way materially differ from what

occurs on the subject in many countries of Europe.' p. 425. But, 'Mr. Malthus freely, and without hesitation, admits, that, on this side of the globe, population is, and has long been, at a stand,' p. 24, therefore, 'throughout the Union the population, so far as depends on procreation, is at a stand.' p. 441.

The first observation to be made on this point is, that the number of births is not the sole criterion of the progress of population: for, in two nations, where this proportion is the same, the progress of population will differ according to the difference in the ratio, which the number of marriages bears to the total population in the respective nations; and, also, according to the ratio, which the births bear to the deaths in each. Omitting, however, these considerations for the present, let us examine the question of the proportion of births to a marriage. The mode taken to ascertain this proportion has been to divide the aggregate of the births of a given number of years by the aggregate of marriages in the same period; and the quotient has been assumed as indicating, in all circumstances of a people, the average number of births yielded by a marriage. And this procedure is argued upon with an unhesitating confidence, as if its legitimacy were universally acknowledged; and no hint is ever given that its failure had been ever suggested. The fallacy, however, has been pointed out, not by some obscure writer, of whose existence Mr. Godwin might be supposed to be ignorant; but by one, whose celebrity seems to have given him no small annoyance; and in the very work, which he is professing to examine, in form too so demonstrative, that he ought in candour to have stated the argument, if he did not condescend to refute it.

'If the average proportion of annual marriages to annual births, in any country, be as one to four, this will imply, that, out of four children born, two of them live to marry, and the other two die in infancy, and celibacy. This is a most important, and interesting piece of information, from which the most useful inferences are to be drawn; but it is totally different from the number of births, which each individual marriage yields, in the course of its duration; so much so, that, on the supposition, which has just been made, that half of the born lived to be married, which is a very usual proportion, the annual marriages would be to the annual births, as one to four, whether each individual marriage yielded four births, two births, or one hundred births. If the latter number be taken, then, according to the present supposition, fifty would live to be married, and out of every one hundred births there would be twenty-five marriages; and the marriages would still be to the births as one to four.'

'The only case, in which the proportion of annual births to annual marriages is the same, as the proportion of births, which each individual marriage yields, is when the births and deaths are exactly equal; and the

the reason of their being the same, in this case, is, that, in order to make the births and deaths exactly equal, we must assume that each marriage yields exactly another marriage; and that whatever be the number of children born from each union, they all die in infancy, and celibacy, except one pair. Thus, if each marriage yielded five children, two of which, only, live to form a fresh union, the proportion of annual marriages to annual births will be as one to five; which is the same as the number of births yielded by each individual marriage, by hypothesis. But whenever each marriage yields either more, or less, than one marrying pair; that is, whenever the population is either increasing, or decreasing, then, the proportion of annual births to annual marriages can never be the same, as the proportion of births yielded by each individual marriage in the course of its duration. Hence, it follows, that, whenever we assume them to be the same, any increase of population is impossible.—*Malthus*, book ii. ch. 4.

The principle, here briefly abstracted, is pursued in considerable detail, for which we can only refer to the able chapter just cited. But we shall add an illustration of the manner in which we conceive Mr. Godwin's mode of arguing may lead to fallacious results; and which may more familiarly elucidate the abstract principle maintained by his opponent.

The mode (as has been stated,) is to estimate the number of births yielded during each marriage, by comparing the aggregate of marriages, in any period, with the aggregate of births. But, towards the end of the period, many marriages must have been contracted, which would continue to produce children beyond the period; and yet the children, so to be produced, cannot be included in the number of children by which the fruitfulness of the marriages is to be computed. To this it will be replied, that there must, also, be a number of children towards the beginning of the period, from marriages contracted before the period; and yet these children are included in the number, by which the fruitfulness of the marriages of the period is to be estimated. It is clear, therefore, that the estimate can be true, only when the number of marriages, in any given number of years preceding the termination of the period, is exactly equal to the number of marriages in the same number of years preceding the commencement of the period. But if the number of marriages in the latter end of the period be greater, that is, if the population be increasing, the proportion of children (as relating to the number yielded during the whole of each marriage) will be reduced; and the actual progressive population will appear, according to Mr. Godwin's rule, to be retrograde.

Thus, then, it is proved there is no ground for confining the fruitfulness of American marriages within the limits of those of Europe; and therefore no physical impossibility in the North American women bringing more, on an average, than four births

to a marriage. On the contrary, it is shown, that the average number may be eight births to a marriage; and if, as in Europe, half the born live to be married, the annual births may still be to the annual marriages only as four to one. Having ascertained the *possibility*, we are next to inquire what is the *probability* of more prolific marriages in North American, than in Europe.

Mr. Godwin sneeringly observes, p. 30, 'The difference between the United States and the Old World does not, I presume, lie in the superior fecundity of their women.' But the sneer has its force from an equivocal phrase. The natural capability of each individual may be the same; but difference of circumstances may call these capabilities into action in very different proportions; and the fruitfulness of women, as a class, be, therefore, very different, whilst the capabilities of each individual of the class may be the same. In a given number of married women, America may not have fewer barren; but in a given number of women America may have fewer unmarried: and, in a given number of productive married women, those of America may not produce more in a given small number of years; but they may (from marrying earlier) produce for a greater number of years. We have already stated the superior incentives to early and frequent marriage, where food is cheap, and the wages of labour high; and we have shown, that the effect of such early and frequent marriages is proved by the number of children, or persons below fifteen, being equal to those above that age; while, in Sweden, they do not constitute a half. But we are often reminded, that the increase of population must depend on the increase of child-bearing women: and where, it may be asked, is that class so likely to be increased, as where there is the largest proportion of children to grow into women? But Mr. Godwin is determined to keep down the American population to the rate of that of Europe; and, therefore, limits the child-bearing age to the period between twenty and forty-five. And, in Europe, perhaps this might be a fair average; but to limit America to the same, is contradicting the unanimous testimony of all writers on the subject. The author seems conscious of this, and talks of the unproductiveness of early marriages of the Persian women, (p. 191.) as if there were any analogy between the climate of Persia and of North America; or between the habits of the women in the two countries. And, again, admitting 'that where a country is in great distress, and the means of subsistence are difficult to be procured, marriage will often not take place at so early a period, as it might do in countries, which are placed in more favourable circumstances,' p. 428; yet he endeavours to obviate the force of his admission, by a most amusing consideration. 'The period of marriage,' says he, 'usually depends on the

the male,' and, 'whatever be the age of the bridegroom, he is almost sure to look out for a young bride; and, then, unless he be indeed stricken in years, the chance of offspring is nearly the same, as if he had been himself as young as the woman he leads to the altar,' p. 429. That is, in Mr. Godwin's calculation of the probabilities of life, the bridegroom of fifty has nearly the same chance of living to give fruitfulness to his wife of twenty, during the whole of her child-bearing period, as a bridegroom of her own age would have. But this is not all: for, supposing the sexes to be equal in numbers, is it not evident, that, for every man, who waits till he is old to be married, there must a woman have remained unmarried to the same age? If all the present and rising generation of bridegrooms were to abstain from marriage till they were fifty, where would Mr. Godwin direct them 'to look out for a young bride?'

When Mr. Godwin admits, by way of argument, the superior productiveness of American marriages, he deduces from it consequences the most alarming to the feelings of humanity. The abstract of his argument (b. 1. ch. 6,) is this; If population, when unchecked, doubles itself in twenty-five years, then, in a country where population is stationary, a number equal to the whole of that population must perish in twenty-five years, more than in a country, which doubles its inhabitants in that time. This argument appears in a variety of shapes throughout the volume; but in no shape can it conceal the fallacious assumption, that as many, as early, and as prolific marriages will take place in a country, where labour is cheap, and provisions are dear, as in one, where labour is dear, and provisions are cheap. On the contrary, we know, that, where men feel the pressure of present difficulties, and foresee greater, they will not, universally, expose themselves to the extreme of evil; but feel checked by the degrees of it, which the *tendency* to overpopulation produces. At the same time, it must be admitted, that great numbers do involve themselves in these extremes; and that the consequent mortality, especially among the children of such improvident parents, is very great. And the prevention of this mortality, and of the vice and misery, which are the concomitants of it, is the object of Mr. Malthus's book; which by no means considers an increasing population as, in itself, an evil; but only so, where that increase is antecedent to a proportionate increase in the means of subsistence.

But Mr. Godwin has employed a whole book (Vth.) to show, that the means of subsistence are inexhaustible, and amply sufficient to maintain all the doubling of population, of which we have any evidence, 'for it is (as he facetiously observes) with a real, and not a possible, doubling, that we are concerned; possible men

do not eat, though real men do.' p. 480. All this, and indeed much of the volume, is founded on the false ascription to Mr. Malthus of a wish to keep down population to its present level, even if all the possible means of subsistence were actually existing. Now all that Mr. Malthus says is—Do you produce the increase of subsistence, and population will increase itself; but do not encourage population on account of your ultimate possible means; for, remember, possible food cannot be eaten, though real food can. Yet Mr. Godwin, who cannot but know this to be his opponent's doctrine, can condescend to flatter popular prejudices, by joining in the vulgar clamour, and telling us, that Mr. Malthus 'would starve the present generation, that he may kill the next,' p. 505. and fain 'persuade us to hail war, famine, and pestilence as the true friends of the general weal; to look with a certain complacent approbation upon the gallows, and massacre; and almost to long for the decimation of our species, that the survivors might be more conveniently accommodated.' p. 586. In much the same style is nearly the whole of the author's 6th book; in which he discusses 'the moral and political maxims inculcated in the Essay on Population.' We shall not track him in all his misrepresentations, where the credit of Mr. Malthus only is concerned; but cursorily notice, merely as connected with his system, two subjects of the highest importance in the disquisitions of the politician, and the moralist,—the support of the poor,—and the exercise of charity.

In pressing the necessity of a gradual abolition of the poor laws, Mr. Malthus has distinctly stated, that it is a duty, as a preliminary measure, 'formally to disclaim the *right* of the poor to support.' The word *right* is susceptible of a variety of interpretations; and of this ambiguity Mr. Godwin has availed himself, p. 542, &c. The moral right is plainly the only one here meant: but again we must distinguish between moral rights in a state of nature, and in a civilized state. In a state of nature, every man has a moral right to his proportionate share of the spontaneous productions of the earth; and it would, then, be the duty of every man becoming possessed of any surplus, to give it to him who had less than his share. But so weak, in a state of nature, is the power of morality, that brute force is the sole arbiter of possession. When civil institutions are devised to control brute force, moral rights must be rendered compatible with those institutions. In this state of things, the rights of the poor become a political question; and subordinate, as those of every other class are, to the existence and general welfare of the whole. Mr. Godwin's aspirations, indeed, are after a state of society in which all property is to be equalized; and where the improvement of every individual in knowledge and virtue shall be
such,

such, that without civil institutions the well-being of the whole may be trusted to the uncontrolled actions of each. It would be idle, however, to discuss the rights of the poor, with reference to a state of society where no poor could exist. But certain it is, that if natural rights, with regard to property, were enforced in our present state of society, we should speedily return with the *rights* to the *state* of nature. But, it may be urged, it is not an equal share of property that is claimed as the right of the poor, but a portion adequate to their support. Admit a right to a portion, and who shall assign its limits, either as to the nature of the support, or the number to be supported? They who would limit either, admit the necessity of modifying the abstract claim, in order to render it compatible with the institutions of society. And yet support implies such a competence as will enable the poor to increase their numbers; and these additional numbers have a like claim to similar support, which will give the occasion of similar demands, till the whole property of the country be divided among the claimants. And this is, in fact, the *tendency* which is now felt in the rapidly increasing operation of the English poor-laws. We shall not enter on the various plans that have been proposed by Mr. Malthus and others, for the abolition or amendment of them; only wishing to clear away what may be considered as obstructions in legislating on this important subject, and to show the principle on which it stands.

In denying the *right* of the poor to support, Mr. Malthus has not failed to recognize the duty of the rich to assist them, in cases of unmerited or extreme distress. But, at the same time, he presses on the reader's attention, that this duty is not fulfilled by indiscriminate assistance. 'Those (says he) who are suffering in spite of the best-directed endeavours to avoid it, and from causes which they could not be expected to foresee, are the genuine objects of charity. Such objects ought to be relieved, according to our means, liberally and adequately; even though the worthless are starving. When, indeed, this first claim on our benevolence is satisfied, we may then turn our attention to the idle and improvident.' . . . 'We are not, however, in any case to lose a present opportunity of doing good, from the mere supposition that we may possibly meet with a worthier object. In all doubtful cases it may safely be laid down as our duty, to follow the natural impulse of our benevolence.'—B. iv. ch. 9. Nor is this contrary to the doctrine, that the poor, who have by improvidence become such, should in general be 'left to the punishment of Nature,—the punishment of want.' But Mr. Godwin exclaims, with his usual suavity, 'What ignorant babble is this! When this kind benefactor saved this man and his family from perishing with

hunger, he either did a right or a wrong; he did his duty, or the contrary: for every thing, in our treatment of our fellow-creatures, that is not duty, is of the nature of evil.'—p. 568. It is just this sweeping kind of conclusions, these uncompromising dogmas, and rules without exceptions, which have been the besetting sins of Mr. Godwin's life. Mr. Malthus, in the spirit of temperate philosophy, has observed, that 'the general principles on these subjects ought not to be pushed too far, though they should always be kept in view; and that many cases may occur, in which the good resulting from the relief of the present distress may more than over-balance the evil to be apprehended from the remote consequence.'—B. iv. c. 11. The exercise of compassionate beneficence is as much a moral duty as the exercise of justice. It is given us, like the prerogative of pardon in the Crown, to modify, in particular cases, the rigour of general law. And as the King is bound by his oath, so is every other man by his duty, and by the example of his Maker, to administer justice in mercy. And we do think, that all who advocate the doctrine of Mr. Malthus are particularly called upon to enforce the duties of a discriminating charity; for assuredly the tendency of that doctrine is to diminish our sympathy with the poor as a class; teaching us to consider them, in general, as improvident intruders. And, in the same proportion, its tendency is to furnish an apology to the selfishness of the wealthy.

These are the points to be guarded in the enunciation of Mr. Malthus's principles. But the important truth of those principles must not be suppressed, because the unfeeling and the vicious may occasionally pervert them to disguise from others, and perhaps from themselves, the selfishness of their hearts. Let such be loudly reminded, that when all claims shall be abolished for indiscriminate charity, and for that systematic supply which, by teaching the poor to reckon upon it, only increases the quantum of improvidence, and the number of the claimants; still enough will remain of unmerited distress, of failure in the best efforts of virtue, to take away all pretence for indulging in selfish monopoly and hard-hearted indifference.

ART. VIII.—*Prometheus Unbound, a Lyrical Drama, in Four Acts; with other Poems.* By Percy Bysshe Shelley. 8vo. 1821.

A GREAT lawyer of the present day is said to boast of practising three different modes of writing: one which any body can read; another which only himself can read; and a third, which neither he nor any body else can read. So Mr. Shelley may plume himself upon writing in three different styles: one which can be generally understood; another which can be understood only

only by the author ; and a third which is absolutely and intrinsically unintelligible. Whatever his command may be of the first and second of these styles, this volume is a most satisfactory testimonial of his proficiency in the last.

If we might venture to express a general opinion of what far surpasses our comprehension, we should compare the poems contained in this volume to the visions of gay colours mingled with darkness, which often in childhood, when we shut our eyes, seem to revolve at an immense distance around us. In Mr. Shelley's poetry all is brilliance, vacuity, and confusion. We are dazzled by the multitude of words which sound as if they denoted something very grand or splendid: fragments of images pass in crowds before us ; but when the procession has gone by, and the tumult of it is over, not a trace of it remains upon the memory. The mind, fatigued and perplexed, is mortified by the consciousness that its labour has not been rewarded by the acquisition of a single distinct conception ; the ear, too, is dissatisfied : for the rhythm of the verse is often harsh and unmusical ; and both the ear and the understanding are disgusted by new and uncouth words, and by the awkward, and intricate construction of the sentences.

The predominating characteristic of Mr. Shelley's poetry, however, is its frequent and total want of meaning. Far be it from us to call for strict reasoning, or the precision of logical deductions, in poetry ; but we have a right to demand clear, distinct conceptions. The colouring of the pictures may be brighter or more variegated than that of reality ; elements may be combined which do not in fact exist in a state of union ; but there must be no confusion in the forms presented to us. Upon a question of mere beauty, there may be a difference of taste. That may be deemed energetic or sublime, which is in fact unnatural or bombastic ; and yet there may be much difficulty in making the difference sensible to those who do not preserve an habitual and exclusive intimacy with the best models of composition. But the question of meaning, or no meaning, is a matter of fact on which common sense, with common attention, is adequate to decide ; and the decision to which we may come will not be impugned, whatever be the want of taste, or insensibility to poetical excellence, which it may please Mr. Shelley, or any of his coterie, to impute to us. We permit them to assume, that they alone possess all sound taste and all genuine feeling of the beauties of nature and art : still they must grant that it belongs only to the judgment to determine, whether certain passages convey any signification or none ; and that, if we are in error ourselves, at least we can mislead nobody else, since the very quotations which we must adduce as examples of nonsense, will, if our charge be not well founded, prove the futility of our accusation at the

the very time that it is made. ~~If, however, we should completely establish this charge, we look upon the question of Mr. Shelley's poetical merits as at an end; for he who has the trick of writing very showy verses without ideas, or without coherent ideas, can contribute to the instruction of none, and can please only those who have learned to read without having ever learned to think.~~

The want of meaning in Mr. Shelley's poetry takes different shapes. Sometimes it is impossible to attach any signification to his words; sometimes they hover on the verge between meaning and no meaning, so that a meaning may be obscurely conjectured by the reader, though none is expressed by the writer; and sometimes they convey ideas, which, taken separately, are sufficiently clear, but, when connected, are altogether incongruous. We shall begin with a passage which exhibits in some parts the first species of nonsense, and in others the third.

'Lovely apparitions, dim at first,
Then radiant, as the mind, arising bright
From the embrace of beauty, whence the forms
Of which these are the phantoms, casts on them
The gathered rays which are reality,
Shall visit us, the immortal progeny
Of painting, sculpture, and wrapt poesy,
And arts, tho' unimagined, yet to be.'—p. 105.

The verses are very sonorous; and so many fine words are played off upon us, such as, *painting, sculpture, poesy, phantoms, radiance, the embrace of beauty, immortal progeny*, &c. that a careless reader, influenced by his habit of associating such phrases with lofty or agreeable ideas, may possibly have his fancy tickled into a transient feeling of satisfaction. But let any man try to ascertain what is really said, and he will immediately discover the imposition that has been practised. From beauty, or the embrace of beauty, (we know not which, for ambiguity of phrase is a very frequent companion of nonsense,) certain forms proceed: of these forms there are phantoms; these phantoms are dim; but the mind arises from the embrace of beauty, and casts on them the gathered rays which are reality; they are then baptized by the name of the immortal progeny of the arts, and in that character proceed to visit Prometheus. This *galimatias* (for it goes far beyond simple nonsense) is rivalled by the following description of something that is done by a cloud.

'I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the oceans and shores,
I change, but I cannot die.

For

For after the rain, when with never a stain
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air.
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise, and unbuild it again.'—pp. 199, 200.

There is a love-sick lady, who 'dwells under the glaucous caverns of ocean,' and *wears the shadow of Prometheus' soul*,' without which (she declares) she cannot go to sleep. The rest of her story is utterly incomprehensible; we therefore pass on to the *debut* of the Spirit of the earth.

'And from the other opening in the wood
 Rushes, with loud and whirlwind harmony,
 A sphere, which is as many thousand spheres,
 Solid as chrystal, yet through all its mass
 Flow, as through empty space, music and light:
 Ten thousand orbs involving and involved,
 Purple and azure, white, green, and golden,
 Sphere within sphere; and every space between
 Peopled with unimagined shapes,
 Such as ghosts dream dwell in the lampless deep,
 Yet each inter-transpicuous, and they whirl
 Over each other with a thousand motions,
 Upon a thousand sightless axles spinning,
 And with the force of self-destroying swiftness,
 Intensely, slowly, solemnly, roll on,
 Kindling with mingled sounds, and many tones,
 Intelligible words and music wild.
 With mighty whirl the multitudinous orb
 Grinds the bright brook into an azure mist
 Of elemental subtlety, like light;
 And the wild odour of the forest flowers,
 The music of the living grass and air,
 The emerald light of leaf-entangled beams
 Round its intense yet self-conflicting speed,
 Seem kneaded into one aerial mass
 Which drowns the sense.

We have neither leisure nor room to develop all the absurdities here accumulated, in defiance of common sense, and even of grammar; whirlwind harmony, a solid sphere which is as many thousand spheres, and contains ten thousand orbs or spheres, with inter-transpicuous spaces between them, whirling over each other on a thousand sightless (alias invisible) axles; self-destroying swiftness; intelligible words and wild music, kindled by the said sphere, which also grinds a bright brook into an azure mist of elemental subtlety;

subtlety; odour, music, and light, kneaded into one ærial mass, and the sense drowned by it!

‘Oh quanta species! et cerebrum non habet.’

One of the personages in the *Prometheus* is Demogorgon. As he is the only agent in the whole drama, and effects the only change of situation and feeling which befalls the other personages; and as he is likewise employed to sing or say divers hymns, we have endeavoured to find some intelligible account of him. The following is the most perspicuous which we have been able to discover:—

‘——A mighty power, which is as darkness,
Is rising out of earth, and from the sky,
Is showered like night, and from within the air
Bursts, like eclipse which had been gathered up
Into the pores of sun-light.’—p. 149.

Love, as might be expected, is made to perform a variety of very extraordinary functions. It fills ‘the void annihilation of a sceptred curse’ (p. 140); and, not to mention the other purposes to which it is applied, it is in the following lines dissolved in air and sun-light, and then folded round the world.

‘——The impalpable thin air,
And the all circling sun-light were transformed,
As if the sense of love dissolved in them,
Had folded itself round the sphered world.’—p. 116.

Metaphors and similes can scarcely be regarded as ornaments of Mr. Shelley’s compositions; for his poetry is in general a mere jumble of words and heterogeneous ideas, connected by slight and accidental associations, among which it is impossible to distinguish the principal object from the accessory. In illustrating the incoherency which prevails in his metaphors, as well as in the other ingredients of his verses, we shall take our first example, not from that great storehouse of the obscure and the unintelligible—the *Prometheus*, but from the opening of a poem, entitled, ‘A Vision of the Sea,’ which we have often heard praised as a splendid work of imagination.

‘—— The rags of the sail
Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale:
From the stark night of vapours the dim rain is-driven,
And when lightning is loosed, like a deluge from heaven,
She sees the black trunks of the water-spouts spin,
And bend, as if heaven was raining in,
Which they seem’d to sustain with their terrible mass
As if ocean had sunk from beneath them: they pass
To their graves in the deep with an earthquake of sound,
And the waves and the thunders made silent around
Leave the wind to its echo.’—p. 174.

At present we say nothing of the cumbrous and uncouth style of these verses, nor do we ask who this ‘she’ is, who sees the water-spouts;

spouts; but the funeral of the water-spouts is curious enough: 'They pass to their graves with an earthquake of sound.' The sound of an earthquake is intelligible, and we suspect that this is what Mr. Shelley meant to say; but an earthquake of sound is as difficult to comprehend as a cannon of sound, or a fiddle of sound. The same vision presents us with a battle between a tiger and a sea-snake; of course we have—

'—The whirl and the splash
As of some hideous engine, whose brazen teeth smash
The thin winds and soft waves into thunder; the screams
And hissings crawl fast o'er the smooth ocean streams,
Each sound like a centipede.'—p. 180.

The comparison of sound to a centipede would be no small addition to a cabinet of poetical monstrosities: but it sinks into tame common-place before the engine, whose brazen teeth pound thin winds and soft waves into thunder.

Sometimes Mr. Shelley's love of the unintelligible yields to his preference for the disgusting and the impious. Thus the bodies of the dead sailors are thrown out of the ship:

'And the sharks and the dog-fish their grave-cloths unbound,
And were gluttled, like Jews, with this manna rained down
From God on their wilderness.'—p. 177.

Asia turns her soul into an enchanted boat, in which she performs a wonderful voyage:

'My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing:
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,
A paradise of wildernesses!
Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound:
Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions
In music's most serene dominions;
Catching the winds that fan the happy heaven,
And we sail on, away, afar,
Without a course, without a star,
By the instinct of sweet music driven;
Till through Elysian garden islets
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,
Where never mortal pinnace glided,
The boat of my desire is guided.'—p. 94.

The

The following comparison of a poet to a *cameleon* has no more meaning than the jingling of the bells of a fool's cap, and far less music.

'Poets are on this cold earth,
As camelions might be,
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea;
Where light is camelions change:
Where love is not, poets do:
Fame is love disguised; if few
Find either never think it strange
That poets range.'—p. 186.

Sometimes to the charms of nonsense those of doggerel are added. This is the conclusion of a song of certain beings, who are called 'Spirits of the human mind':

'And Earth, Air, and Light,
And the Spirit of Might,
Which drives round the stars in their fiery flight;
And Love, Thought, and Breath,
The powers that quell Death,
Wherever we soar shall assemble beneath.
And our singing shall build
In the void's loose field
A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to wield;
We will take our plan
From the new world of man,
And our work shall be called the Promethean.'—p. 130.

Another characteristic trait of Mr. Shelley's poetry is, that in his descriptions he never describes the thing directly, but transfers it to the properties of something which he conceives to resemble it by language which is to be taken partly in a metaphorical meaning, and partly in no meaning at all. The whole of a long poem, in three parts, called 'the Sensitive Plant,' the object of which we cannot discover, is an instance of this. The first part is devoted to the description of the plants. The sensitive plant takes the lead:

'No flower ever trembled and panted with bliss,
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noon-tide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless sensitive plant.'—p. 157.

Next come the snow-drop and the violet:

'And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, *like the voice and the instrument*.'

The rose, too,

'—Unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, *to the fainting air*
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.'

The hyacinth is described in terms still more quaint and affected :

‘The hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from *its bells* a *sweet peal* anew,
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense.’

It is worth while to observe the train of thought in this stanza. The bells of the flower occur to the poet’s mind; but ought not bells to ring a peal? Accordingly, by a metamorphosis of the odour, the bells of the hyacinth are supposed to do so: the fragrance of the flower is first converted into a peal of music, and then the peal of music is in the last line transformed back into an odour. These are the tricks of a mere poetical harlequin, amusing himself with

‘The clock-work tintinnabulum of rhyme.’

In short, it is not too much to affirm, that in the whole volume there is not one original image of nature, one simple expression of human feeling, or one new association of the appearances of the moral with those of the material world.

As Mr. Shelley disdains to draw his materials from nature, it is not wonderful that his subjects should in general be widely remote from every thing that is level with the comprehension, or interesting to the heart of man. He has been pleased to call ‘Prometheus Unbound’ a lyrical drama, though it has neither action nor dramatic dialogue. The subject of it is the transition of Prometheus from a state of suffering to a state of happiness; together with a corresponding change in the situation of mankind. But no distinct account is given of either of these states, nor of the means by which Prometheus and the world pass from the one to the other. The Prometheus of Mr. Shelley is not the Prometheus of ancient mythology. He is a being who is neither a God nor a man, who has conferred supreme power on Jupiter. Jupiter torments him; and Demogorgon, by annihilating Jupiter’s power, restores him to happiness. Asia, Panthea, and Ione, are female beings of a nature similar to that of Prometheus. Apollo, Mercury, the Furies, and a faun, make their appearance; but have not much to do in the piece. To fill up the *personæ dramatis*, we have voices of the mountains, voices of the air, voices of the springs, voices of the whirlwinds, together with several echos. Then come spirits without end: spirits of the moon, spirits of the earth, spirits of the human mind, spirits of the hours; who all attest their super-human nature by singing and saying things which no human being can comprehend. We do not find fault with this poem, because it is built on notions which no longer possess any influence over the mind, but because its basis and its materials are mere dreaming,
shadowy,

shadowy, incoherent abstractions. It would have been quite as absurd and extravagant in the time of Æschylus, as it is now.

It may seem strange that such a volume should find readers, and still more strange that it should meet with admirers. We were ourselves surprized by the phenomenon: nothing similar to it occurred to us, till we recollected the numerous congregations which the incoherencies of an itinerant Methodist preacher attract. These preachers, without any connected train of thought, and without attempting to reason, or to attach any definite meaning to the terms which they use, pour out a deluge of sonorous words that relate to sacred objects and devout feelings. These words, connected as they are with all that is most venerable in the eyes of man, excite a multitude of pious associations in the hearer, and produce in him a species of mental intoxication. His feelings are awakened, and his heart touched, while his imagination and understanding are bewildered; and he receives temporary pleasure, sometimes even temporary improvement, at the expense of the essential and even permanent depravation of his character. In the same way, poetry like that of Mr. Shelley presents every where glittering constellations of words, which taken separately have a meaning, and either communicate some activity to the imagination, or dazzle it by their brilliance. Many of them relate to beautiful or interesting objects, and are therefore capable of imparting pleasure to us by the associations attached to them. The reader is conscious that his mind is raised from a state of stagnation, and he is willing to believe, that he is astounded and bewildered, not by the absurdity, but by the originality and sublimity of the author.

It appears to us much more surprizing, that any man of education should write such poetry as that of '*Prometheus Unbound*,' than, that when written, it should find admirers. It is easy to read without attention; but it is difficult to conceive how an author, unless his intellectual habits are thoroughly depraved, should not take the trouble to observe whether his imagination has definite forms before it, or is gazing in stupid wonder on assemblages of brilliant words. Mr. Shelley tells us, that he imitates the Greek tragic poets: can he be so blinded by self-love, as not to be aware that his productions have not one feature of likeness to what have been deemed classical works, in any country or in any age? He, no doubt, possesses considerable mental activity; for without industry he could never have attained to so much facility in the art of throwing words into fantastical combinations: is it not strange that he should never have turned his attention from his verses to that which his verses are meant to express? We fear that his notions of poetry are fundamentally erroneous. It seems to be his maxim, that reason and sound thinking are aliens in the dominions of the Muses, and that, should they

they ever be found wandering about the foot of Parnassus, they ought to be chased away as spies sent to discover the nakedness of the land. We would wish to persuade him, if possible, that the poet is distinguished from the rest of his species, not by wanting what other men have, but by having what other men want. The reason of the poet ought to be cultivated with as much care as that of the philosopher, though the former chooses a peculiar field for its exercise, and associates with it in its labours other faculties that are not called forth in the mere investigation of truth.

But it is often said, that though the poems are bad, they at least show poetical power. Poetical power can be shown only by writing good poetry, and this Mr. Shelley has not yet done. The proofs of Mr. Shelley's genius, which his admirers allege, are the very exaggeration, copiousness of verbiage, and incoherence of ideas which we complain of as intolerable. They argue in criticism, as those men do in morals, who think debauchery and dissipation an excellent proof of a good heart. The want of meaning is called sublimity, absurdity becomes venerable under the name of originality, the jumble of metaphor is the richness of imagination, and even the rough, clumsy, confused structure of the style, with not unfrequent violations of the rules of grammar, is, forsooth, the sign and effect of a bold overflowing genius, that disdains to walk in common trammels. If the poet is one who whirls round his reader's brain, till it becomes dizzy and confused; if it is his office to envelop he knows not what in huge folds of a clumsy drapery of splendid words and showy metaphors, then, without doubt, may Mr. Shelley place the Delphic laurel on his head. But take away from him the unintelligible, the confused, the incoherent, the bombastic, the affected, the extravagant, the hideously gorgeous, and 'Prometheus,' and the poems which accompany it, will sink at once into nothing.

But great as are Mr. Shelley's sins against sense and taste, would that we had nothing more to complain of! Unfortunately, to his long list of demerits he has added the most flagrant offences against morality and religion. We should abstain from quoting instances, were it not that we think his language too gross and too disgusting to be dangerous to any but those who are corrupted beyond the hope of amendment. After a revolting description of the death of our Saviour, introduced merely for the sake of intimating, that *the religion he preached is the great source of human misery and vice*, he adds,

— 'Thy name I will not speak,
It hath become a curse.'

Will Mr. Shelley, to excuse this blasphemy against the name
'in which all the nations of the earth shall be made blessed,'

pretend, that these are the words of Prometheus, not of the poet? But the poet himself hath told us, that his Prometheus is meant to be 'the type of the highest perfection of moral and intellectual excellence.' There are other passages, in which Mr. Shelley speaks directly in his own person. In what he calls an ode to Liberty, he tells us that she did

— 'groan, not weep,
When from its sea of death to kill and burn
The Galilæan serpent forth did creep
And made thy world an undistinguishable heap.'—p. 213.

And after a few stanzas he adds,

'O, that the free would stamp the impious name
Of * * * * * into the dust! or write it there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
Were as a serpent's path, which the light air
Erases, and that the flat sands close behind!
Ye the oracle have heard:
Lift the victory-flashing sword,
And cut the snaky knots of this foul Gordian word,
Which weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
The axes and the rods which awe mankind;
The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm
Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and abhorred;
Disdain not thou, at thine appointed term,
To set thine armed heel on this reluctant worm.
O, that the wise from their bright minds would kindle
Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,
That the pale name of PRIEST might shrink and dwindle
Into the hell from which it first was hurled,
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ART. IX.—1. *Vox Stellarum, a Loyal Almanac for the Year of our Lord 1821.* By Francis Moore, Physician and Philomath.

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Rabbi Judas the son of Moses, obedient to the command of Alonso, interpreted the treatise in which Avicenna had named the 'One Thousand and Twenty-two Stars of the Firmament till then unknown in these our Western Parts.' The canons compiled by Mahomet Ibn Geber Albathem the Syrian were written again in a more intelligible tongue by Rabbi Zag. Jehuda El Conheso, the Alfaqui, and Guillen Aremon Daspaso, the Priest, translated 'the Book of the Constellations which are in the eighth Heaven, and the book of the Sphere.' And the *Almagest* of Ptolemy, which Al-Hazen Ben Yusseph had rendered into Arabic at the command of Almainon the Miramamolin, received a new version from Rabbi Isaac Ben Sid, the Chief of the Synagogue of Toledo.

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pretend, that these are the words of Prometheus, not of the poet! But the poet himself hath told us, that his Prometheus is meant to be 'the type of the highest perfection of moral and intellectual excellence.' There are other passages, in which Mr. Shelley speaks directly in his own person. In what he calls an ode to Liberty, he tells us that she did

— 'groan, not weep,
When from its sea of death to kill and burn
The Galilæan serpent forth did creep
And made thy world an undistinguishable heap.'—p. 213.

And after a few stanzas he adds,

'O, that the free would stamp the impious name
Of into the dust! or write it there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
Were as a serpent's path, which the light air
Erases, and that the flat sands close behind!
Ye the oracle have heard:
Lift the victory-flashing sword,
And cut the snaky knots of this foul Gordian word,
Which weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
Into a mass, irrefragably firm,
The axes and the rods which awe mankind;
The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm
Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and abhorred;
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Alquibicio, and Rabbi Samuel and Rabbi Jebuda of Toledo; Mabomet and Aben Musa of Seville, Yusseph Aben Ali and Jacob Ab Vena of Cordova, and many others from beyond the mountains, from Gascony and from Paris. They were convened in the towers of the fabled Alcazar of Galiana,—she who had been loved by Charlemagne—and five years were employed in discussion. Alonso usually presided in the assembly; but if he was absent, Aben Rayhel and Alquibicio, who had been his masters, took the place of their Royal pupil. After the tables were completed, many noble privileges were granted to the Sages and their issue; and they returned, richly rewarded, each to his home.

Thrown from his high estate, heart-broken by the parricidal rebellion of his son and the treachery of his subjects, Alonso yet retraced the benefits which science had derived from his ardour. And whilst he lamented his misfortunes, he recollected that his fame in foreign lands arose as much from his Algorisms as from his kingdoms and his sword.

A ti Fernan Perez Ponce el leal
 Cormano y amigo y firme vassallo
 Lo que a mios homes de vista les callo
 Entiendo decir, planiendo mi mal,
 A ti que quitaste la tierra i cabdal
 Por las mias haciendas; en Roma y allende
 Mi pendola buela, escuchala dende
 Ca grita doliente con fabla mortal
 Como yaz solo el Rei de Castilla
 El Emperador de Alemania que foe.
 Aquel que los Reyes besevan su pie
 E Reinas pedian limosna e manzilla
 El que de hueste mantuvo en Sevilla
 Cien mil de a cavallo e tres doble peones
 El que acatado en lejanas naciones
 Foe por sus tablas e por su cuchilla.

Alonso endangered his orthodoxy by his opinions. Astrology, when employed as the means of discovering future events, was anathematized by the Church and condemned by the Fathers, as a vain, lying, and presumptuous art. Notwithstanding the denunciations of Tertullian, and Basil, and Bonaventure, Alonso was anxious to protect the dignity of his favourite pursuit by giving it such a legal sanction as would distinguish it from fraud and deceit. The code which he promulgated attests his sentiments. Astrology, he declares in the seventh Partida, is one of the seven liberal sciences.—‘And according to the law, the free practice thereof is granted to such as be masters therein and understand it truly: for the judgments and predictions which are given by this art are discerned in the natural course of the planets, and are taken from the

the books of Ptolemy and the other wise masters, who have laboured therein. The other manner of divining is by soothsayers, sorcerers and wizzards. Some take their tokens from birds or from the fate-word; others cast lots; others see visions in water, or in crystal, or in a mirror, or in the bright sword blade; others frame amulets; others prognosticate by the head of a dead man or of a beast, or by the palm of the hand of a child, or of a maiden. These ribalds, and such as are like them, are wicked men and lewd impostors; and manifold evils arise from their deeds: therefore we will not allow any of them to dwell in our dominions.'—The royal Astrologer had little reason to deride the soothsayer: he never profited by the science, if he sought it as a guide. But there was a witchery in the illusion which could not easily be withstood even by a powerful mind. With respect to the works which he bestowed upon his age, it must be recollected that Astrology, though not discredited, was only a secondary object with the Arabian and Jewish 'mathematicians.' Many of the treatises which we have noticed have scarcely a symptom of the perversion of science. They are sober and intelligible, and contain a fund of knowledge then unattainable from any other source, and which the Semitic tribes could alone impart to Christendom. In the 'Book of the Sphere' there are few chapters devoid of real utility. The oriental observers gave the method of determining the rising of the star, of taking the altitude of the sun, and of drawing the meridian line: they enabled the student to solve all the practical problems of astronomy. In the intellectual genealogy of man they may claim to be the progenitors of Kepler and of Newton; and the calculations of the Alfonsines are the remote but efficient causes of the perfection of modern astronomy.

Time was, when the astrologer acted no inconsiderable part in the world of politics: but yielding to the stern decree of fate, his occupation now is gone. Jacob's staff is broken. The brazen astrolabe is green and cankered. Dust and cobwebs cover the tomes of Ptolemy and Haly; and the garrets of Spitalfields and the Seven Dials are untenanted by the Seers, who whilome dealt out their awful prognostications of changes in Church and State, and who scowling alike at Rome and at Constantinople, ensured the downfall of the Turk, and the confusion of the Scarlet Harlot of the Seven Hills. So far we seem to have gained a victory over the superstitions of the middle ages; but our superiority, in some respects, exists rather in apprehension than in reality; and we have only changed the appearance of the disease. Those who would have been misled in ancient times are equally deceivable in modern days. Human folly is as immortal as the race; and though we have dragged the astrologer out of his arm-chair, there are others who

have succeeded to his contemned honours, for he was guided in his lucubrations by an unperishable instinct. Doleful Saturn and lucid Jupiter now meet unheeded in the same constellation: but the Sage who would heretofore have comforted the hearts of the citizens of London with the pleasing expectations of plague and pestilence, and war and bloodshed, as he gazed on the threatening conjunction in the Zodiac, now acquires the same popularity by deducing the calamities of this nether world from the assemblage of monarchs at a congress; and, instead of watching the orbit of the planet, he fulfils his duty by reporting the course of the minor star which glitters on the breast of the plenipotentiary.

The most flourishing era of astrology in this country must be placed in the busy, feverish reigns of the first three Stuarts. Whilst Ashmole lived, the Astral fraternity was yet numerous and respectable: and, according to our laudable English custom of uniting eating and drinking with all other sciences and pursuits, they had a grand dinner once a year, a usage which we do not trace amongst the astrologers of any other nation. William Lilly furnishes us with a curious gallery of portraits of such of the professors as flourished in London about his time. He has drawn them with more accuracy than charity, and our ideas respecting his own honesty are unluckily elucidated by the minute delineation of the sins which he ascribes to his rivals and contemporaries.

Doctor Simon Forman, a personage of some celebrity, studied and took his medical degree beyond the seas; 'he had good success in resolving questions about marriage:' this qualification will be duly estimated when we recollect his participation in the intrigues of the libidinous Countess of Essex. In other questions, it is exultingly stated by Lilly, he was 'very moderate.' So indeed it seems, from his own journal. 'Being in bed one morning,' he says, 'I was desirous to know whether I should ever be a Lord, Earl, or Knight.' So he cast a figure, and thereupon he 'concluded that within two years' time, he should be a Lord.' 'But before the two years were expired, the Doctors put me in Newgate, and nothing came.' Doctor Forman underwent this persecution from the other 'Doctors,' because he presumed to carry on his warfare under colour of his Leyden degree of medicine, and without being duly authorized to exterminate his fellow-subjects by virtue of a regular license from the London College of Physicians. He also predicted that his scholar, Doctor Napper of Lindford, would be a great dunce; and yet, adds Lilly, 'in continuance of time he proved a *singular astrologer and physician*;' a consummation which, in those days, might perhaps approach to an accomplishment of the prophecy.

William Bredon, Vicar of Thornton in Buckinghamshire, was
'abso-

'absolutely the most polite person for Nativities,' and he had also the merit of 'strictly adhering to Ptolemy,' whom he well understood. This polite and profound astrologer had, however, one trifling failing, though it did not impeach his judgment:—'he was so given over to tobacco and drink, that when he had no tobacco he would cut up the bell ropes and smoke them.'

Astrology was a fold which afforded a refuge to stragglers from all professions. Captain Bubb, who lived in Lambeth, resolved horary questions astrologically: 'he was a proper handsome man, well spoken, but withal covetous.' The Captain's destiny was mainly influenced by a certain butcher, who, having been robbed at a fair of forty pounds, applied to the Captain to discover the thief, which he agreed to do for 'ten pounds paid in ready money.' The querist was directed to wait at a certain place at midnight, when the thief would appear; he did so, and at the witching hour, somebody came riding fiercely at full gallop. The butcher immediately knocked the rider down, and unluckily he proved to be no other than 'John,' the Captain's own servant. In consequence of this mistake, poor Captain Bubb 'was indicted and suffered upon the pillory,' as it is tenderly expressed by Lilly, and ended his days in great disgrace.

Alexander Hart the Philomath, 'a comely man of good aspect,' had also been a soldier. This worthy sage professed questionary astrology, and a little of physic; but as he had seen good service in the wars, his chief skill 'was to elect young gentlemen fit times to play, that they might win or get money.' 'A rustical fellow,' to whom he had promised a conference with a spirit, brought him to the bar of the Old Bailey. The Aldermen sentenced him also 'to be set upon the pillory,' but he was rescued from this infliction by the loving kindness of John Taylor the water poet, 'who being his great friend, got the Lord Chief Justice Richardson to bail him, and being so enlarged,' he very wisely ran away.

William Poole, whom Lilly calls a 'nibbler at astrology,' but whom we suspect, from the expression used in his will, to have been rather an aspiring competitor, had nearly attained a greater elevation. Poole's evil destiny led him to a tavern where a silver cup was *lost*. 'Justice Jay' forthwith issued a warrant for his apprehension, and he took refuge in the sanctuary at Westminster, where he remained until the Justice was dead and buried; he then issued forth from his concealment, and revenged himself by writing verses upon the Justice's grave.

It was thus that astrology incurred the vengeance of the law: Lilly himself was summoned before the awful bar of Hick's Hall, where he appeared to an indictment upon which, if he had been found guilty, he would have 'suffered,' like his friend the Captain.

He

He had the good fortune to be acquitted, owing, no doubt, to the favourable aspect of Justice Hooker, 'the oracle of all the Justices of the Peace in Middlesex,' who, by Lilly's entreaty, was present at the trial. Lilly was one of those men who, by dint of plain, persevering, consistent, unblushing roguery, acquire a decent reputation, convince themselves that they are honest, put money in their purses, and in due time are comfortably buried, as he was, under a nice black marble stone, inscribed with a record of deceased virtue in English and in Latin. The shrewd shock-pated knave came up from Diseworth with the Leicester carrier, and was bound 'prentice to Gilbert Wright of Newgate Market. His enemies maintained that Gilbert was a taylor. Lilly repels the taunt with great energy. — 'I write this,'—quoth he,—'that the world may know that he was no taylor, or myself of that or any other *profession*: my work was to go before my master to church; to attend my master when he went abroad; to make clean his shoes; sweep the streets; help to drive bucks when we washed; fetch water in a tub from the Thames, I have helped to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning; weed the garden; scrape trenchers, and so forth. If I had any profession, it was of this nature. I should never have denied my being a taylor had I been one.'—Diligent he surely was; and his master rewarded him by an annuity of twenty pounds. Gilbert Wright being gathered to his fathers, his widow, who had been twice married to 'old men, was now resolved to be cozened no more.' To her maid, Lilly's 'fellow-servant,' the lusty dame frequently observed, that 'she cared not, if she married a man that would love her, though he had never a penny;' after a few tender hints of this kind, Lilly became bold; and one day 'after dinner, when all her talk was about husbands,' he 'saluted her:' she spoke lovingly; he obtained her hand, which, six years afterwards, was snatched from him by death, she leaving him one thousand pounds as a reward for all his services. Lilly now throve apace; he married a second wife; she was of the 'nature of Mars,' and brought him five hundred pounds as a portion; and, with this addition to his fortune, he fairly embarked himself in the study of 'astrology, the black art, alchemy, and all other occult sciences.'

Lucrative as these pursuits may have been, he carried them on in conjunction with other professions of a less occult nature. According to his own confession Lilly was a pimp. True it is, that when he 'ordered the fair Lady from Greenwich to go at such a day and see a play at Salisbury Court, which she did, and within one quarter of an hour the young Lord came into the same box wherein she was;' the conjunction between the fair Greenwich Lady and the young Lord was effected, not by human means, but by the ministry of the angels Uriel, Raphael and Zadkiel, and the

Pentacle of Solomon. But all is vanity:—‘I grew weary,’—he exclaims, ‘of such employments, and since have burned my books which instructed these *curiosities*.’—Lilly picked pockets and stole papers; but these feats were performed out of pure friendship, and for the purpose of ‘helping Mr. Pennington.’ And in addition to these honourable exertions of science, Lilly was an ‘intelligencer,’ or, in plain English, a spy, for which he received a pension from the Council of State under the Commonwealth. In his more avowed calling of an astrologer, there is no doubt but that his ‘*Mercurius Anglicus*’ was a useful ally to the Roundheads. He tells us, with much satisfaction, that, during one of Cromwell’s battles, a soldier stood, with the Almanac in his hand, exclaiming as the troops passed by him—‘Lo! hear what Lilly saith; you are in this month promised victory; fight it out, brave boys! and *then* read that month’s prediction.’ Lilly was a very prudent astrologer. Until the cause of the King began to decline rapidly he tells us that he was ‘more cavalier than roundhead.’ Subsequently he could still discern that the configurations of the planets boded no certainty to the prevailing party, and, to use his own words, ‘I engaged body and soul in the cause of Parliament; but still with much affection unto his Majesty’s person, and unto monarchy, which I loved and approved beyond any government whatever.’ The same prescience created an instinctive antipathy between him and the Presbyterians, and therefore, when Cromwell became Protector, Lilly felt himself in favour, and he could ‘write as freely and satirically’ as he chose. Using these expressions, he could scarcely intend to conceal the secret that his astrology was merely the vehicle of the opinions which he was paid to favour.

A history of Court Astrologers would form an amusing volume, particularly if we could trace the effects of the advice of such an irresponsible ministry. Wallenstein depended much upon the counsels of Giovan Baptista Seni of Genoa, whom he engaged through the intervention of his confidant Pioroni the Florentine. Seni willingly promised his services at the rate of five-and-twenty crowns per month. ‘Nay,’ exclaimed Wallenstein, when the terms were made known to him, ‘I should be ashamed to hire a wise man at such a price; he shall have two thousand crowns a-year, paid in advance, and a coach and six besides.’ So liberal a salary probably secured agreeable predictions.

In our times recourse has been had to astrology to support the cause of the Revolution. The astrological predictions of Thomas Joseph Moulton, a seer of great repute amongst the French peasantry, and who is said to have flourished at Naples under Frederic Barba-rossa, were reprinted with due adaptations favouring the cause of the

Tri-

Tri-coloured banner as well as of the Imperial Eagle.* From the system of centralization adopted by the French government, we can scarcely be unjust in charging the ruling powers with the concoction of the prophecy. This may appear a strange manoeuvre in France, the enlightened abode of 'philosophy' and 'reason'; but it is quite consistent with the liberal philosophy of infidelity to proscribe religion, at the same time that it encourages the grossest superstition and credulity.

It has been seen how carefully Alonso distinguishes between astrology and the sciences of divination; the learned astronomer was anxious to disclaim all consortship with the diviner, who, however, like himself, was not unfrequently employed to act a part in the political drama. English history abounds in instances of the effect produced by the denunciations of the soothsayer. Henry of Richmond unfurled his banner in accomplishment of the saw of the soothsayer, who had long declared that the Dun cow would prosper in England. Changes in the royal dynasty were anticipated as long foretold, and the rude and awful rhyme assisted to feed the fury of civil war. Devices and tokens, signs and bearings, were introduced so as to blend allegory with heraldry.

When the Bear is muzzled and cannot byte,
And the Hors is fettered and cannot stryke,
And the Swanne is sicke and cannot swymme,
Then shall the splayfoot England winne.

Howard wrote his 'Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies,' for the purpose of counteracting the effect which they produced. The best comment, however, upon these predictions is found in the Statutes at Large. An act of Parliament, passed in the reign of Henry VIII., had made it felony to declare any false prophecy upon occasion of arms, fields, or letters. This statute was repeated by Mary, and revived as a temporary act by the 3d and 4th Ed. VI. c. 16. Elizabeth's policy revived the law; and by a statute now in force, (5 Eliz. c. 15.) it was ordained and enacted, 'That if any person or persons, after the first day of May next coming, do advisedly and directly advance, publish, and set forth by writing, printing, signing, or any other open speech or deed, to any person or persons, any fond, fantastical or false prophecy,

* Thomas Joseph Moulton hath disposed his prophecies in climacterical cycles. A few specimens will show how, in the edition which we quote, the predictions have been revolutionized. It is hardly necessary to observe that the older editions are quite innocent of any jacobinical tendency.

1789. De grandes révolutions arriveront cette année dans un des grands états de la Chrétienté.

1794. Une grande nation se gouvernera sans prince, sans nobles, et sans prêtres.

Le papier en grand discrédit.

1800. La souveraineté d'une république, reconnue libre et indépendante, par toutes les puissances de la terre.

upon or by the occasion of any arms, fields, beasts, badges, or such other like things accustomed in arms, cognizances, or signets, or upon or by reason of any time, year, name, and bloodshed or war, to the intent thereby to make any rebellion, insurrection, dissension, loss of life, or other disturbance, within this realm, and other the Queen's dominions: That every such person being thereof lawfully convicted for every such offence, shall suffer imprisonment of his body by the space of one year, without bail or mainprize, and shall forfeit, for every such offence, the sum of ten pounds.'

A prophetic distich, uttered by Saint Vincent Ferrer, was ingeniously turned to good account by the Dominicans, at the time of the expulsion of the Moriscoes. Saint Vincent's lines are not remarkable either for rhythm or distinctness—

Lo any nou,
Donara un gran bram lo bou.

The 'Bull,' by no very evident application, was decided to be his Excellency the *Duke of Lerma*, and his roar was the tumult excited by the banishment of the unhappy Ishmaelites. Father Bleda considered the prediction to be of so much importance, that he engraved the hieroglyphical animal in the title-page of his curious '*Chronica de los Moros de España*.'

Nostradamus has had the good fortune to retain almost as permanent a reputation as Merlin. It is seldom that even a glimpse of meaning can be discovered in his barbarous strains; but here and there we stumble on a verse which may be pertinently applied. *Cædipus* could not give the sense of the whole of the following quatrain, but the second line was considered as foretelling the death of Charles the First.

Gand et Bruxelles marcherent contre Anvers,
Sénat de Londres mettront à mort leur Roy,
Le sel et le vin luy serront a l'envers,
Pour eux avoir le regne en desarroi.—c. ix. q. 49.

Another quatrain is said to predict the revolution of 1688 with tolerable clearness—

Trente de Londres secret conjureront
Contre leur Roi, sur le Pont, l'entreprize
Luy, satellites la mort degousteront,
Un Roy esleu, blond et natif de Frize.—c. iv q. 88.

Favoured and consulted as Nostradamus was by Catharine of Medici, it cannot be doubted that many of his perplexed verses had a definite tendency. During the wars of the Fronde, they came again in vogue. And in the reign of Louis XIV. they once more found an interpreter in Balthazar Guinard, who, with
great

great acumen, compiled his 'Concordance des Prophéties de Nostradamus avec l'histoire depuis Henry II. jusqu'à Louis le Grand.'

Nostradamus was no friend to the Papal authority.

O vaste Rome ! ta ruine s'approche !
Non de tes murs, de ton sang et substance,
L'aspre par lettres fera si horrible conche
Fer pointu mis a tous jusque au manche.—c. x. q. 65.

These and similar denunciations were supposed to denote the fate of the Papacy at that eventful period when Joseph the Philosopher summoned the obedient pontiff from the ancient capital of the Cæsars. The Papal Court, with less wisdom than has usually marked its conduct of late years, published a Bull on Easter Day, 1781, declaring that no one should dare to read the prophecies of Nostradamus, under pain of incurring excommunication, and of being sentenced to the galleys. During the novelty of this persecution, a fortunate possessor of a stray copy of the 'Centuries' was enabled, thanks to the threats of spiritual and temporal punishment, to sell it at Avignon for the enormous price of 1823 livres. It was rumoured that the Capuchins at Cenzano preserved a transcript of the Prophecies in their library, and the report excited so much anxious curiosity, that His Holiness dispatched a party of sbirri, under the command of a notary, for the purpose of seizing the dangerous volume. Before, however, the civil and military authorities could reach the convent, the friars had warily secreted their treasure, and the notary and the sbirri returned with empty hands.

Whether Nostradamus ever attempted to tell the fortune of Europe by guesses and conjectures assuming the language of prediction, is a matter of little consequence, though there is some reason to suppose that he occasionally did thus attempt to amuse his readers. Sir Thomas Brown, who never wrote a line which did not indicate much talent and acuteness, once attempted to prophesy in sport; and in answer to an ancient metrical prophecy, transmitted to him by a friend, he returned the following lines.

'When New England shall trouble New Spain,
When Jamaica shall be Lady of the isles and the main;
When Spain shall be in America hid,
And Mexico prove another Madrid;
When Mahomet's ships on the Baltic shall ride,
And Turks shall labour to have ports on that side;*

When

* While the Turkish empire was in its strength, Sir Thomas had good reason for venturing upon this prediction. 'We cannot be out of all fear; for if the Turk should conquer Poland he would soon be at the sea. And from the constitution of the Polish govern-

When Africa shall no more sell out her blacks,
 To make slaves and drudges to the American tracts;
 When Batavia the old shall be subdued by the new;
 When a new drove of Tartars shall China subdue;
 When America shall cease to send out its treasure,
 But employ it at home in American pleasure;
 When the new world shall the old invade,
 Nor count them their lords but their fellows in trade;
 When men shall almost pass to Venice by land,
 Not in deep water, but from sand to sand;*
 When Nova Zembla shall be no stay
 Unto them that pass to or from Cathay:
 Then think strange things are come to light,
 Whereof but few have had a foresight.'

How nearly these Brunonian vaticinations have been accomplished, is sufficiently evident. And where Sir Thomas has erred, he was deceived only by the happening of events which no human wisdom could then foresee.

Charms and spells, by which the infatuated votary sought an indication of futurity, belong rather to goetic than to astral art; but all the species of divination, however effected, have one intent. The mischievous foreknowledge scathes the presumptuous being by whom it is sought. Auguries, palmistry, the lot, the points of the geomancer, are, like astrology, the enunciations of an active fatality, which can be revealed to man, but not evaded by him. Omens constitute the poetry of history. They cause the series of events, which they are supposed to declare, to flow into epical unity; and the political catastrophe seems to be produced not by prudence, or by folly, but by the superintending destiny. The numerous tokens of the death of Henry IV. are finely tragical. Mary of Medicis, in her dream, saw the brilliant gems of her crown change into pearls, the symbol of tears and mourning. An owl hooted until sunrise at the window of the chamber to which the King and Queen retired at St. Denis, on the night preceding her coronation. During the ceremony it was observed, with

government and divisions amongst themselves, jealousies between the king and the Republic, victories of the Tartars, jealousies of the Cossacks, and the course of Turkish policy, to be at peace with the Emperor of Germany, when he is at war with the Pole, should make us cause to fear that this may come to pass. And then he would soon endeavour to have ports upon that sea, as not wanting materials for ships, and having a new acquist of states and warlike men, may be a terror unto the confines on that sea.' 'Mahomet's ships,' manned by the corsairs of Algiers, actually did ride in the Baltic within the last three years, so that the line has become true, though not according to the intent of the author.

* The accomplishment of the prediction will be hastened by political causes. Mr. Rose informs us that Venice, impoverished and decayed, will see her lagoons converted into pestilential marshes in a much shorter 'process of time' than could be expected before the subversion of the proud republic.

dread,

dread, that the dark portals leading to the royal sepulchres beneath the choir, were gaping and expanded. The flame of the consecrated taper held by the Queen was suddenly extinguished, and twice her crown nearly fell to the ground. The prognostications of the misfortunes of the Stuarts have equally a character of solemn grandeur; and we are reminded of the portents of Rome when we read how the sudden tempest rent the royal standard on the Tower of London. Charles, yielding to his destiny, was obstinate in the signs of evil death. He refused to be clad in the garments of Edward the Confessor, in which all his predecessors had been arrayed, and he would be attired in white satin. Strongly did the Earl of Pembroke attempt to dissuade him—for the prophecy of the misfortunes of the *white King* had long been current—but his intreaties were in vain; and Charles was crowned, invested with the raiment which indicated his misfortunes.

So near a relation exists between the delusions of Astrology and of Alchemy that it will excite but little surprize if we find Alonso the Astrologer appearing also in the character of Alonso the Adept. In the *LIBRO DEL TESORO*, composed by 'Don Alonso, King of Spain, he who had been Emperor,' he states, with great devotion and humility that, although he had not wished for the philosopher's stone, yet the gift was bestowed upon him, that he might defend the Kingdoms of his fathers. 'In secrecy,' he says, 'I was instructed in this inestimable treasure, and therewith did I encrease my wealth.' It would have been fortunate if he could have employed his power in the season of distress. Letters are extant in which King Alonso solicits alms; and he pawned his crown jewels to the Miramamolin of Marocco. The fancied treasure of Alonso was guarded with much jealousy. A copy is extant in the Royal library at Madrid, bound in boards of massy oak. The manuscript was locked with an iron lock, a circumstance from whence it also obtained the name of the '*Libro del Candado*.' This precaution seems, however, to have been needless, for all the efficient lessons of the art are written in secret characters, so that the opening of the volume is of little service to 'the good and the wise,' for whose profit Alonso wishes to reserve the exposition of the secret, which he was equally anxious to conceal from the profane.* The cipher employed

* As a specimen of the full-toned Castilian prose of this royal author, we give the following passage:—

'Magner sea dicho en los libros de los Sabios que el omo que oculta el tesoro non face de caridad, bien que yo non sea menguado desta, quise occultar este ca non fuese entendido salvo de ome bueno e sabio, (ca non ser puede la sabiduria sin la bondad, como lo dixo Salomon,) porque yo dixi ca seyendo comun llegaria a las manos de los omes non buenos. E para que sepades en como fui sabido deste alto saber, yo vos lo dire en trovas,

oyed by Alonso indicates the source of his knowledge. His alphabet appears to be a current Cuphic character, or rather that modification of the Cuphic which is still used by the Occidental or Arabian Arabs, but the letters are varied by points and flourishes; they are probably not employed according to their originals; and it appears from the table or key at the end of the Manuscript, that each letter of the Roman alphabet has ten or eleven corresponding signs in the secret character.

Alonso chose to deliver his precepts in 'trovas' or in verse, a practice which was also adopted by many other adepts. Alchemy has been briefly defined in the old apophthegm—*Ars sine arte, cujus apium est mentiri, medium laborare, et finis mendicare*. Not content with the promise of poverty, entailed upon their own pursuit, the Alchemists thought fit to unite it with the unprofitable art of magic. Alonso claims an Egyptian as his master in the noble sciences of Astrology and Alchemy. The best vessel in his navy sailed to Alexandria, where the Sage embarked.

Llegó pues la fama a los mios oídos
Qu'en tierra de Egipto un sabio vivia,
E con su saber oí que facia
Notos los casos ca non son venidos:
Los astros juzgaba, e aquestos movidos
Por disposicion del cielo, fallaba
Los casos qu'el tiempo futuro occultaba,
Bien fuesen antes por este entendidos
De las mias naves mandé la mejor,
E llegada al puerto de Alexandria,
El físico Astrologo en ella salia.
E à mí fue llegado cortés con amor:
E aviendo sabido su grande primor
En los movimientos que face la sphaera
Siempre le tuve en grande manera,
Ca siempre a los sabios se debe el onor.
La piedra que llaman filosofal
Sabia facer, e me la enseñó
Fecimosla juntos, despues solo yo,
Conque muchas veces crecio mi caudal;
E bien que se puede facer esta tal
De otras materias, mas siempre una cosa
Yo vos propongo la menos penosa
Mas escelente e mas principal.

* * * * *

Lo que yo quiero es non sea perdido
La gran valia deste magisterio

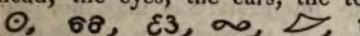















Ca sabed que el verso face excellentes e mas bien oydos los casos ca sabemos
que Dios dellos asaz le place ca así lo fizo el Rey David en el su Salterio. Yo fui
en este gran Tesoro en porrida e lo fiz, e con el aumenté el mi aver.

Mas non quiero dar un tan grande imperio
A ome qu'en letras non sea sabido.

This proeme is followed by the Poetical Treasure itself, divided into books. Leonardo Fioravanti of Bologna deciphered twenty-seven octaves. The promised way to wealth disclosed in them, is by no means more accessible than that which is found in such alchemical works as can be read with greater ease; and Alonso shrowds himself in all the mystery of other adepts, when he instructs us to take the daughter of the Sun, the lady who dwells in the heavens, and wash her black face in the baths of the moon.

Delrio, who, unmindful of the Horatian precept, brings in the Devil for the purpose of removing many difficulties which might be solved without his agency, supposes that Satan was efficient in promoting the study of Alchemy. Constantine and his companions had followed all the precepts of Hermes, but no gold appeared; and, weary and disappointed, they consulted the Angel of Darkness, asking him to reveal the means of effecting the transmutation and thus obtaining all worldly good and riches.—‘*Laborate, laborate, laborate,*’—was the reply which they received. Encouraged by the implied promise of success, they began the alchemical process again, and pursued the task so strenuously, that at length all their property was wasted, and they were reduced to the greatest misery. At last Constantine understood the meaning of the precept.—‘Thus it is,’—he said to his companions,—‘that the lying Spirit deceives mankind by ambiguous truth. Leaving these vain labours, let us each adopt some honest calling. Let us work, and we shall be rewarded. And, obeying the infernal oracle in its real sense, we shall reap a benefit which it never intended to bestow.’

By the common consent of the ancient writers we are taught to consider Egypt as the parent land of alchemical sciences. Perhaps some of the numerous symbols which the Astronomer employed in common with the Alchemist, if not truly Egyptian hieroglyphics, may at least be reminiscences or imitations of the sacred character. The signs denoting the seven Planets are unquestionably of high antiquity, and figures resembling them though they may not bear the same signification, are found on Egyptian monuments. Sir Robert Ker Porter, whose drawings of the monuments of Iran have given us great satisfaction, discovered signs very similar to the characters of Astrology on the Takt Sulliman, or Throne of Solomon. There is only one on each stone, and at the corner. We cannot agree with him in supposing that they are numerals. The ancient Greek treatises on astrology, alchemy, and medicine, all parts of the great encyclopedia of Thauth, are filled with characters in the
nature

nature of hieroglyphics. Some are merely abbreviated or cursive representations of visible objects, like those employed by the Chinese: we may instance the following, which respectively signify the head, the eyes, the ears, the tongue, the heart, and the liver—. — The flow of water is visible in the waving character also applied to the watery sign ; and in  it is seen descending from the clouds as rain. Others are allusive or emblematical. Heaven and Earth are designated by the erected or inverted arch,  and ; Day and Night by the ascending or descending ray  and . The chemical elements of fire, air, water, and earth, are appropriately distinguished by erect or inverted pyramids, , , , . Compounded characters are formed by an intelligible analogy. One of the characters of the sun , placed beneath the hemispheres, acquires the meaning of night . And the sea is denoted by the character of water united to the moon . Objects known only to the mind, required arbitrary signs, such as  and , Angel and Demon. These characters have been engraved, but in a very slovenly manner, in the *Lexicon Græco-barbaricum* of Du Cange. We should like to have them collected by Dr. Young; whose acuteness and learning seem calculated to subdue the difficulties of Palæography. The subject is curious in itself, even if it should not tend to the explanation of the kindred signs of the Egyptians; and no attempt to illustrate the wrecks of the physical knowledge of antiquity can be without utility.

Surrounded by the monuments of primeval art, the Arab who sojourned in the land of the Pharaohs attempted to expound, perhaps to protect, the mystic marvels, by considering the idols and their attributes as the records of chemical science. Zarith, the son of Hamuel, penetrated into such a sepulchral temple as our late enterprising travellers have disclosed.* The explanations given by the Sage

* The book of Zarith is stated, and we believe truly, to have been translated from the Arabic. The author does not describe the subterraneous temple with the accuracy of an antiquary, but it is easy to recognize in his description, the scenes which have been made familiar to us by the persevering and skilful exertions of Belzoni.

Intravi ego et Oboel in domum grandem subterraneam, et postea intui ego et Elhasan universos carceres Joseph ignotos; et vidi in tecto imagines novem aquilarum pictas, habentes alas expansas ac si volarent, pedes vero extentos et apertos, et in pede uniusquisque aquilæ similitudo arcus amplius, quem solent ferre sagittarii: et in pariete domus a dextris et a sinistris intrantis, imagines hominum stantium, prout possent esse perfectiores et pulchriores, induti diversis vestimentis et coloribus, habentes manus extensas ad interiorum thalamum, imminentes ad quandam statuam sedentem intus in domo, in latere juxta parietem thalami interioris a sinistris intrantis thalamum contra faciem suam. Et sedebat in cathedram similem cathedræ medicorum, extractam a statua illa, et habebat in gremio suo super brachiis suis et in manibus extensis super genua sua tabulam marmoream extractam ab ea, et digiti manuum ejusdem erant sub tabula reflexi desuper ac si teneret

Sage of the figures which he saw, or fancied that he saw, on the marble tablet, which the idol supported on its knees, of the birds, the suns, the moons, the spheres, form an alchemical treatise of the usual class. However absurd the interpretations may be, the Arabians only followed the Greeks in ascribing an alchemical meaning to the symbols employed by the hierophants of Misraim.

Alchemical symbols are discovered in the sacred edifices of the middle ages. Their appearance need not excite surprise, notwithstanding the seeming incongruity of their position. Alchemy was a most pure and a most holy art, vouchsafed to man by the benignity of Providence. Its lessons were sanctified by profound and mystic theosophy. It was a favourite study of the clergy; and a numerous and venerable cohort of adepts can be assembled from the cloister and the cathedral. The consecrated walls and the storied window have displayed the symbols of the magistrery and the elixir. And the blue lion and the green lion, the red man and the white woman, the toad, the crow, the dragon, and the panther—

‘Intending but one thing, which art our writers
Used to obscure their art.’—

were blended with the legends of saints and martyrs. Paul’s walk was the frequent resort of gulls and knaves, and sharks, and lawyers. The learned Sergeant of the coif from the Court of Common Pleas, and the sagacious cut-purse from the purlieu of Pickt-hatch all plied for their prey beneath the arches of the metropolitan cathedral. Westminster Abbey had equal honours, and its fretted aisles were the favoured haunts of the adepts. The Benedictines were great proficients in alchemy. Many of the Prelates of Westminster were alchemists of note and fame, and their church was adorned with the graphic allegories of the art. Such was the very remarkable device painted by Abbot Islip in his chauntrey. It continued there till the time of Elias Ashmole, when, to his great discomfiture, it was washed over with a ‘plaisterer’s whited brush.’ The hieroglyphic represented a triple sphere filled with mystical figures. At first sight the chief group might be considered as a representation of the fall of Lucifer; but the crucibles and stars and the other symbols interspersed amongst the devil and his angels, proved the chemical import of the hieroglyphical circles. Other emblems still exist in the Abbey, which tell to the initiated that the Black monks who once chaunted in the quire were deeply read in occult science. In the western window of the southern aisle, the magical Pentalfa still retains its station; and the rich pavement before the altar exhibits the celes-

eam, et erat tabula sicut liber apertus cuilibet intranti veluti si innueret respicere in eam. Et in parte thalami in qua sedebat erant imagines diversarum rerum infinitæ et litteræ de barbaria.

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tial orbs and spheres. Much about the same time that the Abbey painting was obliterated, the Puritans, quite unwitting of the loss which their misguided zeal occasioned to the Commonwealth, broke in pieces a splendid glass window behind the pulpit in Saint Margaret's church, 'wherein was fairly painted the whole processe of the worke,' but which process the churchwardens unhappily mistook for a popish story. Ashmole gives a detailed description of this remarkable painting. The window was divided into three parts.—'In the outermost whereof, upon the right hand, was drawn a man holding a boy in his hand, and a woman with a girl in hers, all standing in upright naked postures upon a green foliate earth. The man and woman had fetters wherewith their feet seemed to be chained to the ground, which fetters were presented as falling off from their legs; over the heads of these persons were the sun and moon placed and painted of a sad dark colour. Within the left side of the window was a beautiful young man clad in a garment of various colours, bearing a yellow cross upon his shoulders, his body encircled with a bright glory which sent forth beams of divers colours. He stood upon an earth imitating *oculus piscium*. At the foot of the middle part of the window was a fair large red rose, full spread, which issued rays upwards, and in the middle an exceeding bright yellow glory. Above the rose was the figure of a man rising with beams of light spread about his head (somewhat like the posture used to express Christ's rising from off the sepulchre). He had a garment of a reddish colour, diapered with red, and heightened with yellow. In his left hand, a white stone, which he held towards the persons arising in that part of the window on the right hand. And in his right hand he held forth a red stone towards him whose garment was of various colours. In the uppermost part of the window over the figures was transversely written as follows. In the first part of the left hand—*Omnes gentes adepti plaudite quia Dominus frater vester* 'In the middle part—*. at mittens spiritum suum, ecce nova facio omnia celum et t* In the third, on the right hand—*Factus quasi unus ce ia . . . angelis tibi.*'—An armorial bearing which was painted amongst the ornaments might lead to a discovery of the person by whom the emblems were devised.

The alchemical dragons are sculptured at Ely and even on many of our Norman portals. In the east window of the Abbey Church at Bath, the sun and the moon and the seven stars are yet seen in the topmost spandrels. It may be conjectured that they are the remnants of some alchemical representation, placed there by William Bird, the last Prior of the house and an artist of great renown. Prior Bird made good use of the riches which he derived from alchemy, and expended large sums in endeavouring to finish the Abbey. We are inclined to think that the singular repre-

sentation of Jacob's dream which adorns the west front, must be considered as an alchemical allegory rather than as a scriptural history. Both in character and in disposition the sculptures are unlike any others remaining upon our monuments of ecclesiastical architecture; and the alchemist, like the wizzard, would often palter in a double sense. The Prior was deprived of his treasure: it was reft from him in obedience to the never-varying fatality, leaving him nought but misery.

'He had our stone, our medicine, our elixir and all,
Which when the abbey was suppressed he hid in a wall;
And ten days after he went to fetch it out,
And there he found but the stopple of a clout;
'Then he tould me he was in such an agonie,
That for the losse thereof he thought he should be frenzie;
And a toy tooke him in the head to run such a race,
That many year after he had no settling place;
And more he is darke, and cannot see,
But hath a boy to lead him through the countre.'

The allegories of alchemy often lurk in places where they are least suspected. On a boss which has fallen from the groined roof of the Cathedral of Saint David are seen three rabbits, so disposed, that, although each head is complete, there are only three ears amongst them all. The verger merely desires the visitor to notice the ingenuity of the sculptor; but if we only take the trouble to consult the last will and testament of the Benedictine, Basil Valentine, we shall discover that these rabbits are in truth 'the hunt of Venus,' and that they afford no small help in the concoction of the philosopher's stone. Possibly they may also be found in the fair and lively hieroglyphical pictures representing the whole process, which that same learned Adept caused to be limned in the cloister of Walkenreed, in the Hercynian forest. Many of the ecclesiastical buildings of France were also ornamented with the symbols of the work of alchemy. In the cloister walk surrounding the cemetery of the Innocents at Paris, Nicholas Flamel and Petronella caused to be depicted 'the most true and essential marks or signs of this art, yet under veils, types and hieroglyphical covertures, such as they found them illuminated in the ancient volume from which they learnt the secret of the elixir of life;' some of these paintings existed till the demolition of the cloister. A theological as well as an alchemical interpretation could be given to parts of these celebrated hieroglyphics, which long continued to tempt and torture the wits of the Alchemical tyro. St. Peter in yellow and red, and St. Paul in white and yellow, might meet the eyes of the vulgar; but the figures 'are 'not made for those who have never read the books of the philosophers,

‘losophers, and who, not knowing the metallic principles, or ‘first matter of metals, cannot be called children of wise men.’ William of Paris erected the West Front of Notre Dame; and it is said that the statues and medallions which enrich that noble monument, reveal all the methods which are to be taken for completing the Great Work; there is not a figure which does not bear a hidden sense. Amongst others a basso relievo of Job surrounded by his comforters was intended to represent—not the alchemist—but the stone itself, which, as Raymond Lully observes, must undergo every kind of affliction and martyrdom before it can attain perfection. William of Paris also raised a statue which stood in the parvis of Notre Dame, a tall and haggard figure of a man with a serpent twisted about his feet, a representation of the alchemical Mercury. We believe it existed until the Revolution. Sometimes the same representations are found on civil edifices. Many figures were sculptured on the front of the dwelling-house of Nicholas Flamel and Petronella, which the Alchemist explained like his other hieroglyphics. We might say more upon this subject, if we could borrow the assistance of the graver. The emblematical iconology of the middle ages has not yet been sufficiently studied, and we give these details for the purpose of exciting further investigation.

That the alchemists possessed a certain portion of useful knowledge cannot be doubted. Mr. Brande, who has ably traced the history of chemistry from its rude and empirical origin until the present era, says that the works ascribed to Geber contain matter that well justifies the praise of Boerhaave, who considers him as a first-rate philosopher of his age. But the secrecy which the alchemists affected, repelled improvement: almost every discovery died with its inventor. Until the triumphal chariot of Antimony rolled forth, and the bold but credulous physicians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries borrowed the powerful *materia medica* which they found in the laboratory, by which they discomfited the followers of Galen, the chemistry of Hermes had scarcely produced any practical benefit in the higher pursuits of science. And the assistance which some of its preparations afforded to a few branches of the arts, was accomplished rather by accident than by intention. Mr. Brande observes that

‘The transmutation of baser metals into gold and silver, which was the chief, and, in most cases, the only object of the genuine alchemists, was not merely regarded as possible, but believed to have been performed, by some of the more enlightened chemists of the seventeenth century; and in perusing the history of these transmutations, as recorded by Helvetius, Boerhaave, Boyle, and other sober-minded

men, it would be difficult to resist the evidence adduced without the aids of modern science. Lord Bacon's sound sense has been arraigned for his belief in alchymy, though he in fact rather urges the possibility than the probability of transmutation; and, considering the infant state of the experimental sciences, and of chemistry in particular, in his age, and the plausible exterior of the phenomena that the chemists were able to produce, he is rather to be considered as sceptical than credulous, upon many of the points which he discusses.'

According to the traditions of the alchemists, the first gold coined in England after the conquest was produced by *projection*. Raymond Lully, the Catalan, who visited this country in the reign of Edward I., created the gold which was stamped in the rose-noble of that monarch; and the image of the sun surmounted by the mystical flower, as well as the inscription impressed on the obverse, 'Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat,' must, according to the adepts, be considered as denoting the art which formed the precious metal. Raymond was hospitably received by Abbot Cremer in the Abbey of Westminster, and many years after his decease, a little chest, filled with the powder of transmutation, was found in the cell which he had inhabited. His principal domicile, however, appears to have been in St. Katherine's Hospital, where he wrote his last will and testament, which he dedicated to King Edward. Without doubt Raymond Lully chose this residence on account of its convenient contiguity to the Tower of London, in which he carried on the process. At one operation alone we are told that he changed fifty thousand pounds weight of quicksilver, lead and tin, into pure gold; and according to credible authorities he furnished his Majesty's Mint, first and last, with bullion to the amount of six millions sterling. It appears from the last will and testament of Abbot Cremer, who introduced the Philosopher to the Monarch, that at length he refused to make any more money for King Edward. 'Lully, who was a worthy man, only granted the subsidy upon condition that it should be employed in making war upon infidels and unbelievers; whereas the King thought he was performing his part of the treaty with equal advantage to Christendom by spending the supplies in making war upon the Scots. In consequence of this dispute King Edward waxed wroth, and, as Ashmole saith, he ungratefully confined Lully in the Tower of London, where he remained a long time, until at length he made his escape in the disguise of a leper. Friar Raymond, if he had been kept in good humour, would have changed all the stock in trade of the 'Braziers of Lothbury' into pure gold, and the nation might have dispensed with the aid of the Hermetic professors, who, of late years, have effected far more wondrous transmutations in and about the same neigh-

neighbourhood. How far Philip de Willoughby, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the year 1313, when Raymond Lully was lost to this kingdom, deserved impeachment for his negligence, cannot be well ascertained at this distance of time; yet it is very clear that a little more attention would have saved a world of trouble to his successors in that high office.

Frederick III. Emperor of Germany, caused a medal to be struck of the gold produced by an alchemical operation, which was performed in his presence by a quack of the name of Richterhausen. Frederick was so well satisfied, that he granted letters of nobility to the adept, and called him up amongst the Barons of the Holy Roman empire by the appropriate style of 'Baron of Chaos.' Such a Fief was worth a fortune, and accordingly wherever he went, the Baron of Chaos met with capital success. At the court of the Elector of Mayence he offered to effect a transmutation, for which purpose he produced a small portion of the matter of projection, in shape and size like a lentil. The powder had been mixed up with gum tragacanth, for the purpose, as he said, of binding it, and then again the pellet was enveloped in wax. The Elector was desirous to put it, together with four ounces of quicksilver, in a crucible, which was afterwards covered with charcoal. The Elector and the Baron of Chaos—we like to repeat his title—then blew the fire lustily—or, as Monconnis expresses their diligence, '*ils commencèrent à souffler d'importance*'—and at the expiration of half an hour the crucible was taken from the furnace, and the Baron poured out the molten gold. The liquid metal appeared of a bright red, and the Baron exclaimed that its touch was too high—it must be lowered by the addition of silver. The Elector threw in a bar of silver, and after a second fusion the metal was cast in an ingot. It was very pure, but rather brittle. The Baron of Chaos easily accounted for this defect,—some particles of tin probably adhered to the ingot mould, but a third fusion would remove the alloy.—This was done at the mint, and the gold then became exceedingly ductile; 'and the mint-master told his Serene Highness that he had never seen such fine gold, and that its touch was *more* than twenty-four carats.' Monconnis tells the story in the words of the Elector, and it is evident that both of them believed that a real transmutation had taken place. From the relation, it is equally evident that the Baron of Chaos practised one of the juggling tricks of the 'elvish-craft' which have been so well described by Dan Chaucer.

'The Priest him busieth all that ever he can
To don as this Chanoun, this cursed man,
Commandeth him, and fast blew the fire
For to come to the effect of his desire;

And

And this Chanon right in the mean while
 All ready was this Priest eft to beguile,
 And for a countenance in his hand bare
 An hollow stick, (take, keep, and beware,)
 In the end of which an ounce, and no more,
 Of silver limaille put was as before;
 Was in his coal, and stopped with wax well
 For to keep in his limaille every del.
 And while this Priest was in his business,
 This Chanoun with his stick gan him dress
 To him anon, and his powder cast in,
 As he did erst, (the devil out of his skin
 Him turn, I pray to God, for his falsehede,)
 For he was ever false in thought and deed,
 And with his stick above the crosslet,
 That was ordained with that false get,
 He stirreth the coals, till relenten gan
 The wax aguin the fire as every man
 But he a fool be, wot well it wote need,
 And all that in the stick was out yede;
 And in the crosslet hastily it fell.

Less fortunate than the Baron of Chaos was an alchemist of the name of John Henry Muller, who originally practised as a barber in Alsace, his native province. The court of the Emperor Rodolph, a munificent patron of the occult sciences, offered great temptations to adventurers of this description, and Muller's management of the Emperor was so satisfactory, that he obtained large presents. He was exalted into the caste of nobility, and his humble surname of 'Muller,' or 'Miller' was judiciously expanded into the title of 'Baron of Mühlenfels,' 'The Rock of the Mill.' After many adventures the Baron of Mühlenfels arrived at Stutgard. Duke Frederick of Wirtemberg was as ardent an alchemist as the Emperor, and the Baron performed many transmutations with great success. The Duke poured the metals into the crucible, the doors of the laboratory were locked and sealed, and on the following morning the amalgam of lead and mercury was found richly impregnated with gold. Another operation, performed in the Castle of Reidlingen, had the same result. The Baron of Mühlenfels was enabled to effect the first transmutation by the help of a confederate concealed in a chest which was supposed to contain chemical apparatus; and at Reidlingen the same useful agent found his way through a vault. But the Baron was not allowed to enjoy his credit in peace, for now the far-famed Sandivogius made his appearance at Stutgard. Sandivogius, a real Polish nobleman, was universally considered as the greatest alchemist and magician of the age. The two adepts were placed in a dramatic situation, which

which would be ludicrous enough were it not for the catastrophe. The Baron of Mühlenfels was a credulous rogue, and, conscious that he was an impostor, he was dreadfully perplexed by the presence of a rival whom he verily believed to be a true master of the occult sciences. By insinuating to Sandivogius, (whose conscience was probably not very clear, and who seems to have been equally apprehensive of coming into contact with any genuine Sage,) that the Duke intended to put him to the torture for the purpose of obtaining the secret, the Baron induced him to run away from Stutgard. Mühlenfels then contrived to arrest the adept in his road, by virtue of a feigned order. Sandivogius was thrown into a dungeon by a village judge, Mühlenfels took possession of his property, which was very considerable, and the unlucky alchemist was nearly killed by the severities which the false brother inflicted upon him, in order to compel him to disclose the mysteries of the art; for, as we have observed before, Mühlenfels never doubted but that Sandivogius possessed the philosopher's stone. Sandivogius at length escaped from his prison, and accused the Baron before the Imperial tribunal. Mühlenfels was found guilty of robbery, and condemned to die. He begged earnestly to be beheaded, but the favour was not granted—he was hanged on an iron gallows, which the Duke of Wirtemberg had erected some time before for the punishment of a similar impostor; and, as an emblem of his crime, he was dressed in a garment covered with leaf gold.

The old jurists had some difficulty in determining whether it was lawfully allowable to make money by alchemy. Baldus, a high authority amongst the Civilians, gave his opinion, that the practice was legal. Our common lawyers thought otherwise, and in the reign of Henry VI. an act was passed, (according to Lord Coke it is the shortest in the Statute Book,) which ordains 'that no one from henceforth shall use to *multiply* gold or silver, nor use the craft of multiplication.' Boyle is said to have procured the repeal of this prohibitory enactment, on account of the impediments which it offered to the study of alchemy; but by inspecting the petition upon which the act was founded, it appears that it was intended merely to repress the ingenuity of a most unphilosophical class of artists. The Commons pray that the practisers of the aforesaid art shall, upon conviction, incur the punishment of felony; 'because many persons by colour of this multiplication make false money, to the great deceit of the King, and the injury of his people.*'

* Item, priount les Communes, que nul desore enavant use de multiplier or, argent ne art de multiplication. Et si nulles de ce soient atteintz qu'ils encourgent la peine de felonie; qar plusieurs hommes par colour de cest multiplication font faux monnoie, au grant deceit du Roy et damage de son peuple.—Le Roy le voet.—Rot. Par. 5 Hen. IV. 64.

Ashmole observes that there has 'been a continued succession of philosophers in all ages, though the heedless world hath seldom taken notice of them.' Like the brethren of the Rosy Cross they veiled their knowledge and their art. Paul Lucas, when he was at Broussa, in Asia Minor, in the year 1714, met a Dervise, an Usbeck Tartar, at a caravansary, whose appearance announced that he was no ordinary man. In the course of conversation, seeing that he could trust the French traveller, he made a confidential disclosure. He was one of the seven wise men who constantly wander through the world in search of more wisdom. Every twenty years they assemble, and at parting they name the town where they are to meet again, and Broussa was the place in which they now were to hold their meeting. After such a statement it may be easily anticipated that the Dervise hinted he was in possession of the philosopher's stone, which would prolong the life of the philosopher to an antediluvian period. Paul Lucas smiled incredulously.—Nicholas Flamel and Petronella possessed the secret, but they died (as we all must die) three hundred years ago.—Great was his surprise, when, in answer to this observation, the Dervise stated that Nicholas Flamel and Petronella were yet living; he had seen them in India about three years before, and they were his dearest friends. Paul Lucas, though ignorant and credulous, was honest; and as Monsieur de Chateaubriand could not detect Badia the Spaniard in the caftan of Ali Bey, we can imagine that Paul was equally unable to recognize a Frenchman beneath the karakalpac of the Usbeck Tartar. The opinion that the adepts communicated with each other in distant countries by means of a kind of Masonic or Rosicrucian organization, may not be wholly untrue. Soon after the noble owner of Ragley Hall was married to his present Lady, she received a letter under date of Frankfort, from a stranger. The writer made very anxious inquiries respecting certain alchemical manuscripts deposited in such a room in such a turret, which he described with accuracy. On showing the letter to her husband, he recollected that the manuscripts had certainly been preserved in the room designated by the correspondent; but that on the occasion of his first marriage, the chamber being wanted for occupation, and the papers appearing to be waste paper, they were committed to the flames. It was supposed in the family that the manuscripts had belonged to an adept who had been patronized by a Lady dowager about the beginning of the last century, and who died at Ragley; but as far as they knew, no person who could understand the papers had ever seen them, still less could it be ascertained how any intimation of their existence could be conveyed to the adept at Frankfort.

The race of the Alchemists is now probably extinct. One of the

the last true believers in the art was Peter Woulfe, of whom, Mr. Brande says,

‘it is to be regretted that no biographical memoir has been preserved: I have picked up a few anecdotes respecting him from two or three friends who were his acquaintance. He occupied chambers in Barnard’s Inn while residing in London, and usually spent the summer in Paris. His rooms, which were extensive, were so filled with furnaces and apparatus that it was difficult to reach his fire-side. A friend told me that he once put down his hat, and never could find it again, such was the confusion of boxes, packages, and parcels, that lay about the chamber. His breakfast-hour was four in the morning; a few of his select friends were occasionally invited to this repast, to whom a secret signal was given by which they gained entrance, knocking a certain number of times at the inner door of his apartment. He had long vainly searched for the elixir, and attributed his repeated failures to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. I understand that some of his apparatus is still extant, upon which are supplications for success, and for the welfare of the adepts. Whenever he wished to break an acquaintance, or felt himself offended, he resented the supposed injury by sending a present to the offender, and never seeing him afterwards. These presents were sometimes of a curious description, and consisted usually of some expensive chemical product or preparation. He had an heroic remedy for illness: when he felt himself seriously indisposed he took a place in the Edinburgh mail, and having reached that city, immediately came back in the returning coach to London. A cold taken on one of these expeditions terminated in an inflammation of the lungs, of which he died in 1805.’—pp. 25, 26.

About twenty years ago, another solitary adept lived or rather starved in London, in the person of the editor of an evening journal, who expected to compound the alcahest if he could only keep his materials digested in a lamp-furnace for the space of seven years. The lamp burnt brightly during six years, eleven months, and some odd days besides, and then unluckily it went out. Why it went out, the Adept never could guess; but he was certain that if the flame would only have burnt to the end of the septennary cycle, his experiment must have succeeded.

There were some amongst the alchemists, as is well observed by Mr. Brande, who conducted their pursuits upon rational principles, and ‘whose writings, though overshadowed by the clouds of magic and astrology, are in many instances illuminated by the rays of sober experimental investigation.’ They often indulge in the insane caprices of the mere searchers for the philosopher’s stone, but their madness has method in it, and their wanderings are ‘not without a plan.’—Respect is due to the memory of these men. They were misled only by their injudicious opinions respecting the power of knowledge. Believing that the inmost mys-
teries

teries of nature could be unravelled by art, they did not despair of reducing all the modifications of matter to the primitive element; and of causing the component atoms of the harsh and churlish ore to dis sever themselves from the combinations which wear the appearance of imperfection, and to re-unite in the arrangement which constitutes the pure metal of the sun. Mistaken, superstitious or bigoted, it was seldom that any mean or sordid expectation guided the Monk in his cell. Rejecting the fabulous legends which have been interwoven in the narrative of the life of Raymond of Majorca, we know that when he rushed out of the bed-chamber of Leonor, he abandoned the world, its passions, and its feelings. He would have contemned the boundless wealth which his alcahest would have created. The real alchemist persevered for the sake of science. He had formed an hypothesis, splendid though erroneous, and he laboured to realize his fallacious theory. But the vulgar adept was not deluded by these generous speculations. However he might endeavour to conceal his motives, by employing the devout language of the sage, he really only longed for riches and for the enjoyments which they can purchase.

————— ‘ my mists

I'll have of perfume vapoured round the room
To lose ourselves in, and my baths like pits
To fall into, from whence we will come forth
And roll ourselves in gossamer and roses.

My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With em'ralds, sapphires, hiacynths, and rubies.

————— My shirts

I'll have of taffeta sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs, and for all my other rayment
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot anew.

The adepts composing the class, of which Sir Epicure Mammon is a representative, were always doomed to disappointment, but never undeceived. No alchemist was seen to thrive by his art, and yet none would be warned by the invisibility of the riches of their predecessors. They would always lie to themselves, for the purpose of justifying their own folly. Their arguments display the ludicrous yet deplorable ingenuity exerted for the purpose of soothing the consciousness of the illusion which delighted them. Was the reason sought why the operator, who commanded more than the mines of Ophir, should enter the hostel, clad in a threadbare gabardine, his countenance hollow-eyed, sallow and hunger-worn, his aspect bespeaking utter wretchedness? An

answer

answer readily suggested itself, that following his high behest, he was wandering through the world in voluntary poverty, employing all his wealth in pious uses: founding colleges and grammar-schools, marrying young virgins, building hospitals, and endowing churches. Frauds were discovered, but the credit of the alchemist was never lost amongst the brotherhood. Detection of imposture did not disgrace the science. The Disciple affirmed that his Master willingly presented himself as a cheat, and purposely subjected himself to the disgrace of appearing like a trickster, lest the wicked princes of the world should seize the invaluable artist, and force him by scourge and fire to disclose the never-failing source of opulence.

It might be thought that the numbers who had lost their all in this 'sliding science,' would induce more correct though more uncharitable opinions. Yet alchemy stood its ground, and flourished; and the adept, though a felon by Act of Parliament, worked in peace with unchanged hope and unwearied earnestness.—All the sad experience which he obtains can never suffice for his instruction. Retorts burst, the crucibles are shivered in the glede, the projection evaporates in reek and fume, but the alchemist is not to be roused from his day-dream. Again he returns to the laboratory. He refills the alembic and the aludel; and the Bath of Mary is replenished anew. Salt, sulphur, and mercury are blended in proportionate measure, and once more the parched disciple of Geber watches the concoction of the tincture and the menstruum, whilst he nourishes the slow reverberating flames of the athanor. His diligence abates not with increasing age. His auburn hair has become grey. His limbs are shrunken, but still he labours without remission. Years roll on. The colours of the liquid change; it reflects the azure hue, which gradually softens into the play of the opal, and at length the iridescent tints concentrate into the gleam of the orient ruby. Breathless and feverish, he hails the appearances which the mystic sages of the East have taught him to consider as the tokens that the great work is fast approaching to its consummation. He rejoices. His toils are terminated, and the elixir is in his power. But at the very moment of joy, he discovers again that fate denies the boon: and the transmutation is as ineffectual as when, young in spirit, he first read the perplexed allegories in which he has so long placed his trust. And yet he will not learn the truth, but with hopeless eagerness returns again to the madness which lives in him even until he expires!

We readily ascribe this erring obstinacy to the ignorance of the 'Middle Ages.' Wisdom is attributed to our times because the true end of science is now rightly defined. Undoubtedly the
chemist

chemist has much more knowledge, but the average quantity in the wide world remains nearly the same. Men may become wiser: they cannot become wise. The most mischievous hallucination of the adept was not occasioned by his erroneous hypothesis; the disease arose from a disorganization which is still as prevalent as ever, and which no hellebore can cure. It affects the species, not the individual. It arises not from the head, but from the heart. It is a sin, and not a folly. Expectations which the ordinary course of events cannot realize, hopes which regular industry cannot fulfil, desires which all the mines of Ophir cannot satisfy, will always enslave mankind. Avarice in other days listened to the cozening promises whose fallacy is now proved; but the thrall of that bad passion who pined before the furnace, is now conducted to the speculations of the merchant's mart, or to the hazard of his wealth in the midnight den of the gamester. Those who are unable to acquire the practical philosophy of abandoning all wishes except such as can be dictated by prudence and accepted by honesty, have derived no great advantage, though knowledge has annihilated the temptation which punished the ancient alchemist with want and ruin.

Astrology, like Alchemy, derives no protection from sober reason, yet with all its vanity and idleness, it was not a corrupting weakness. Tokens, predictions, prognostics, possess a psychological reality. All events are but the consummation of preceding causes, clearly felt, but not distinctly apprehended. When the strain is sounded, the most untutored listener can tell that it will end with the key-note, though he cannot explain why each successive bar must at last lead to the concluding chord. The omien embodies the presentiment, and receives its consistency from our hopes or fears.

The influence of astrology over the individual often added to his energy. As such, it may have been a beneficial fallacy. No great undertaking, perhaps no good one, was ever accomplished but by him who firmly felt that he was called and named to accomplish the task. A philosopher of France, possessing great and deserved reputation, has told us, that modern science earns its chief honours by dispelling this enthusiasm.—‘Astronomy’—he observes—‘is the proudest monument of the human mind, and the noblest evidence of its powers. Equally deceived by the imperfections of his senses and the illusions of self-love, man long considered himself to be the centre of the movements of the stars. And his vanity has been punished by the terrors to which they have given rise. At length ages of labour have removed the veil which concealed the system of the world from him. He then found himself placed on the surface of a planet, so small as to be scarcely perceptible in that solar system, which

which itself is but a point in the infinity of space. The sublime results to which his discoveries have conducted him are fit to console him for the rank which they assign to the earth. Therefore we should employ every endeavour to preserve and increase these exalted sources of knowledge, the delight of all thinking beings. They have rendered important services to navigation and geography; but the greatest of all benefits which they have conferred upon society must be found in the removal of the fears excited by the celestial phenomena, and the confutation of the errors created by our ignorance of the true relations which we bear to nature.'—Such are the words of La Place, and the opinions involved in the general argument will be readily admitted. Yet it may be right that we should temper our exultation. We can now view the planets as they circle, without supposing that they are impelled by intelligences who exercise either a benign or an hostile influence over our actions. Renouncing the support derived from the star-gazer and the astrologer, we are freed from their unfounded terrors; but if it is a subject of triumph that the human mind should be thus emancipated, let us recollect the means by which the victory has been gained. We do not owe it only to the observations of the astronomer or to the truths of the Ephemeris. Nor do we vindicate our intellectual dignity if we content ourselves with remaining stationary in knowledge, as soon as we have learnt to withdraw our erring confidence in the supernatural effects ascribed to the works of creation and the forms of the material world, and to free ourselves from their imputed rule and mastery. When they strove to dissuade Elizabeth from gazing at the comet which was thought to bode evil to her, she ordered the Palace window to be set open, and pointing to the meteor, she exclaimed—'Jacta est alea—the die is cast—my stedfast hope and confidence are too firmly planted in the Providence of God, to be blasted or affrighted by these beams.'

ART. X.—*Viaggio da Tripoli di Barberia alle Frontiere dell'Egitto, fatto nel 1817, dal Dottore P. Della-Cella.* 8vo. Genova.

SINCE our Article on Fernando Po was out of the press we have been favoured with a copy of the journal of Signor Della-Cella, (noticed at p. 57.) and we hasten to lay some account of it before our readers. The Doctor ought to consider himself as peculiarly fortunate in having met with so excellent an opportunity of visiting one of the oldest and most celebrated of the Greek colonies, established upwards of seven hundred years before the

birth of Christ; and in being the first European to follow the footsteps of Cato round the shores of the Syrtis, and to explore a region untrodden by Christian foot since the expulsion of the Romans, the Huns, and the Vandals, by the enterprising disciples of Mahomet.

We cannot however, in strict justice, pay him the compliment of saying, that he has availed himself of these advantages to the extent which might have been expected from a gentleman of education, for such the profession of Signor Della-Cella would warrant us in supposing him to be. A very general view of the aspect of the country; a few critical remarks, of no great depth or importance, on certain passages in ancient writers; loose and general descriptions of various massy ruins in the Pentapolis; and some incidental occurrences, illustrative of the conduct and composition of a Tripolitan army, and its destructive progress through the Nomadic tribes which compose nearly the whole of the population of Libya, make up the volume.

Scanty and indistinct, however, as the information is, it is by no means devoid of interest; more especially at the present moment, when, as we mentioned before, we have an expedition actually engaged in traversing and exploring the precise line of country over which Della-Cella passed. It may not, therefore, be unacceptable to our readers if we furnish them with a hasty sketch of the route pursued by the Genoese physician, and of the few objects which engaged his attention, as preparatory to a more perfect and detailed report, which we trust, ere long, to be enabled to lay before them.

The occasion of this journey is thus stated by our author: 'Among the many monsters that are nourished in Africa, which from days of yore has been called the country of monsters, Mhamet Karomalli, the eldest son of the reigning bashaw of Tripoli, may probably be placed in the first rank. Of a mind so dull, that the light of reason has never been able to penetrate it, giving to the most brutal passions an unbridled sway, there is no species of cruelty of which he is not capable, no violence of which he has not been guilty: often has he been known to administer to his slaves doses of arsenic, for the express purpose of witnessing the convulsive struggles with which these unfortunate creatures were attacked in the agonies of death.' This inquisitive personage, it seems, had been dispatched by his father (who probably had some fears of having the experiment made on himself) at the head of a small force, to subdue certain Bedouin tribes of the province of Bengazi, who infested the shores of the gulph of the Greater Syrtis, ravaging the neighbouring country; and, what was of far more importance, refusing to

to pay the usual tribute. Karomalli so completely fulfilled the commission of his father, as to leave him of that tribe neither rebels nor subjects. Grown more insolent by success, he one day aimed a blow at his father, who, instead of punishing him as he deserved, or putting him in a situation where he could do no further mischief, appointed him governor of the provinces of Bengazi and Derna, on the eastern confines of the regency, where dwelt a powerful tribe of Bedouins, named Zoasi, ill-affected towards the Bashaw, and frequently in a state of open rebellion. Scarcely had this hopeful youth reached his government, when the old man was apprised that he had put himself at the head of the rebels, whom he was sent to reduce; and he soon found it necessary, for his own security, to dispatch an army under the command of his second son, Ahmet, to bring his first to a sense of his duty. Wishing to take with him a medical practitioner from Europe, Ahmet applied to the Sardinian consul, who recommended Della-Cella for the purpose; and the Doctor was accordingly engaged.

On the 11th of February, 1817, they departed from Tripoli, and reached Tagiura with about 500 men; here they were reinforced with more troops, the miserable and contemptible appearance of whom, appears to have struck our traveller with astonishment. The women came out of their houses as the Bey passed, chaunting, or (as our traveller will have it) roaring, with a hoarse guttural sound, the song of *lu, lu, lu*, which, being joined by the soldiers, made a sort of concert, or symphony, which the Doctor facetiously describes as not unlike the croaking of Dutch nightingales.

The hills which border the plains of Tagiura produce a great deal of saffron and of the *Cassia Senna*; while the lower grounds, along the sea-coast, are covered with palm-trees, from the fruit of which the natives derive a considerable portion of their subsistence, the juice at the same time supplying them with their favourite Laghibi or palm wine, which is harmless and pleasant when fresh, but sharp and inebriating if left to ferment. This beverage was well known to the ancient inhabitants, as appears from Herodotus. Groups of live-trees are scattered over these plains, which are left to thrive as they can; notwithstanding that the oil, which is occasionally expressed from the fruit, by rollers cut from the granite columns of the ruins of Lebida, is said to be of an exquisite quality.

About 3000 Moors and Jews compose the population of Tagiura, who subsist partly by agriculture, and partly by the manufacture of baracans and of mats, from the leaves of the palm-tree. Among them are a multitude of those idle vagabonds known by the name of Maraboos. They are a sort of privileged

impostors, similar to the fakirs of India, who play all sorts of frantic tricks. The profession is hereditary, and passes from father to son, and is so profitable, that the regency of Tripoli swarms with these lazy impostors.

The country near the sea-coast continues flat the whole way between Tagiura and Lebida, the Leptis Magna of the Romans, and Neapolis of the Greeks. It is divested of trees, but well clothed with grass; and being watered by rills, descending from the Gorian ridge of mountains, which runs behind Tripoli, parallel to the coast, here and there exhibits the appearance of extensive green meadows. These plains are named Turot. The water in the deep channels, at the time the Doctor passed, was nearly absorbed, and the little within them, as well as that which was procured near the shore from wells excavated in the sandstone rock, had a brackish and disagreeable taste. The rocky cliffs which skirted the plain were covered with wild vines, yielding grapes of an excellent flavour. Here the Bey spent a day in hawking, a diversion which our traveller supposes was carried by the Moors into Spain, and from thence spread into other parts of Europe.

On the morning of the 14th of February, at a little before sunrise, the thermometer of Reaumur was down to 4° (Fahrenheit 41°), which the preceding day had been at 16° (Fahrenheit 68°) in the shade. This difference in the temperature is by no means, as Della-Cella seems to suppose, peculiar to the coast of Barbary; it pervades all Africa, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Table Mountain at the Cape; and many times to a much more extraordinary degree than he mentions. These sudden changes are influenced by the numerous hills and beds of salt, probably every where found on the continent of Africa, and which were not unknown to the father of history.

At Lebida, 'undefinable ruins' are to be seen scattered over the surface, or half buried in the heaps of sand, which the united or opposing efforts of the sea and the winds have accumulated on this part of the coast. They consist of 'the remains of magnificent buildings, and dilapidated towers, and most beautiful columns of red granite thrown down, and fragments of all kinds of marble, among which were observed many of Parian, and of Pentelican, and also of oriental porphyry.' Here our traveller fell in with Captain Smyth of the British navy, who was employed in collecting specimens of these precious remains; but we cannot say that the masses of columns which this officer sent to England and which encumber the court-yard of the British Museum, at all correspond with the florid description of Signor Della-Cella, whom the reader must already have observed to be somewhat ambitious in
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his language: they are, in fact, bad specimens of a bad era of Roman architecture; 'ill-proportioned Dorics,' as Bruce calls them, 'of the time of Aurelian.' The best columns which the ruins of Lebida afforded, were eight of granite, one of which was broken, and the other seven carried to France in the reign of Louis XIV.

At the distance of three hours journey beyond Lebida, the army crossed the bed of a river called Wadi-quaam, which our traveller conceives to be, and which probably is, the same that was known to the ancients as the Cynips. According to Herodotus, this river descended from the hills of the *Graces*, a branch of the Gorian chain. The remains of an aqueduct, supported on square pillars, suggested the probability of its having, in former days, supplied the city of Lebida with water. 'Vast,' says our author, 'and fertile beyond belief, is the plain which, after an hour's travelling from the Cynips, opens to the eastward, as far as Cape Mesurata.' This agrees with what we are told by Herodotus—that the territories of Cynips were equal in fertility to those about Babylon, and yielded one hundred fold. Here are three large villages, whose population consists entirely of Jews and Maraboots; the latter holding the former in a state of subjection little short of slavery. Traces of an ancient people are every where visible in the fragments which are stuck into the walls of the miserable modern hovels; and the Maraboots have, in many instances, profited by taking up their abode in the more substantial remains of the old towers or castles.

Near to the sea, and at the distance of eight hours on the western side of Mesurata, there appeared a sort of oasis rising out of the sands, in which were the vestiges of an ancient territory, to which the Moors gave the name of *Orir*. The remains of massy walls, and of houses, with fragments of mosaic pavements, and of marble, testify its having once been a city of some renown, and the site of it appears to agree with the Cisterné of Ptolemy, being at no great distance from Cape Trierium. From this place the whole line of coast appeared covered with a succession of sand hills; on approaching Mesurata, however, the country resumed all its beauty. It was here that the *Λωτοφάγοι* lived, who are said to have subsisted altogether on the fruit of the lotus, now well known to be a species of the rhamnus, common throughout Africa, and accurately described by Dr. Shaw, Mungo Park, and others. The farinaceous pulp of the fruit affords now to multitudes, as it did in ancient times, a kind of bread; if left to ferment, and mixed with water, it yields a most refreshing beverage, which Herodotus calls wine. Extensive shrubberies of palm and olive impede the progress of the traveller; but the

the approach to the city is enlivened by the most delightful gardens, and fields cultivated with grain. The town itself consists of groups of miserable sheds, built with rubble stones and thatched with straw and palm leaves. The inhabitants subsist chiefly on the products of the soil; but they also manufacture for sale carpets of various colours, which are much in esteem for the fine quality of the wool, yielded by the sheep of this part of the country.

The Aga of Mesurata put himself under the orders of the Bey, with 500 horsemen and a proportionate number of camels; and the expedition, thus increased, entered upon a part of the journey peculiarly interesting from the notice which it excited among the classical writers of antiquity. The route lay along the western shore of the Greater Syrtis, that deep gulph so formidable to the ancient navigators of the Mediterranean, from its tremendous whirlpools, and rapid tides, its rocks and quicksands; but which in all probability will recede and vanish, like those of Scylla and Charybdis, before the enterprising researches of the modern mariner. Passing Cape Trierium, whose name corresponds with its form, they found on its eastern extremity a chain of rocks which, running from north-west to south-east, forms a bay called Kasar-Hamed, where small vessels may find shelter. This is the only notice our traveller gives us of any part of the coast of the Syrtis. The road from this place led (at the distance of one or two miles inland) across a dreary and desert region, well calculated to inspire melancholy sensations. 'Mi sentii,' he says, 'stringere il cuore all'aspetto di queste tristissime solitudini, per le quali era forza l'avventurarsi.' The few plants scattered over the surface were all of unsightly forms, rough with spines, and of a meagre and shrivelled appearance. The doctor made a collection of them; but he does not seem to know much of botany, or indeed of any part of natural history: we are glad to find, however, that the fruits of his industry are placed in the hands of Professor Viviani, who intends to publish a specimen of the Flora Libyca.

After a few hours travelling, the sandy surface was changed for one of swamps and pools of water, sometimes so deep and muddy, that the horses could not proceed without great difficulty and danger. The heat was suffocating, the thermometer at 23° R. (Fah. $83\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$), and that optical illusion, well known by the name of mirage, presented to the troops a lake so well defined by surrounding hills, that they began to scream with joy. We should have thought that this phenomenon could not have misled a native of Tripoly. The sea, on their left, was at the distance of two or three miles from the route; hid, however, from the sight by a continued line of lofty sand hills.

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In coasting this western shore of the Syrtis, to the southward, their provisions became scarce, and it was deemed necessary, on approaching a place called Labey, to send out hunting-parties; they appear to have been successful, but the only game mentioned by Della-Cella is a species of gazelle or antelope, and a small wild bull of a dun colour, having a tail furnished with a tuft of black hair; an animal so swift as not to be taken without the utmost difficulty. We should be induced to suppose that he meant to describe the Gnoo, if we could be sure that this extraordinary animal inhabited the northern as well as the southern regions of Africa.

On the 26th February, at a station called Zaffran, the swamps and salt marshes had disappeared, and the surface became more solid for travelling, and more agreeable to the eye, presenting meadows enamelled with a beautiful species of ranunculus with a large white flower, which our author supposes to be the *ranunculus asiaticus*. Here also were wells of water, less salt and muddy than those to which they had been accustomed of late. No inhabitants, however, enlivened the face of the country; but from various indications, it was evident that the Bedouins, on discovering the approach of the Tripolitan army, had fled precipitately with their flocks and herds from the tyranny of the merciless marauders. Proceeding along the shore, they came, on the 27th, to a lofty square column of sandstone, so much corroded by time, that the characters, which entirely covered the four faces, were quite indistinct; an hour's travelling beyond this brought them to a second, and, at an equal interval, to a third covered in the same manner. Our traveller could not, he says, make out one word of these inscriptions; this is very possible; but he might perhaps have told us in what language or, at least, in what characters they were written. What the object of these columns may have been, and what the ancient name of their site, he pretends not to determine, but suggests that Zaffran may be the Aspis of Strabo and Ptolemy; if so, it is not improbable that they may have served as land-marks for the port of that name, which was situated on the western shore of the Syrtis. Near the first pillar, towards the shore, was a ruined tower, surmounted by a cupola, which, if the author's supposition be correct as to the port, would answer to the Eufraonta of Strabo. We think it, however, a little fanciful to suppose this part of the coast to be the Carace of Strabo, where the Carthaginians smuggled the silphium of the Cyreneans in exchange for wine; and not a little so, to imagine the three columns to have marked the division between Carthage and Cyrene, because it is well known that the confines of these two states were the Philænean altars, at the head of the great gulf of Syrtis.

On the 28th the expedition had again to encounter the salt marshes, and to travel for ten hours along the edge of a swamp, about half a mile in width; at the head of which was a little rising ground, called Nehim; to which some wells of water, tolerably good, had attracted a tribe of Bedouins, who received the Moors with every mark of hospitality, offering them freely their cattle and their camels; 'and here,' says Della-Cella, 'we employed two days in plundering our kind hosts.' Directing their course hence, a little easterly, the swamps, after some hours, were succeeded by high sand-hills, the soil between which was so loose and cavernous, from the innumerable burrows of moles, rabbits and jerboas, that the horses and camels were in danger of breaking their own legs and the necks of their riders at every step. Flights of locusts covered the sun like a black cloud. At Geria, their next encampment, the water failed them, in consequence of which, the cattle, the horses and camels, were ready to die of thirst, and the troops were reduced to the last extremity. 'Ma fa sorpresa,' says our traveller, 'quanto la dottrina del fatalismo, profondamente radicata nell'animo de' questi Musulmani, li renda di una stupida cecità sopra i perigli che li circondano.'

The expedition had now approached that point in its route which the prolongation of the Syrtis forms to the southward, and which is now considered as the boundary between Tripoli and the province of Bengazi, as it was in ancient times between Carthage and Cyrene. This too is an interesting point in geography, as being the portal which may be said to connect the Mediterranean with the great internal desert of Africa. Their route lay over a surface strewn with a fine-grained movable red-coloured sand, gradually becoming deeper, till at last they found themselves enveloped in a tract of sand-hills, which obstructed the view and impeded their march; 'Lamentable,' says our author, 'would it have been for us, if the south-east or the south wind had sprung up in this part of our journey; the whole army must have been buried under these sands which the violence of the wind agitates into waves rolling like those of the sea.' It took them six hours to pass this perilous spot, when they reached a village called Barga, where the soil exhibited something like verdure, and a part of the surface was enamelled with flowers.

Della-Cella confirms the assertion of Sallust that neither river nor mountain marks the confines of the Cyreneans and Carthaginians; an absence of well-defined limits that was the occasion of constant disputes between the two nations. It was on this account that an agreement was made between them, that, at a fixed time, two persons should set out from each of the two capitals,

capitals, and that the spot where they met should be considered as the boundary of the two countries. The Philæni, two brothers of Carthage, reached the head of the Syrtis which was considered to be far within the territory of Cyrene. The Cyreneans insisted, that they had left Carthage before the appointed time, (which must indeed have been true,) or else that they had started from some nearer place, and therefore desired they would retire or consent to be interred alive on the spot; a fate to which they submitted rather than suffer the Cyreneans to carry the boundary one inch farther, to the detriment of their country. For this heroic act, we are told by Sallust, the Carthaginians caused two monuments to be erected there to the two brothers, which were called the Philænean altars, and which, Pliny says, were mounds of sand. 'What better monuments,' observes our traveller, 'could they have erected in this situation, to preserve the memory of their fellow-citizens, than the same hills of sand under which they consented to be buried!'

The caravans of Mecca, which sometimes pass from Egypt by this route, have occasionally suffered dreadfully in this part of their journey; and numbers of men, women, children, and camels, have been lost in these moving sands. In this, as in most other matters, the information of Herodotus is wonderfully correct. 'The country of the Psylli,' he says, 'lying within the Syrtis, is destitute of springs; and when the south wind had dried up all their reservoirs of water, they consulted together and came to a resolution to march and wage war against that wind: (I only repeat, observes this cautious historian, what the Libyans say:) and after they were arrived at the sands, the south wind blowing with great fury buried them alive, and the Nasamones took possession of their dwellings.'

Our traveller thinks, and we entirely agree with him, that the depression of the country at the head of the Syrtis, continues to the great desert. It evidently joins the desert of Barca, (the ridge of hills which proceeds across the northern part of Africa from West to East being here discontinued,) and Barca is connected with the Zaara: it is, therefore, by no means improbable that the interior of Africa may at one time have been under water. This supposition gathers strength, from the flakes of sea salt found every where on the deserts, the multitude of sea-shells and petrified fishes, the vast ridge of cliffs, full of shells and marine insects, which extends along the valley of Gejabib, at the foot of which is a beach of pebbles, and from other appearances, all of which indicate that these sandy wilds have once been a great Mediterranean sea, whose hills, and oases, and inhabited tracts, were so many islands. In this case the Great Syrtis must have been the strait, or passage,
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which connected it with the present Mediterranean, in the same way as that is connected by the strait of Gibraltar with the Atlantic; and it is in this point of view that we conceive an examination of the country at the head of the Syrtis must be highly interesting to the geologist. Della-Cella has done little to satisfy curiosity here; he is ignorant of the latitude of the head of the gulph, nor does he mention any thing specific, with regard either to its waters or its shores. It is still, therefore, a new field of inquiry for Captain Smyth and his associates.

In the course of two hours travelling beyond the termination of the sand hills, and chiefly over swamps and pools of salt water, the travellers reached a spot called Haenagan, where both sands and swamps, through which they had toiled for so many days, entirely ceased, and the ground became hard. Six hours more, in a northerly direction, brought them to Murate, situated on a rising ground, covered with shrubberies and enamelled with flowers. They were now, in fact, in the Cyrenaica, or Libyan Pentapolis; and as they advanced, the whole country put on an appearance of beauty and fertility, correspondent with its ancient character. A little beyond Murate, the surface, for two miles in extent, was covered with the ruins of ancient buildings, among which were those of a circular castle, surrounded by a ditch wholly excavated out of the living rock. Here also were still visible the remains of a magnificent paved causeway, which from the opposite hill descended to the castle, and crossed the ditch over an arch. At the entrance of the castle were rocks sculptured with characters which, our author says, were unknown to him, and which he had not time to copy. This is provoking enough; but we console ourselves with the hope that we shall yet be favoured with them.

Two more of these castles were seen on the road to Berchicamera; and for seven hours nothing but ruins met the eye. After this, they encamped upon the site of an ancient city, which must have been of considerable note, if we may judge from the description which our author gives of the remains of streets and houses, and the enormous masses of hewn stone every where heaped confusedly over the ground. Numerous wells of excellent water, excavated in the rock, attested a correspondent population that had long since passed away. The following day, having crossed the ridge of hills, a champaign country of great extent and beauty opened upon them, covered with verdure, and enlivened with numerous herds of cattle. Here too our traveller met with rocks, on the sides of which were sculptured letters wholly unknown to him, as usual, and not one of which he attempted to copy. He did not observe, he tells us, in these letters, 'the hieroglyphic alphabet,' (we suspect the

the doctor does not understand clearly what he is saying,) 'of which are composed the inscriptions of the Egyptian monuments;' and he, therefore, very shrewdly conjectures, 'that the people who, in the remotest periods of antiquity, inhabited these shores of the Mediterranean, had an alphabet and a language of their own.' A 'language of their own'! Not exactly so, if we may trust to one, who seldom deceives us: the language spoken by the people of Libya was composed of that of the Egyptians and Ethiopians;* it was, therefore, perhaps some intermediate language, between the Hieroglyphics and the Coptic, and if so, one of the most desirable reliques of antiquity.

The expedition was now approaching the heart of Cyrenaica, and the farther it advanced the more beautiful, we are told, was the aspect of the country, and the more abundant, magnificent, and interesting were the remains of ancient fabrics. Beyond Labiar, our author observed, among the ruins of an old castle, certain characters cut into the stone, which, he tells us, were certainly neither Greek nor Latin, but too much broken and defaced to induce him to transcribe them. This is the third time within a few pages, that he has thus unaccountably trifled with the opportunity of gratifying public curiosity, and, what is of more importance, furnishing a possible clue to the mysterious hieroglyphics of Egypt. Every hill as they proceeded was observed to be crowned with the ruins of ancient castles, and in several of them the whole rocky substance was excavated into cells for depositing the dead, or apartments for sheltering the living. In one place our traveller counted not fewer than two hundred sarcophagi hewn out of the side of a mountain within a very short distance. How he knew them to be so, or what their dimensions or shapes were, he does not inform his readers: indeed, as we said before, he deals only in generals; on the whole route we have not a single latitude of a place for our guidance, or the shape and measurement of a single object—the soil, in one place, is sandy, and mixed with pools of salt-water—the meadows in another are green (as meadows usually are) and enamelled with flowers—the sides of the mountains are sculptured into tombs, and sometimes into dwellings—and the surface is strewn over with fragments of buildings of times past:—with these general appearances, which enable us to decide nothing, we are tantalized from page to page.

On approaching Cyrene our author becomes a little more explicit as to the products of the soil. 'Miste agli olivi crescono giganteschi alberi di fichi, e carrubi, e pistacchi, e peri selvatici, e tutte in-

* Herodotus, Euterpe.

sieme l'aspetto del paese, abbandonato interamente alle sue forze, presenta maggior idea di fertilità, che non ne presentano da noi i suoli più industriosamente coltivati! He is so struck with this fertility as to express some surprize that one or other of the European powers had not already equipped a competent force to take possession of so fine a country, in imitation of the policy of the Phenicians, and Carthaginians, and Greeks, and Romans; and suggests that it would be a conquest worthy of Genoa! We are somewhat surprized that it did not occur to him that nearly one-half of his Sardinian Majesty's present dominions are covered with unprofitable forests, and that it might not be altogether suitable to the state of his finances to wage a war with the Grand Signior for a precarious settlement on the coast of Africa.

In the mountains of Cyrenaica grows a plant with a compound flower, of which the Bedouins eat the leaves of the calix, which is not unlike that of the artichoke, both in taste and appearance: the soldiers, too, grew so fond of it, that with difficulty our traveller was able to save a single specimen. Another plant of the umbelliferous kind caused so great a mortality among the camels as to occasion a serious alarm; and it is conjectured, we know not precisely on what grounds, that it might be the once celebrated silphium, the inspissated juice of which, manufactured by the Cyreneans, was in such esteem among the Greeks for its medicinal qualities, that the price paid for it, like the ginseng of the Chinese, was its weight in silver; and the figure of which was engraven on their coin. This fact, the Doctor seems to have verified by the acquisition of one of these ancient pieces in a high state of preservation, having on one side the impression of a part or section of an umbelliferous plant, with the word KOINON, and on the other, the head of Jupiter Ammon, who was held in much veneration by the Cyreneans. We subjoin a fac-simile.



Signor Della-Cella is the more inclined (he says) to consider the plant that killed their cattle to be the silphium, because Pliny informs us that the eating of it set the sheep asleep and made the goats sneeze. Pliny, however, does not say that it is fatal to cattle; but,
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on the contrary, that they became so fat by feeding on it that the Cyreneans lost this valuable article of commerce by the flocks of the Nomades having so completely destroyed it, that, in the time of Nero, a single plant being discovered was sent to that prince as a great curiosity. It is more probable that the drug (whatever it was) went out of fashion, just as, in our days, one nostrum drives out another. In fact, if the conjecture of botanists be right, the *Laserpitium* of Pliny is the *Ferula tingitana*, very common on the coast of Barbary and in Spain; and as he says its leaves resembled the *ferula* (or fennel), and a particular species of this plant is known to produce the assafoetida; the *laser* of Pliny, or the silphium of Cyrene, particularly efficacious in female complaints, was in all probability a drug analogous to that agreeable antidote against megrims and hysterics.

The site of the ancient city of Cyrene could not be mistaken; it immediately discovered itself by the magnificent ruins, and the surrounding calcareous hills eviscerated by the chissel, and their sides sculptured within and without. But we must here give, in the author's own words, an account of an object, the examination of which would be worth a voyage to the Pole.

‘Fra desse, merita di essere ricordato uno smisurato serbatojo, o acquedotto che dalla parte orientale si prolunga verso Cirene, e di cui le vestigia veggonsi tratto tratto a sorgere dal suolo nel progredire verso questa città. Metà di questo è scavato nella viva roccia, l'altra metà si eleva dal suolo ad arco, è tutto congegnato di belle pietre riquadrate, disposte in modo che forman più serie fra loro parallele. Ho trovato che internamente ciascuna di queste pietre era scolpita di una lettera d'un alfabeto a me ignoto; così la serie di queste lettere veniva a formare una linea, e queste linee si ripetevano per ogni serie di pietre. Tentai di copiarle, ed entrai con questo progetto nell'acquedotto; ma tra la poca luce che vi trapelava da' soli luoghi ov'era rotto, e l'acqua che spesso a lunghi tratti vi ristagnava, e l'incomoda positura che doveva prendere per ben riconoscerle, dovette ristarmi dall'intrapresa. Benchè questi caratteri, del pari che altre iscrizioni segnate sopra queste rovine, appartenessero a lingue perdute affatto; tuttavia io non ho mai avvisato essere inutil cosa il registrarli, quando mi è occorso di trovarne. Oltrechè questi caratteri possono per avventura fornire qualche nuovo elemento agli alfabeti tuttora oscuri di coteste lingue, conservano ancora solenni documenti de' popoli a diversa lingua, che in queste contrade mano a mano vennero a stabilirsi. Sono questi i soli documenti che ci ritengono dall'abbandonarci interamente all'autorità de' greci scrittori, i quali si sa che mossi da soverchia tenerezza per le cose loro, non sapevan temperarsi dal vedere greche origini ovunque vedean traccie d'incivilimento, e non videro difatti che Greci, e discendenti dalla colonia di Tera, nella Cirenaica.’—p. 135.

The coin of which the following is a copy is curious, the horse and the

the wheel, and the ΚΥΡΑΝΑ, confirming all that has been said by Herodotus and others, of the fondness of the Cyreneans for horsemanship and chariot-driving; in which they so much excelled, that the Grecians learned from them the manner of guiding their chariots with four horses abreast.*



Our author observed on the corner of one of the streets, inscribed in large characters, the word ΙΠΠΙΚΟΣ, and on all the roads and streets in and about the city the marks of wheels deeply cut into the rock. He also found, as he supposes, the celebrated fountain of Cyrene, 'one of the clearest and most copious springs that he ever beheld;' it was so abundant as even to be honoured with the notice of the Bey Ahmet. Meeting our author one day on his return from Cyrene, with his usual tone of contempt he thus addressed him: 'All you Christians have the same taste for searching the old buildings that are to be met with in the states of my father; but, tell me, hast thou discovered any great treasure in Grenna?' (Kurin). 'Signor,' I replied, 'there bursts forth from the side of these mountains, a stream of the purest water sufficient to quench the thirst of your whole army, and of all the Bedouins and their cattle which follow it, without its being in the least degree diminished'—and this, it seems, was the only object that excited his curiosity in the whole journey. He and his troops and slaves were constantly washing themselves in the stream once sacred to Apollo, and now, says Della-Cella, contaminated by these barbarians! Near this fountain lay a number of mutilated statues, with their pedestals; vaults, or sarcophagi, as the Doctor calls them, were cut into the rocky sides of the hills, beautifully painted, (the colours as fresh as if newly applied,) and covered with inscriptions; but here again we are left in the dark as to the nature of these paintings and inscriptions. The wide expanded plain which slopes gradually towards the sea-shore from the foot of these hills, was found to correspond fully with the description of the Cyrenaica as given by Herodotus. It is truly delightful thus to find this venerable writer so correctly, we might almost say so minutely informed of all that he advances. 'The territory of Cyrene,' he says, 'is higher than the rest of the Libyan nomades, and contains three regions deserving of notice. As soon as the harvest of the maritime district is laid

* Herodotus, Melpom.

in and the vintage ended, the fruits of the second region, called the hilly country, arrive at maturity; and whilst they are carrying off, those of the higher part become ripe: so that during the time they eat and drink the first productions the next crop is perfectly ready. Thus the Cyreneans are eight months employed in a continual succession of harvests.*

The highest ridge of the Cyrenaica is estimated by Della-Cella at 2000 feet nearly above the level of the Mediterranean; and even at this height the rocks are filled with shells, mostly bivalves, and of the genera *Cardium* and *Pecten*, the same which chiefly occur in the very heart of the desert. The sloping plain terminates on the sea-shore in an abrupt and lofty precipice, which, to use our author's words, serves as a pedestal to it. A deep chasm, through which the sea has broken, forms the port of Apollonia. Among the majestic ruins of this place were numerous columns of Pentelican marble yet untouched, and masses of granite hewn into square blocks. Here, too, were the remains of an aqueduct, and many Greek and Latin inscriptions.

From Cyrene the army marched on Derna, but not before it had received intelligence that the rebel Bey had retreated to Bomba on the frontiers of Egypt, and finally fled to Cairo. During eight hours travelling between Cyrene and Gobbo, along the ridge of the hills, the remains of ancient buildings perpetually occurred; the road was mostly hollowed out of the living rock, and deeply indented with the marks of wheels; and from Gobbo to Derna it winded among rocks and precipices, and through thickets of cypress. Derna is a mere collection of hovels, but the plain around it is described as very fertile, abounding with palm trees, beautiful olives and vines, and figs and apricots, and pomegranates, and other kinds of fruits, and above all with the magnificent banana, or *musa paradisiaca*.—Two copious springs not only serve to irrigate the gardens, but afford to the inhabitants of the town and a neighbouring village called Bemensura, an ample supply of excellent water. Honey, in the greatest abundance and of the finest quality, is found among the rocks and hills of Derna: and we understand from a recent visitor, sent by our Consul at Tripoli, that a forest of timber trees exists at no great distance from the coast, of a size sufficient to build ships of the largest class, and that a thousand ship-loads of it might be procured without the least difficulty.

At Derna, our author says, they found but too many traces of the cruelties practised on the inhabitants by the rebel Bey, before he evacuated the place. As this was the case, Ahmet was gra-

* Herodotus, Melpom.

ciously pleased to be satisfied with requiring twenty-two of the most wealthy of the Bedouins, who had espoused the cause of Karomalli, to be sent to Tripoli as hostages for the good behaviour of their tribe, who, with the greatest good-will, stood forth and volunteered the journey, on an understanding that they would be placed under the special protection of the Bashaw. How religiously this was extended to them, we shall have occasion to show.

From Derna to the gulph of Bomba, the whole route exhibited memorials of an ancient population, but every thing before them wore the melancholy aspect of total neglect, abandonment, and desolation. The alpine country, however, was beautifully diversified by thick forests of evergreens, among which were the cypress, the thuia, the arbutus, the Phenician juniper, myrtles of gigantic size, the carab tree, and laurels in the greatest abundance. These noble plants were not in continued woods, but interrupted by the rocky summits of hills, and broken into a thousand picturesque shapes. Through such a country, abounding with rills of the clearest water, it took them eight days to reach Bomba, a vast arm of the sea, within which is the port of Menelaus. As this is the last spot under the dominions of the Bashaw of Tripoli and the first of the Egyptian province, the whole of the inhabitants fled into the latter as to a place of safety, on the approach of the Bey, who coolly observed they had done right, as, if they had remained, he certainly would have exterminated them—*selon les règles*.

Having thus happily cleared the eastern confines of the province of Tripoli of its inhabitants, and driven the rebel Bey into Egypt, the victorious army returned to Labiar, and from thence to Bengazi. Over the whole extent of this latter city are scattered beautiful hewn stones, and other fragments of ancient buildings. It is, however, a wretched place, consisting of about 5000 inhabitants, one half of whom at least are Jews. The Bedouins, not long before, had driven them out by main force and established themselves in their places. The Jews applied to the Bashaw, but as they had paid the tribute for that year, and the new settlers had hastened to do the same, the Bashaw was too well pleased with his good city of Bengazi, which had paid him two tributes in one year, to interfere between the parties. All the cattle, wool, woollen cloths, butter, honey, and ostrich feathers, the produce of Cyrenaica, are brought to the port of Bengazi and pass through the hands of the Jews, who form the industrious part of the population. The island of Malta receives a considerable portion of its cattle from Bengazi. The wool is mostly sent to Tripoli, and the ostrich feathers to Leghorn and Marseilles.

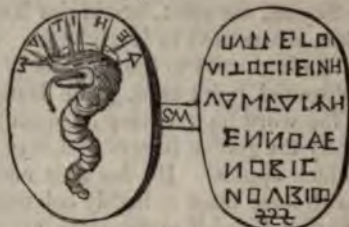
It would be a great want of curiosity in any traveller who visited
this

this city, raised on the ruins of ancient Berenice, not to make some researches into the situation of the celebrated Gardens of the Hesperides, which the best authorities have placed in the south-eastern corner of the Great Syrtis; for whether these gardens actually existed in nature or only in the lively imagination of the Greeks, it is quite certain that this is the position assigned to a particular district of the name of Hesperides, both by Herodotus, and that plain matter-of-fact man Scylax, the pilot, (as Major Rennell calls him,) who, in point of time, wrote next to Herodotus. Neither of these authors assigns any fabulous story to the gardens of the Hesperides; and it has been a disputed point among the learned whether the double meaning of the word *μηλον* (sheep or apple) might not have led the poets to typify the golden fleeces of Libya under the more alluring name of golden apples. Be this as it may, the district of Hesperides appears to have been as highly celebrated for its fruits as its wool; and Scylax himself enumerates, among its vegetable treasures, the lotus, various kinds of apples, pomegranates, pears, arbutus, mulberries, vines, myrtles, laurels, olives, almonds, and walnuts; all, or most of which still grow wild in this part of the Cyrenaica; and we have heard of the well wooded hills in the neighbourhood of Derna.

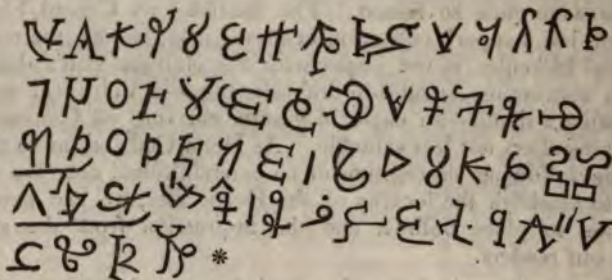
Near this city are also found a great variety of precious stones, mostly intaglios, cut with that exquisite skill for which the Cyrenaicans were once so famed. The British Vice Consul, Signor Rossoni, has a superb collection of these gems; among the rest, a beautiful Hercules in red jasper with his club and lion's skin—a Chiron instructing Achilles to draw the bow—a Vulcan in agate, fabricating a shield—an eagle in granite carrying off Ganymede; and many others not less valuable. As Della-Cella seems to think that the following description of an emerald found near the spot tends to establish the locality of the Hesperides, we can have no objection to place both it and the impression from the stone before our readers.

‘Il Signor Rossoni rivolse, fra gli altri oggetti, la mia attenzione, sopra uno smeraldo di 16-millimetri in lunghezza, e 12 in larghezza, convesso da ambe le faccie, che da una parte è segnato di greca leggenda, e dall'altra ha un dragone alato, che esce in serpe. Dalla sua testa sporgono sei raggi biforcati, all'estremità de' quali è scolpita una lettera. In questo dragone il Signor Rossoni si compiace di riconoscere il guardiano degli Orti Esperidi, ove appunto questa pietra fu ritrovata. Crederei più discreto il sapere qualche cosa dalla leggenda, anzichè dal dragone. E certo scritta con molti arcaismi, ma l'iscrizione è intatta, i caratteri son nettamente scolpiti, e tutto invita gli Archeologi a rivolgere sopra di essa le loro cure.’—p. 194.

We must observe, however, that the sculptor had certainly an odd notion of a winged dragon: it appears to us, with reverence be it spoken, more like the marine animal which inhabits the shell well known to school-boys under the name of periwinkle, without its cap; and as to the Greek inscription, which might throw some light on the subject, we must be content to leave it, with Signor Della-Cella, to the archæologists.



The characters which head S. Della-Cella's plate of coins are still more puzzling; he does not tell us exactly from whence he procured them, but we take it for granted they are those 'strani e bizzarri caratteri,' which with no small degree of labour he copied from the face of a large stone at the port of Apollonia. They bear some resemblance to the writing usually found on the Egyptian papyrus.



From Bengazi our traveller made an excursion to Teuchira, the walls of which are mostly entire, and enclose ruins of buildings of vast magnitude and extent: the hill on which the city stands is wholly excavated into tombs, of which he counted, at least, a thousand. 'Within the walls (he says) is a mass of indefinable ruins, from the centre of which rises a square monument of immense blocks

* We have inserted copies of these characters, in the hope that they may meet the eye, and exercise the ingenuity, of some of our learned countrymen, as we do not apprehend that the work itself will ever make much way in the literary world; indeed, we do not believe that there is a second copy of it in this country.

of stone, on every one of which is an inscription, encircled by a garland of laurel.' The interior side of the walls themselves is so closely covered (*tappezzate*) with Greek inscriptions, that he thinks one might find all the annals of this city registered on it. He accuses Bruce of a want of veracity or of ignorantly mistaking one city for another, in saying that 'he found nothing at Arsinoe,' (Teuchira,) and that 'the walls and gates of Ptolemata are still entire;' whereas (our traveller adds) Arsinoe abounds in fragments of antiquity, while not a trace of either wall or gate is visible at Ptolemata: he admits, however, that the ruins of this city are prodigious, and of a more majestic character than any which he had yet seen; among the rest he notices an immense tower, raised upon a rock, and built of huge square stones, which goes under the name of the Tomb of the Ptolemies. In most of the buildings of Cyrenaica, he says, the Greek style had evidently been adopted upon an Egyptian foundation, but here (in Ptolemata) every thing appeared to be pure Egyptian. As he describes no one object, however, so as to enable us to convey a distinct and intelligible idea of it to the reader, and we have nothing but an endless and unprofitable repetition of ruins upon ruins, we will here close our account of them.

And would we could here also close our account of Signor Della-Cella's expedition! But we have a dreadful tale to tell, which he has considerably reserved for the conclusion of his adventures; and must therefore intreat the reader to return with us to Bengazi, where we left the Bey in his triumphant route to Tripoli. At the conclusion of the fast of Ramadan, during which he and his ruthless followers slept all day, and committed all manner of debaucheries through the night, the scattered tribe of Zoasi were collecting round the city, to witness, by invitation, the distribution of the Red Bernous (the robe of ceremony) to their chiefs, by order; as it had been given out, of the Bashaw of Tripoli, as a test of conciliation, and in acknowledgment of their good conduct on the present expedition: at the same time it was stated, that the twenty-two hostages dispatched from Derna to Tripoli, would be sent back, that the reconciliation might be general and complete. On the 5th of September, the day appointed for the ceremony, the unhappy chiefs, to the number of forty-five, made their public entry into Bengazi. They were met by the Bey, who received them most graciously; conducted them with great pomp into the castle; and, while they were in the act of taking coffee, gave the signal to his guards, who burst into the room, and massacred the whole of them upon the spot! At the same instant, the troops were ordered to fall upon the assembled multitudes of the tribe upon the plain, who only escaped universal

slaughter by some delay that happily took place in marching out the cavalry. Apprized of the disorder in the city, and suspecting treachery, they hastily left their tents and their cattle, and fled for protection to the neighbouring mountains. The Bey, at the head of his cavalry, invested their encampment, where were collected their women and children, and such as had not time to save themselves by flight. The men and boys were instantly cut in pieces; and the women left to the ferocious brutality of the soldiers.

Some of the unfortunate tribe of Zoasi, who, out of curiosity, had followed their chiefs into the city, finding it impossible to rejoin their countrymen, had fled for safety to the tomb of a Maraboot. The Bey, not daring to violate this sanctuary, ordered that none should afford them any subsistence; and, having surrounded it with troops, made himself certain that famine or the sword would finally dispatch them. The whole city was tacitly interested in the fate of these unhappy men. On the third day there burst from the tomb a fine spring of water, and on the surrounding ground were strewed dates, and other provisions, of which these famished people partook. The whole population of Bengazi, and the adjacent country, assembled to witness this portentous event; and the Maraboot, who inhabited the tomb, gained by this artifice of humanity as much glory as the Bey shame and disgrace from his ineffectual efforts to complete his diabolical work of extermination; he consoled himself, however, with the spoils amassed in this glorious expedition; amounting, it is said, to 4,000 camels, 10,000 sheep, 6,000 head of cattle, and many slaves, besides a good deal of money.

A few days after this scene of slaughter, the twenty-two hostages arrived by sea from Tripoli; the vessel had scarcely entered the port, when it was boarded by the executioners; the unhappy passengers were successively driven upon deck, where their throats were instantly cut, and their bodies thrown into the sea. The bodies of two boys, one of five, the other seven years of age, were cast by the waves upon the beach, close to the city, and devoured by the dogs, no one daring to give them burial.

Not to dismiss the reader with the full impression of this horrible transaction on his mind, we shall just take the opportunity of adding, that since the journey of Della-Cella, Mr. Warrington, our consul at Tripoli, desirous of procuring further information regarding the Cyrenaica, and availing himself of the liberality of the present bashaw, who (notwithstanding his apparent participation in the events we have recorded, and a few other peccadilloes, *appertaining*, as Borachia says, *to a true Turk*) is looked upon as a mighty good sort of a man, sent, under his sanction, an Italian gentleman,

gentleman, as his vice-consul to Derna. On his arrival this person visited the ruins of Cyrene; found fragments of sculpture in abundance, a great number of brass coins, a female head quite perfect, and a beautiful marble whole-length statue of Hebe, as he conceives it to be, perfect in every respect except the arms, which had been broken off the preceding year by the barbarians who inhabit those parts, at the instigation of a Maraboot, who persuaded them that the deficiency in the last crop had been owing to the idol's appearance above-ground. Something, therefore, may be expected from researches in the Cyrenaica superior to those rude blocks, beetles, mummy-pots, and other odd 'pots of Egypt,' with which we have lately been somewhat too profusely favoured: such things are of little or no value as works of art, though specimens of them are so far desirable as they instruct us in the state of the arts at a period of very remote antiquity; but they must not be permitted to encroach upon others far more appropriate to the apartments of a National Museum.

ART. XI.—*Mémoires de l'Abbé Morellet, de l'Académie Française, sur le 18me Siècle, et sur la Révolution, précédés de l'Eloge de l'Abbé Morellet, par M. Lémontey, Membre de l'Institut, et de l'Académie Française.* Paris. 1821. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 584. 444.

IT would seem from this title-page as if M. Lémontey were the author or editor of these *Mémoires*, whereas he is only the author of the 'éloge' on M. Morellet.—Those of our readers who may have heard of M. Lémontey as a member of the French Academy, chiefly known in literature as an editor of memoirs, may be disappointed at this discovery; but we have a consolation at hand for them; this same M. Lémontey is the egregious savant who, in his edition of Dangeau, showed himself to be unacquainted with the *Mémoires de St. Simon*; which is worse than if the editor of Lord Waldegrave's *Memoirs* had never heard of Horace Walpole. Our regret, therefore, is, not that these volumes contain so little of Lémontey, but that thirty-two pages are wasted on his verbose and idle éloge; in which (soit dit en passant) he celebrates the 'doux accens' of the obscene and blasphemous Parry,—which also, as our readers will recollect, excited the particular admiration of that model of female taste and delicacy, Lady Morgan.

The *Memoirs* of the Abbé Morellet are written by himself, but, unhappily, as we read in the first lines and see in every subsequent page, were not begun before his seventieth year: this circumstance accounts for the want of interest in all the early part of these volumes. The old man prosed miserably through sixty years of his life,

and almost all, either of value or amusement, which the work may contain, is to be found in a few pages of the second volume, which relate to the events of the period between 1789 and 1800; these events were recent, and fresh in the author's recollection; and though he adds little or nothing to general history, the descriptions of one or two transactions in which he was implicated, are neither interesting nor uninteresting. The catch-penny title-page calls the work *Memoirs of the 18th century and of the revolution*,—this, they are not, nor (except in the title-page) do they pretend to be; they are merely the history of an individual, written from recollections, loose and vague as to the earlier periods, and minute and narrow as to the latter parts of his life.

It is, we think, much to be regretted that the Abbé did not begin his Memoirs earlier, or, at least, that he had not the advantage of compiling them from notes, made contemporaneously with the transactions,—he was in a situation to give us an accurate and instructive view of the internal workings of that literary machine of which Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, d'Alembert, Raynal, Buffon, Bailly, Duclos, Grimm, Marmontel and Morellet himself, were the principal wheels—of different sizes and forces, indeed, and moving in different planes and with different velocities, but all tending, more or less, to the great object of *Philosophy*—that is, of overthrowing the established religion and government of their country. All these men did not see this object with equal clearness or certainty, and some of them, when at last they did see to what their labours tended, were struck with alarm or repentance, and were anxious, when too late, to make such reparation as was in their power:—their repentance could not stop the impulse of the terrible machine which they had contributed to set in motion; but it has, at least, had the good effect of vindicating, in some measure, their own character, and of giving an instructive lesson to those, whom a youthful and generous ardour might incline to similar errors. This is the most useful, though not the most entertaining part of the delightful Memoirs of Marmontel, and this is almost the only merit of those of his uncle the Abbé Morellet.

Andrew Morellet was born at Lyons, in 1727;—his father was a paper-manufacturer, whose means would not have sufficed to give his children a liberal education—but there were in old France abundant opportunities of instruction, nearly gratuitous; and indeed it may be observed, that the numerous and splendid instances of persons rising from the humblest classes to the highest literary honours and emoluments in France, seem to prove that the ancient system of public education in that country (though now so much decried) had the double merit of providing instruction for those who showed a determined taste for literature, and of supplying to
society

society a quantity of educated talent equal to the demands of religious, civil, and political life;—in fact, the numerous class called *hommes de lettres* may be considered as the superfluous talent and learning, which the professions and business of ordinary life could not absorb.

Young Morellet, in the course of his collegiate education, became the companion of two men, both afterwards ministers of state, but of very different characters, and with very different reputations:—Turgot and M. de Brienne, Cardinal de Loménie.

Turgot was in youth what he was in age, grave, industrious, argumentative, and undecided;—a theorist, who could with difficulty descend to practice, and who passed his time out of office, and lost it when in, in a vain search after perfection, and in the Quixotic folly of attempting to subject human affairs to the precision of mathematical problems. The plausibility of reducing the art of administration to a *system* raised Turgot to office, and its impracticability drove him from it. He was generally right in his conception, but he did not know how to execute it;—and he brought into the cabinet an immense stock of knowledge on every subject, except *man*,—that, perhaps, of which a minister, and, above all, a reforming minister, has more need than of any other.

De Brienne, on the other hand, as industrious as Turgot, and not behind him in the power of acquiring knowledge, seemed to have taken an early resolution to *utilize* his acquirements; he studied men as well as books, and he has afforded us the extraordinary instance of a youth, of no high prospects, setting out in his college with the *resolution* of being an archbishop and prime minister, and of accomplishing his resolution!—and that too with the approbation of all mankind—‘*ni imperasset.*’

The connection with these friends, and particularly with Turgot, directed Morellet’s mind to political subjects, and chiefly to, what is called—heaven knows why—political economy; and as, in after-life, Turgot became the chief of the party called *Economistes*, Morellet was one of its most active partizans.

Morellet mentions that at the conclusion of their academical course, in 1751, De Brienne gave a festival dinner to him, Turgot, and about a dozen of their companions, at which, in a moment of gaiety, they agreed to meet on the same day, in the year 1800, to play a match of handball against one of the walls of the Sorbonne.—Alas!—when the day arrived, Morellet found that he had not only survived all the company,—‘but what,’ he adds, ‘no one had thought of, the very place of rendezvous!’—for the Sorbonne had ceased to exist, and the nation had seized upon property, which

which no more belonged to it than the universities of Oxford and Cambridge could belong to the British nation.—p. 21.

Fortunately for us, Oxford and Cambridge do *still* afford a just illustration of the Abbé's argument: but we have no doubt that if our reformers should succeed in revolutionizing England, they would act as their elder brothers did; and that the Sorbonne would, instead of a *contrast*, be a *precedent* for the spoliation of our venerable establishments. Nay, without a revolution, a certain education scheme, which we take the credit to ourselves of having materially helped to defeat, might have produced the same *philosophical* and *philanthropical* effect!—‘I have never,’ the Abbé adds with some pathos, ‘had the courage to re-visit the Sorbonne since the barbarians robbed it of the monument of Cardinal Richelieu.’

Morellet now became the preceptor, and, afterwards, travelling tutor of a young Abbé de Galaizière. After having, in this latter capacity, visited Italy, (of which visit there is a tedious account,) he fixed himself in Paris, on a small annuity settled on him by the father of his pupil; this income, too scanty for existence, was subsequently increased by one or two pensions from the Crown, bestowed by the Economiste-ministry for some works which the Abbé wrote, and for others which he intended to write, in favour of their system. We beg leave to observe, with what consistency these *Economical patriots*, on becoming ministers, granted their partizan a *pension* for the works which *he was to write*. Verily this equals the Scotch professor of medical jurisprudence of 1806.

The *Economists* were nearly allied to the *philosophers*; the former were often political lords of the ascendant, and the latter were always the dispensers of literary reputation: it is not therefore surprizing that Morellet should have become a philosopher, though it exhibits, no doubt, a whimsical union of characters,—a *pensioned economiste* and a *philosophe-Abbé*!

Morellet was soon enlisted in the service of the *Encyclopédie*, and contributed to that work, the Articles *Fatalité*, *Figures*, *Fils de Dieu*, *Foi*, *Fondamentaux* (articles), *Gomeristes*, &c. He also defended the *Encyclopédistes*, and attacked their enemies in several jeux d'esprit, in imitation of Voltaire; for one of which he was sent for a short time to the Bastile. He also now and then published an economical pamphlet, and made translations from the Italian and the English; of these the most remarkable was Beccaria's Essay on Crimes and Punishments, which he probably undertook by way of advancing the cause of *philosophy*, and which made some noise; the rest of his translations, and particularly those of his latter years, were made for a livelihood; for he lost his

his pensions early in the revolution; and *as early*, he began to discover that the revolution was not quite so fine a thing as he at first imagined. Like all other reformers, he was ready to level down to himself, but as soon as *liberty and equality* came to be practically applied to his own case, he saw in them nothing but oppression and injustice.

The Appendix to the *Memoirs* contains a list of seventy-two publications, chiefly in favour of reform, between the years 1756 and 1808; but not one of them is now remembered, and whatever little chance the Abbé has of being known to posterity arises from his *Memoirs*. In truth, his literary reputation was greater than his merit; and his conversation better than his writings; he was greatly *prôné* in the infidel societies of Helvetius, d'Holbach and Madame Geoffrin, because a philosopher of *his cloth* was a matter of some rarity and importance; and the accident of having survived so many illustrious acquaintance, of having lived through the revolution, gave him a degree of patriarchal importance in his latter years, which his mere literature could not have justified. In June 1785, he was elected into the French Academy—this distinction he owed to the party to which he had attached himself, rather than to his talents or his works. The following epigram, which ran at the time, is severe, but far from being unjust.

'Pour un triomphe aussi complet
Quel titre a donc ce Morellet?—
De l'impiété vrai soufflet;
Homme d'état par caquet;
Contre le misérable Linguet
Il a fait un méchant pamphlet;
Un dictionnaire en projet;
Maint et maint ouvrage guinguet;
Des talents de ce Prestolet
Voilà quel est le produit net.*

Our readers know that the *produit net* was one of the cant words of the *Economistes*; the *dictionnaire en projet* was the *dictionnaire du commerce*, for which the Abbé was pensioned, but which never was completed.

The editor somewhere compares Morellet to Swift; in truth, the Abbé sometimes translated and sometimes borrowed the pleasantry of the Dean; but he showed no original humour, and even his imitations are but clumsy performances; for example—he mentions with great satisfaction, as a most droll and original conception, a pamphlet which he wrote during the reign of terror, and which he, very reluctantly, was persuaded by his friends to sup-

* *Mémoires de Bachaumont*. Tom. xxix. p. 104.

press. The point of this agreeable production was, that the mob of Paris should eat the flesh of the wretches they guillotined. Our readers see, at once, that this is a plagiarism from the Dean of St. Patrick's 'Modest Proposal'; but mark the difference! Swift's Modest Proposal is a mere jest, which by its very exaggeration fails to produce any horror, and is, in fact, so treated as to excite none but the most amusing ideas. On the other hand, Morellet's piece was written in the midst of realities, nearly as horrible as those which he imagines. The murders were actually perpetrated; human corpses encumbered all the streets and squares; nay, there had not been wanting instances in which the insane barbarians had—without the Abbé's advice—actually devoured the flesh of their victims. The fiction had, therefore, in fact, ceased to be a fiction, and the joke was no joke, but a terrible reality; and we own it gives us no great opinion, either of the Abbé's head or heart, that, under such circumstances, he should have thought of treating the subject as a *pleasantry*. It was the same taste which dictated the *Bals à la victime* after the fall of Robespierre, of which the condition of admittance was, that every *dame* and every *cavalier* should have lately had a near relation guillotined!

Morellet escaped through the fury of the revolution by great good luck, and without any dishonourable compromise of his feelings; and when the storm had sufficiently subsided to make any courage available, he was one of the first to raise the voice of moderation and justice; but it was his reason, rather than his humanity or his religion, which prompted his efforts; and we are afraid it must be confessed, that his heart was not very susceptible, and that his christianity was little more than nominal.

In the account he gives us of his life and society previous to the revolution, he seems to take pride in not being an *atheist*, and leaves us to suspect that when he vindicated, against his profligate associates, the existence of a God, his theism, as he calls it, was not Christianity. As a specimen of the tone of society at the Baron d'Holbach's, a leading *philosophe* and a professed atheist, we are tempted to extract what the Abbé calls an *excellent scene*.

“One evening that Diderot and Roux had outdone each other in talking atheism, and had said things to call down a thousand thunderbolts on our heads, *if thunderbolts fell on such occasions*, the Abbé Galiani, who had listened *patiently* to this dissertation, at last said—“Gentlemen, gentlemen, allow me to say that if I were Pope, I would clap you both up in the Inquisition; or if I were King of France, in the Bastille: but having the happiness to be neither, I have only to promise to meet you here next Thursday, and I hope you will hear my
answer

answer as patiently as I have heard you." "Very well,"—we all exclaimed, and particularly our Atheists,—"*on Thursday!*"

Thursday came, and after dinner and coffee, the Abbé gathered himself up into an arm-chair cross-legged like a tailor; and as the weather was hot, holding his wig aloft on his left hand, and gesticulating with his right, he proceeded as follows:

"Let me suppose that one of you, gentlemen, who believe that this world is the production of chance, were to go to a gaming table, and that your adversary were to throw seize-ace once, twice, thrice, four, five and six times running, our friend Diderot would lose his money, and think the devil was in the dice. Very well; the game proceeds, and your adversary still goes on throwing his main of seven, and without variation or interruption wins every stake. Diderot will now lose his temper as well as his money: he will swear that the dice are loaded—that the adversary is a blackleg, and that the house is a *hell!* Ah, Mr. Philosopher! because the same sides of two dice come uppermost for ten or a dozen times, and you lose a few shillings, you firmly believe that it is caused by a trick, an art, a combination, by, in short, a *master swindler* and his subservient tools: and yet, seeing in the universe around you, millions of millions of combinations, more regular, more difficult, more complicated, and all certain—all useful—all beautiful—you never suspect that the *dice of nature* are loaded, that there is, indeed, an art, a combination, and a *Master Intelligence* above, who regulates the great play by his subservient tools, and confounds the reason and the skill of such short-sighted gamesters as you."—p. 132.

The rest of the discourse is wanting, which we rather regret: Galiani handles his illustration somewhat too lightly; but we cannot imagine what answer M. Diderot could have made, and Morellet does not inform us.

Our Abbé, having made acquaintance with Lord Shelburne, (afterwards first Marquis of Lansdown,) was induced to pay his noble friend a visit in England in 1772. Lord Shelburne seems to have treated him with the most attentive hospitality, and not only to have made him welcome in his own houses, but to have conducted his guest through a considerable part of England, and shown him whatever was most worthy of notice. In this visit Morellet made or improved his acquaintance with Barré, Garrick, Franklin, Sir William Hamilton, Sir Joseph Banks, Doctors Hawkesworth, Price, Priestley and Solander, Dean Tucker, Bishop Warburton, the Duke of Richmond, Lords Sandwich and Mansfield; but this catalogue of names is almost all that the Abbé gives us concerning these eminent men. He says, indeed, a few words of Franklin and Garrick, but they are neither novel nor interesting.

This journey, however, produced to the Abbé an advantage which some may think more solid than even the acquaintance of such persons, and which, for the singularity of the transaction,

transaction, ought to be recorded. When Lord Shelburne concluded the peace in 1782, he made a personal request to the French ministry, that some professional advancement should be conferred on the Abbé Morellet, 'for if,' said his lordship, 'my opinions have, in the course of our negotiations, been such as to obtain your esteem and approbation, I owe them to M. Morellet, whose conversation and information have essentially contributed to extend and *liberalize* my ideas on such subjects.'—This compliment seems to us so *outré*, that if the Abbé had not printed the letter, we should have a little doubted that Lord Lansdown could have used such an hyberbole; and even, as it is, we suspect a little exaggeration in the translator:—but the essential fact is beyond doubt—the request was made, and granted, and the whole affair is creditable to Lord Lansdown, to the Abbé himself, and to the French ministry who accomplished his lordship's wishes, after the Coalition had driven him for ever from the helm of affairs.

The Abbé in gratitude offered Lord Lansdown to be *cicerone* to his eldest son, Lord Wycombe, (the second Marquis,) in a tour through France—this took place in 1784, and they ran over 3000 miles in less than two months!—'for so the ardent youth would have it'—after which the Abbé accompanied '*young Rapid*' to England, and spent three months with his benefactor at Bowood. Few of those who could have known the Abbé in these visits are now left to feel the expressions of gratitude and respect in which he mentions his reception in England.

But we must hasten to the Revolution.

The Abbé, like all those who called themselves 'moderate reformers,' concurred, not merely in the first steps of the revolution, but in giving to those first steps the peculiar force and character which eventually produced so much mischief and misery. The younger and more desperate of the *philosophical* school threw themselves headlong into the violence of the revolutionists—the older and more cautious, like Morellet, joined the party of Monsieur (the present King), which, really—though, on the part of most of them, unintentionally—revolutionized France. Whether France was to accomplish a monarchical reform, or to suffer a democratical revolution, depended (as was well foreseen by Sieyes and his fellows at the time) on the *constitution* of the States-General. If the three chambers were to sit and debate *apart* agreeably to ancient principles and practice, it was evident that they would act as salutary checks upon each other; but, as the whole hope of the agitators was in the OVERWHELMING FORCE of the TIERS-ETAT, M. Necker was cajoled and terrified, and the king was harassed and betrayed into doubling the numbers

numbers of the representatives of the Commons. When this first plausible alteration was accomplished and the States met,—the next step was to give full effect to this double force of the Commons, by abolishing the distinction of chambers, and confounding the three estates into one supreme and uncontrollable assembly. The principal argument for this vital change was—as usual—the false step already taken: for ‘what,’ said they, ‘was the use of giving the Tiers a double number, if their numbers were never to be measured with those of the other orders?’—The argument was not conclusive, and might have been retorted; but the reign of terror had already commenced: Monsieur and his *bureau* had declared for doubling the Tiers, and, of course, for the union of the chambers—the example of the king’s brother afforded an excuse to the timid—the infuriate populace intervened in the discussion—the king yielded—the nobles and clergy reluctantly obeyed—the chambers were united—the assembly entitled itself *National*, felt that it was uncontrollable, asserted its sovereign power, and France was undone!

The Abbé Morellet feels all the importance of these first steps, and endeavours to defend his having promoted them—but feebly and in vain. He affects to believe that the subsequent conduct of the government gave these arrangements their fatal importance: but it is evident to any reasonable mind that the first and chief error was in the composition of the States-General: and the vehemence, the obstinacy with which the ablest men of each party contested this—which was popularly called a *mere question of form*—proved that they were fully aware of its substantial importance. We have hardly ever met a more striking instance of impudence or of self-deceit than the Abbé’s arguments on these two points; he admits the mischief of the measures: but the first (the *double Tiers-état*) was mischievous, he says, because ‘it assumed numbers, and not *property*, as the measure of representation’—‘a principle indeed,’ adds the Abbé very reluctantly, ‘which I was unhappily the first to advance in my pamphlet on the affairs of Brittany, but in which I was quite wrong.’ The second—the union of the Chambers—was mischievous, because ‘the government did not take care to influence, that is to say, regulate by corruption, the elections of the nobility and clergy!’—Thus it is with all these shallow-brained theorists; they abjure their own principles whenever they are to be brought into practice, and are eager to employ the arts of which they falsely accuse their antagonists.

We need not proceed with the dreary catalogue of crimes and misfortunes which the Abbé continues to unroll: but if he were alive we would tell him, and we tell it to those in our country
whose

whose weakness and vanity resemble his, that he concurred in the maturing of all these atrocities—that he is responsible, as far as an individual can be, for them; and that Necker and the rest of the moderate reformers—however great their subsequent horror at the crimes of the revolution—were in truth the second causes of the anarchy, of which, with a kind of chronological justice, they were also the second victims.

Amongst the royal institutions of France which the Revolution overthrew, was the Academy. Morellet, on this occasion, his own interests being at stake, behaved with some degree of firmness, and saved the archives of his society from destruction; and he had the satisfaction and honour of restoring to the revived academy in better days, the title-deeds of its ancient reputation.

We have before stated, that the pages which relate to the Revolution are the most interesting part of these Memoirs; but this seems to imply more praise than the work really deserves: for even in this portion of the work there is a good deal of prosing, and little of the *gesta* or *visa*: in truth our good Abbé appears not to have seen or done much,—too happy to escape, in an obscure retreat, the dangers which awaited him abroad. One whole chapter, the best, we think, in the book, is dedicated to a minute account of his attempt to procure from the municipality of Paris a *certificate of civism*. As we know not where else to find so accurate a picture of the revolutionary mode of doing parish business, we shall endeavour to compress into our limits the principal traits of the Abbé's narrative. We need hardly remind our readers, that a 'certificate of civism' was a kind of passport, without which it was dangerous, if not impossible, even to walk about the streets; and that the want of it sent hundreds to the guillotine.

'I had obtained,' says the Abbé, 'my certificate from my own section, and had taken it in the beginning of July, for final approval, as was the custom, to the Common Council at the Hotel de Ville; day after day I attended, and day after day was disappointed, until the 17th of September, when my case was finally appointed to be heard.'

What would our reformers say if, in this misgoverned country of ours, a poor devil were obliged to attend a magistrate every day for ten weeks, in order to obtain a signature to which he was by law entitled?

—'I arrived at the Hotel de Ville at six in the evening. At each end of the hall benches were erected amphitheatrically, which were filled with women of the lowest order, busy knitting, or mending waistcoats and breeches: their appearance was squalid, their eyes fiery with drink and rage, and their deportment worse than masculine. These women were hired to sit here, to fill the scene, and to applaud the actors.'

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‘About seven the President and his colleagues took their places in the centre of the hall; he and the secretaries at one side, and in front of them, on the right, the several members of the Common Council, and on the left the poor suppliants.

‘The business began by reading the minutes of the last meeting; in which the arrest of Bailly, late mayor of Paris, was announced, and the speedy death of this traitor and enemy of the people prophesied: this promise was received with shouts of *bravo*, and the most violent expressions of joy from all sides, but particularly from the women.’—p. 64.

Here it is impossible not to observe, that Bailly was a *philosopher*—the flower of moderate* reformers—the President of the States-general in the famous scene of the Jeu de Paume, where the assembly threw off the royal authority—the idol of the Parisians, who had elected him first constitutional mayor, but who now threw him into his own gaol, for attempting to use the authority which they had given him. In a short time after, the unhappy Bailly was dragged into the Champ de Mars, and there suffered death, after long and lingering insults and tortures, worse than any death. The details of this event are perhaps the most horrible of the whole revolution; but if we can believe Bailly’s biographers, he rose superior to his persecutors. It was snowing, and the sufferer in this prolonged torture was almost naked; one of the monsters, observing him shiver, cried out insultingly, ‘Ah, ah! Master Bailly, you shake at last.’ ‘*It is with cold*,’ replied the victim. We wish this anecdote could be well authenticated; but, in such a tumult who could hear? and of such a mob, who would repeat an expression of this nature? If, indeed, it be true, that his mind was so collected, what thoughts of magnanimous repentance must have crowded into it at the recollection of the weaknesses, the vanities, and the faults by which he had contributed to the very horrors under which he was now *too slowly* expiring! But we must return to the proceedings of the Council, in which crime and absurdity succeeded each other in rapid transition.

‘Another article of the minutes was a decree which forbade *pretty* women appearing at the mayor’s office, whither they came to solicit the release of imprisoned aristocrats. At this article *Hebert*, the Attorney of the Common Council, rose to complain of the non-execution of this salutary law. Somebody attempted to observe, in extenuation, that “in the land of freedom the public offices were “necessarily open to all; that tastes differed, and that a lady might

* This reformer had, as well as his father and grandfather before him, enjoyed a *sinecure* place, which Louis XVI. in 1785 transferred to persons who performed the duties of the office: and although the King endeavoured to console Bailly by granting him a pension, it was observable that the loss of his *sinecure* sharpened his appetite for reform.

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"be admitted as ugly by one, and rejected by another as pretty, and "that young and old, handsome or plain, all might have business to do; "and that, in short, the public offices could not possibly execute the decree." These reasons, however plausible, did not convince Hebert, who renewed his complaints against these pretty aristocrats,—these *Circés* as he called them,—to the great satisfaction of the crowd of women, most of them old, and all of them disgusting, who composed the auditory.

"Now entered with a clatter of drums and fifes, bodies of recruits furnished to the army by the respective sections: each made a speech of devotion to liberty, and hatred to tyrants; and the President replied to each in the same style; and, not contented with speechifying, he stood up, and at the top of a sharp discordant voice, screamed out the several verses of the *Marseillaise Hymn*, while all the auditory joined in the chorus. This performance gave him and his assistants so much gratification that he repeated it to each deputation, (five that night,) and every time further favoured his audience with "*Ca ira*," by way of after-piece."

"Next came a wounded soldier, who in the vulgarest language, "swore never to quit his post," (which he had already left); this speech was received with such applause, that the fellow thought he could not do better than repeat it, which he did with new applause. Encouraged by this repeated success, he was about to begin again, but was with some difficulty persuaded that every one must have his turn; he was consoled however for this little check by getting a place near the President, where he stood during the whole sitting, enjoying his glory and the admiration of the company."

"Then came three Austrian deserters, swearing in unintelligible French to die for France; and then an orator from one of the sections swore (there seems to have been nothing but swearing and singing) by the holy trinity of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—"the only trinity," added the wretch, "in which we believe."—pp. 64—68.

While all this vulgar and impious mummery was going on, the poor suitors were waiting with anxiety the sentence of these enlightened judges—a sentence almost equivalent to one of life and death. When the Abbé's turn at last came, his certificate was traversed, by the base malignity of one Cubières, a paltry poet, who, we believe, is still living in Paris, and by the absurd ignorance of one Vialard, who pretended to recollect that the Abbé had written, about fifteen years before, a pamphlet in defence of despotism. In vain did the Abbé rack his brains to recollect this work of his so contrary to all his principles; he could not even guess what was meant. It was afterwards discovered that a certain ironical attack on Linguet's praise of oriental governments was mistaken for a serious defence of despotism. As Vialard was a hair-dresser, he was very unlikely to have ever read or heard of the Abbé's '*Traité du Paradox*,' and it is probable that

that this absurdity was suggested to him by Cubières. But in such times ‘*Nugæ seria ducunt in mala.*’ It stopped the Abbé’s *certificate of civism*, and he was obliged, after a long series of vain attempts, to abandon an object, the pursuit of which was now become more perilous than the want of it. We wish we had room to extract his account of the supplicatory visits which he made on this occasion to some of his judges—to *Lubin*, the vocal President, the son of a butcher, to whose bed-side the Abbé waded ankle-deep in blood, thinking himself happy that it was only the blood of beasts,—to *Bernard*, an apostate priest, a mean ruffian-like wretch, who, to satisfy himself as to the Abbé’s *civism*, asked whether he could boast of having ‘taken a share in the massacres of September’—to *Pâris*, a subaltern professor in one of the Colleges, who, though a furious partizan of Robespierre, had the humanity (not to assist the innocent Abbé in obtaining his certificate, but) to dissuade him from prosecuting so dangerous a solicitation. This advice he fortunately followed, and taking silent leave of the Common Council, sought for safety in the humblest and deepest obscurity. At the last sitting at which the poor Abbé attended, President Lubin not only sung the Marseillaise Hymn and ‘*Ça ira,*’—‘his custom ever in an afternoon,’—but, in all the pomp of his official dress, and from the high eminence of the judicial bench, delighted the assembled crowd with several patriotic songs, one of which, the Abbé recollects, was to the sublime air of ‘*The sparrow which my lassy loves.*’ This mode of proceeding was so satisfactory to all parties, that the Abbé declares the *solos* performed by the President that evening did not occupy, exclusive of the hymns and choruses, less than three quarters of an hour of the time of the tribunal; and ‘accordingly,’ he adds, ‘a poor woman who was standing near me, and who, I suppose, was new to the scene, could not help exclaiming—“Well, but it’s comical that they should spend the whole night in singing! I wonder whether they have nothing else to do.”’

Let it be remembered, that this assembly was the famous *Commune* which kept the Convention itself in awe, and, under the name of the Common Council of Paris, was, in fact, the sovereign authority of the whole nation. History has already consigned to the execration of posterity the atrocity of this assembly; but it is not useless to record also its ignorance and its vulgarity, its frivolity and its folly.

We have already said, that the Abbé Morellet, at the conclusion of the reign of terror, was one of the first who ventured to advocate the cause of the unhappy proscribeds; and we do not find, that during the imperial despotism, he disgraced himself by any

undue complaisance towards the Corsican and his *clique*. His conversation, which had always been agreeable, was now become, by the great age to which he had lived, and the extraordinary scenes which he had witnessed, remarkably interesting; and his society was therefore very much sought by the French themselves as well as by literary strangers.

In December, 1814, he was overturned in his carriage and his thigh bone was broken. Although now in his eighty-seventh year, he recovered, in some degree, from this accident; but there can be little doubt, that it contributed to hasten the termination of his life, and he died on the 12th of January, 1819, at the age of ninety-two.

It was the habit of the gay old man to celebrate his birth-days with a family fête, which he enlivened by an annual song. Some of them the editor has preserved in an appendix: without being very clever, they possess a pleasing mixture of gaiety and sentiment, with some poetical power; and one of them, written and sung at the commencement of his ninety-first year, is perhaps the only song ever composed by a nonagenarian author. The subject is judiciously selected—a panegyric on old age; it is written with gaiety, with elegance, we might almost say with vigour, and is certainly not inferior to the Abbé's early productions. We cannot refrain from extracting the first stanza of this literary curiosity.

‘ Mes amis, voyant terminée
Ma quatre-vingt-dixième année,
Viennent chez moi s’en réjouir;
Ils prétendent que la vieillesse
Est un bien comme la jeunesse
Et que le Sage en sait jouir.’

His last work, and perhaps the best of his fugitive poetry, appears to have been some stanzas on the approach of blindness. We do not recollect any instance of a similar longevity of mind; the verses have really a spirit and elegance on which the Abbé might have prided himself at twenty-five; but when we recollect that they were written at such an age, and under the sufferings of such an accident as we have recorded, though trifling in themselves, they are of some importance to the history of the human intellect.

ART. XII. — *Lectures on the Ancient Greeks.* By the late Andrew Dalzel, A.M. F.R.S. E., Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols. 1821.

NO author, says a nameless bard, ought to be judged for post-humous works published by friends; and if any publication has a full claim to the benefit of this privilege, it is that before us. The author has now been dead many years; the Lectures themselves were not intended for publication; they never received the writer's final corrections, and they were originally composed under circumstances which ought not merely to cover deficiencies, but which, in some points of view, convert into merits, what might otherwise be considered as failures.

‘At the period during which my father filled the Greek chair in the University of Edinburgh,’ says Mr. Dalzel’s son and editor, ‘there was little instruction given to the boys at many of the public schools, but the dry and repulsive communication of the Latin language. This they were forced to learn by means of severe corporal discipline; and hardly any attempt was made to lead the youthful mind to a gradual perception of the beauty of classic diction and sentiment. The boy, when released from the restraint of school, was consequently too often induced to throw aside in disgust, what was associated in his mind only with the idea of suffering. At school there was either no instruction given in the Greek at all, or the rudiments only of it were very imperfectly taught: so that the duty of a Professor of Greek was one of no small labour; he had to communicate the language from its very elements; he had to do away the repugnance acquired at school to classical study, and had to instil into the minds of the youth, the delight, as well as the improvement to be derived from the rational contemplation and study of the ancients.’—pref. p. x.

This was surely no very attractive state of things; and the task of reforming it could not readily, we think, have been committed to more able hands than Mr. Dalzel’s. Deep learning he did not possess; but he had kindness of temper, urbanity of manners, and a warm solicitude for the improvement of his pupils; while all those high and honourable feelings, which are generally found co-existent with a love of classic lore, and which Mr. Dalzel presses upon his auditors as the most valuable fruits of its cultivation, display themselves very conspicuously in every page of his writings. Of the language, which it was his more immediate duty to teach, he had evidently formed a just and accurate conception; and with a susceptible mind and an ardent relish of the beauties of ancient literature, it would have been hard if the lecturer had not transfused into the bosoms of his auditors some portion of that delight which he evidently felt himself, and on which, as being the most agreeable feature in his performance, one or two remarks may not be misplaced.

That the stores of classic knowledge should have peculiar charms for those whose pursuits have embraced somewhat more than the ordinary course of literature, can be a matter of no surprize: little as human nature differs in her general features, there is something indescribably delightful in gazing upon them at the fountain-head of science; and when the poet, who has made the undress of the Epic Muse so engaging, throws open the *sources of the fertilizing Nile, he offers not a more attractive image to the bodily eye, than the intellectual eye experiences in the contemplation of those early writers, whose productions have floated on the bosom of time, carrying riches and delight wherever they flow. But this is not the only advantage which, considering the pursuit of letters as an elegant enjoyment, a deep acquaintance with classic lore possesses over modern authorship. That literature, which has stood the test of so many ages, and which, under all varieties of soil and climate, customs and manners, is found to contain something satisfactory and analagous to the best feelings of the mind, seems to have attained a sort of moral certainty in its truth and taste, which leaves no room for doubt and speculation. Hence, to the cultivators of ancient literature there appears to belong somewhat of that conscious sense of security and certainty in their enjoyments, which Adam Smith† assumes to be peculiar to the cultivators of the exact sciences, the algebraist and geometrician. Of this sober certainty of waking bliss, Mr. Dalzel has his full portion. Satisfied with his own range of intellectual pleasures, he rarely attempts to disturb those of others: with the highest admiration of ancient literature, he never shows the least disposition to depreciate modern knowledge; on the contrary, some of the most successful portions of his labours seem to derive their success from his extensive acquaintance with the stores of modern learning, and from his ingenuity in bringing this knowledge to bear upon his illustrations of antiquity. If, in so doing, he rather overstepped the limits of his province, it must be remembered that he had an audience, whose attention was to be gained and preserved by something more than the ordinary methods.

Into the minor defects, which accompany these solid and substantial merits, we do not feel ourselves called to inquire very minutely. Profundity or novelty is not to be expected from these Lectures; and it must be some extraordinary felicity of style, which can tempt the readers of Mitford into an analysis of Grecian history, or encourage those who have studied the Constitution of England in the writings of Blackstone and De Lolme, to add to their reading an essay of Mr. Dalzel on the same subject,

* Araucana, Parte II., Canto xxvii.

† Theory of Moral Sentiments.

addressed to an audience of boys. That this felicity of style is not always to be found in Mr. Dalzel, might be proved without much difficulty; and, somewhat perversely, the lecturer's manner grows most faulty as his matter becomes most interesting. The revival of Greek learning in Italy was attended with so many curious and important accompaniments, that the ordinary attractions of composition would have made the Professor's lectures on this subject palatable even to those who had studied it in the larger treatises of Roscoe, Hodijs, and Tiraboschi. But where did he learn to construct such a sentence (and we have many of them) as the following? '*About the year 1450, Gaza was invited from Ferrara to Rome, by Pope Nicholas V., to assist, in conjunction with other Greeks, at translating into Latin the works of the ancient authors.*'—vol. ii. p. 402. Those who feel the charms of language as a mere vehicle of thought, experience a delight in the ancient tongues which no modern language can give, because, from their inflexion and compactness, the images rise at once to the mind, unweakened by any circumstances of juxtaposition. Was it to illustrate this beauty of the Greek language, that Mr. Dalzel thus crowded into a single sentence half the particles and prepositions of his own? Again, why must he clog his sentences with unnecessary appendages, (380) mix his metaphors, (387) and congregate passive participles and preterites, (404, 5) till the eye is absolutely satiated with similarity of termination? A Greek composition must have been of unusual length, in which the same metaphor would have occurred twice: but Mr. Dalzel has so laboured the most common-place trope, which an inquiry into the revival of learning could suggest, that the reader begins to be reminded by the mere mention of the meridian sun, of the young lady who, after a love-letter filled with an unusual profusion of flames, declared that, she should be ashamed to look into a fire for another fortnight.

It may further be suggested, that it would have been no detriment to these volumes, if some of the chapters in them had been less ambitiously headed. Voltaire's assurance, who analyses the entire works of Aristotle in fourteen pages, of which three have little to do with his subject, is sufficiently amusing; but a single lecture headed '*Of Taste—Of Criticism—Aristotle—Dionysius of Halicarnassus—Horace—Longinus—Vida—Scaliger—Vossius—Boileau—Pope*'; and the whole discussed in twenty-two pages!—Surely such a dispatch of business has never been equalled since the days of Dean Swift's curate. To all this may be added that the Professor is given to repeat himself, that he deals woefully in truisms, and that his eloquence does not always steer quite clear of the bathos. As for his discussions, such as that prefixed to his Lecture on His-

tory, they can only be considered as the effusions of a grave man, who pats a little urchin on the head, bids him mind his book, and then prophesies his future elevation to the episcopal bench or the woolsack. All these defects should be removed from a second edition of the work; they add nothing to the Professor's own reputation by standing where they are, and they may lead to a suspicion that, in the opinion of the Professor's son, his countrymen are still the same babes in classic literature which his father found them; and that the same slight nutriment will do for the present race of Scotch scholars as served their ancestors; an imputation which ought not to belong, and which we are very confident does not belong to the country of Buchanan, of John of Ayr, and that *accomplished friend of Erasmus, who died too young for his honours as a scholar, but old enough to command his country's tears as a patriot and a hero!

But while the quotation at the head of our pages fairly exempts us from pursuing this part of our duty, we know nothing but our own dulness which should prevent us from canvassing pretty freely some general principles advocated in these volumes, and on which Mr. Dalzel being, as we think, very slenderly informed himself, may be apt to mislead his readers. As the cold doctrines which we shall oppose to them will show to great disadvantage, when compared with the warmer and apparently more liberal opinions of Mr. Dalzel, we shall be careful not to be sparing in our quotations from original authors, that what we seem to want in feeling, we may be thought to make up in truth: a homely consolation; but which will not be without its advantage, if, by teaching us not to indulge in false notions about the governments of other countries, it instructs us to be tolerably well satisfied, upon the whole, with the institutions of our own.

When we find a writer indulging himself with romantic and extravagant notions about Grecian virtue, Grecian freedom, and Grecian liberty, (and Mr. Dalzel travels through Greece as through a sort of fairy-land, upon these points,) we always lay our account with expecting to find him more versed in the tragic than in the comic writers of that country, and more conversant with her epic, lyric, and elegiac poetry than with her orators and philosophers. And this is precisely the case with Mr. Dalzel. The merits of Homer, Sophocles, and Pindar, he discusses with taste, warmth, and feeling; and that his ardour is tempered with discretion, it will be sufficient to observe, that in comparing the merits of the Orphan and the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and using Franklin's translation for the purpose, he has the prudence to leave the question of su-

* Alexander Stuart, natural son of James IV.

periority undecided. This was magnanimity and good sense into the bargain. Criticism, indeed, has taken a turn since the Lecturer's time, not quite favourable to this more ambitious part of his labours. But when the Professor comes to those writers, from whom are to be derived not merely the luxuries of sentiment and diction, but a real and practical knowledge of the state of ancient Greece, he exhibits just that deficiency which we were prepared to expect, and draws upon his imagination for facts which he ought to have founded upon his knowledge. Of the philosophy of Greece, nothing, accordingly, appears in these volumes but a quotation from Plato, and a trite exposition of the more familiar doctrines of the Socratic school. The great comic dramatist of Athens, in whose writings her very face and form are so graphically depicted, Mr. Dalzel treats, as the author of the *Republic* treats Homer: he calls him into his presence, throws a little incense on his head, and then dismisses him very abruptly. Whether this treatment arose from unacquaintance with the dramatist's writings, or an unwillingness to disturb the muscles of his audience, it is not for us to decide: we should have been satisfied with either case, had the Professor collected from graver sources that knowledge, which the poet always communicates with a laughing face. But if Mr. Dalzel's acquaintance with Plato and Aristophanes (two congenial souls, in more respects than one) be doubtful, he has left us no uncertainty that his knowledge of the Grecian orators and pleaders was of the most superficial kind. His *Thirty-second Lecture* is devoted to the consideration of Grecian eloquence; and what does it contain? Some common-place accounts of the two great masters in Grecian eloquence, Demosthenes and Æschines; a few references to their best-known speeches, and a short life of their great predecessor, Lysias. That this meagreness is not wholly to be ascribed to the ages and qualifications of Mr. Dalzel's audience, a mere slip of the pen would have been sufficient to convince us, had we not the power of bringing still stronger proof, that in thus contracting his views, the Professor consulted his own strength, as well as that of his audience.

In his short biography of Demosthenes, Mr. Dalzel is betrayed, almost at the commencement, into the following paragraph:—*'His tutors, (guardians) instead of sending him to the school of Isocrates, who was the most celebrated instructor of his age, put him under the care of one Isæus, a man of little reputation, and consequently whose demands for teaching were low.'*—page 332.

'One Isæus'!—We sincerely regret to see so hasty and incautious an expression escaping the Greek chair of Edinburgh. There are some persons, whose literary tastes resemble that of the epicure, who even in a peach eat nothing but the sunny side; and Mr. Dalzel's taste

for Grecian oratory may, for aught we know, have been of the same fastidious description. Our fare has been of a more general, and perhaps in some cases of a more homely kind; and if, by thus enlarging our appetite, we have missed some of Mr. Dalzel's pleasing insanity respecting the ancient Greeks, we do not despair of convincing our readers that, by merely wandering from the Legantine speeches of Demosthenes to the Pleadings of Isæus, we should have gained a more correct notion of that ingenious people than it has evidently been the lot of Mr. Dalzel to attain. To those who love antiquity for its own sake, Isæus is endeared for the insight which he gives into many points of ancient jurisprudence, which, but for him, posterity would have wholly missed. On the important subject of hereditary and testamentary bequests; on the laws of heirship by proximity of blood, and of heirship by appointment; on what is called the *melancholy succession*; on desolate heritages; on the Athenian customs relative to the adoption of children; the forms under which such adoption took place, the manner in which the fortune of the person adopted was affected, both as to the house from which he was emancipated and that into which he was received: on all these and other similar points Isæus supplies many interesting particulars, which no other writer of antiquity affords. From him also may be collected all the Athenian laws relative to the rights of women, and more particularly of heiresses; many of them curious in themselves, and most of them evincing that the chains which society laid upon the females of Athens were not at all lightened by the institutions of the law. In thus describing Isæus as the great property-lawyer of antiquity, the reader will perhaps conclude him to be dull, prolix, and recondite. But this is far from being the case. None perhaps but a special pleader would wish to plunge into the difficulties of *Hagnias's family, or take the trouble to twist all the indissoluble knots which belong to the tables necessary for illustrating such a complicated genealogy; but, this speech excepted, there is none which presents any very alarming difficulty. Athenian jurisprudence was sufficiently simple in itself: it was not entangled with the subtle doctrine of contingent and vested interests, and, consequently, it did not occasion that intricacy and perplexity in the 'Rights of Things,' which have made even some of Blackstone's chapters (though in general the easiest and most beautiful writer of the middle style) about the same species of light reading as the second part of Wood's Algebra. This simplicity in the law made it the orator's business less to hunt for cases and precedents, than to discriminate character; less to search for errors in a bill, than for flaws or errors in a witness's life or testimony. Hence the speeches of Isæus abound not more with

* Tenth speech of Isæus, and Demosthenes contra Macastatum.

close and subtle argument than with pertinent observation and vivid delineation of character. And here we recommend Isæus to the notice of those who, like Mr. Dalzel, are admirers of Grecian virtue. Of fifty speeches of this orator, which were extant in the ninth century, ten only have come down to us. But even in these, the knavish character of the Greek (*vif*, we believe, is the term among its admirers) is sufficiently apparent: his audacious effrontery, his savage barbarity and hardness of heart, his more than *hawk's-eye inquisition after lucre and gain:—these, with traits still more odious,—the injustice of guardians to their wards, the betrayal of sureties, the insecurity of wills and the most sacred bonds, a degree of perjury, shameless and almost incredible, and occasionally crimes for which other countries almost want a name and an example,—meet us in every page. Into this field of crime, but less bounded in its extent, he was afterwards followed by his illustrious pupil in a series of pleadings, little known, we suspect, to those who derive their ideas of Grecian virtue from a few of the political speeches of Demosthenes; (speeches in themselves very fallacious tests of Athenian character,) and from which one of four results is left for the admirers of Grecian virtue—that the Athenian orators were liars of the first magnitude, or that such was the Athenian love of scandal, that her speakers with their higher attainments were expected to mix up some portion of that scurrility which is found in the worst writings of our own profligate press; or that there was something radically defective in that constitution, which it is so much the fashion with some persons to eulogize, or that Republicanism has in it something inimical to the better feelings, and naturally tends to make its victims

‘—————a dreadful brotherhood,
In whom all turbulent vices are let loose.’

Such were some of the merits of Isæus; and when it is added, that these materials were worked up into a form of oratory so complete in itself, that in a town where every sixth man was a speaker, he is allowed to have †*originated* a distinct style of eloquence, the reader will perhaps conclude that he deserved a more honourable mention than Mr. Dalzel has allowed him. As to the tuition of Demosthenes, it was not of much consequence who had the original formation of his mind. That style of oratory, which has made his name become another for supreme excellence in his

* Isæus had little more disposition for mirth than his great pupil had after him; yet even his gravity seems to have been overcome by the numerous claimants who appeared for the property of Nicostratus, and the absurdity of many of their claims is treated with no small degree of humour.—*De Heredit. Nicost. Reiske's Oratores Græci*, v. vii. p. 71. Most of our future references will be made to the same collection.

† Vide Dionysium Halicarn. in *Deirarcho*. Reiske's Edit. tom. v.

art, was not so much derived from any one person's instruction, as from a skilful combination of the excellencies of all his predecessors and contemporaries into one matchless and consummate unity. Yet let not Isæus be deprived even of this portion of his praise. Those who remember the burst of feeling which concludes the second of the five speeches directed against Aphobus, and who know the extreme subtlety which pervades the other four, will perhaps conclude from these earliest efforts of Demosthenes,—in *one of which he is proved, and in all of which he may be presumed, to have received the assistance of his master,—that it was his better fortune to receive his earliest instructions from a master, who united 'nerves, and spirit, vigour, and sharpness,' than from one who, with talents for the bar, perhaps †superior to those of Isæus, chose to throw his powers into a branch of ancient oratory, of which it will be sufficient for the present to observe, that both its strength and its weakness lay in considering the profession as a mere art.‡

Having shown by positive proof that Mr. Dalzel was not very conversant with the orators and philosophers of antiquity, we shall now endeavour to establish the same fact negatively; and in the example we select for this purpose the reader will find a further propriety hereafter. In all those disquisitions on ancient Greece which we have lately put forth, and which, though they have nearly been the death of Sir Richard Phillips, the public have submitted to receive with a most exemplary patience, it has been our earnest endeavour to impress upon our readers the necessity of considering Athens rather as the great naval, than as the military, power of Greece. Of the fact itself there can be no doubt: of her reasons for so being it is not now our purpose to speak; but the advantage or disadvantage of her so being is a question agitated so often, and with so much warmth, in the philosophical and oratorical writings of antiquity, that a total silence on the subject in a course of Lectures, such as those before us, leads to a suspicion that their author had never had the curiosity to look into them. Such a

* In the fourth of these pleadings, or as it is generally termed, the first against Onetor, there will be found a passage of some length on the subject of torture, precisely as it occurs in the 7th pleading of Isæus. *Dem. contra Onetorem*, ii. p. 874. Isæus in *Hæredit. Cironis*, p. 202.

† It is only necessary to refer to the Trapezitic oration of Isocrates, as a proof of this assertion.

‡ We were not aware, when we drew up our remarks on Isæus, that this ancient writer had received an entire English dress from the pen of Sir William Jones, accompanied with a commentary upon his works, which, though not without errors, as we may hereafter have occasion to notice, contains much valuable information on ancient jurisprudence. Obligated as we were by the discovery to erase much of what we had written, it was with more pleasure than mortification we found that we had been forestalled in many of our remarks, and that our opinion of Isæus's merits was more than confirmed by so able and excellent a scholar.

silence is observed by Mr. Dalzel, and the consequence to our mind seems infallible. The military institutions of Sparta he discusses at considerable length, and in the usual manner; but the reader, as far as we recollect, may pass through both his volumes without ever suspecting that Athens had a single dock-yard, or a single ship within it. But perhaps Mr. Dalzel's taste suggested what his knowledge did not supply! No: he reads Homer with warmth and feeling, but having gratified his ear and his imagination, he is content to go no farther. Yet it is evident that the first two books of the *Iliad* are addressed to a feeling which has predominated among the Greeks from the earliest periods down to the present moment. In the first lines almost of that poem, which, though private taste may sometimes give the preference to other compositions, the general judgment must pronounce to be the most wonderful effort of human intellect, the Greeks appear to us more in the character of sailors than of soldiers. It is along the sea-shore that the Grecian army is drawn up; and it is by the sea-side, and in the solemn act of purification by its waters, that the first movements of that army take place. It is by the side of the far-sounding sea that Chryses walks in the sadness of his heart, and addresses to Apollo that prayer which brings down the vengeance of Heaven. It is along the unfruitful sea that the royal heralds proceed to execute that message, which occasions the reader so much anxiety and suspense, and it is from the bosom of the ocean's indefinite space that Thetis rises like a mist, to soothe or dispel those sorrows, which the sufferer's own position suggests were not to be removed by the feebleness of mere land.*

To Grecian ears the catalogue of ships, which crowds the second book of the *Iliad*, would have been agreeable, had it been twice its length. What the sea was to the old Greek generally, it became to Athens in after-times more particularly; and she had some of the same reasons for her predilection. She was the freebooter of the olden time, though carrying on her piracy in a more civilized manner. It was the element, besides, which just suited her character. Calm or convulsed, in sunshine or in storm, it was the mirror in which she saw her variable character exhibited, and where she tasted those fierce extremes in which she so much delighted. On the sea, she felt her own buoyancy of spirit; on the sea, she nursed her spirit of commercial enterprize; on the sea, she combated with most success her noblest foe of ancient days;—and the sea may yet find an hour of vengeance, over that more ignoble foe of modern days, who, after five centuries of insult and oppression, remains still to her victim as the conqueror of yesterday!

* ——— ἑταρῶν ἀφαρ ἔζητο νοσφι λιασθεῖς,
Θιν' ἐφ' ἄλλος πόλιν, ὄρων ἐπὶ οἰνοπα πόντον.

We left Mr. Dalzel pretty well wedged in between law and poetry, and we return, as will be seen eventually, to our strongest proof, that, whatever may be his other merits, he possessed not that insight into the manners of antiquity, nor that knowledge of its authors, nor that power of deducing inferences from what he reads, which can constitute him a safe guide for deciding upon the degree of freedom and independence possessed by the people of whom he treats. In his Ninth Lecture Mr. Dalzel concludes some observations on the Athenian festivals with the following words:—‘These festivals were supported generally at the public charge; but if private citizens became wealthy, and often by that means formidable to the liberties of their country, they were obliged sometimes to contribute largely to the support of the festival.’—In this remark Mr. Dalzel sins enough by assertion, and more than enough by omission; and as it is to this double proof of ignorance that much of his erroneous opinion respecting Grecian freedom and happiness is to be attributed, we shall devote the rest of this paper to its full development. The subject is not without interest or curiosity in itself; it involves the whole internal policy of Athens in its consideration; and a most valuable, though most neglected, portion of her literature, namely, her oratory, can be but very imperfectly understood or appreciated without a complete knowledge of it.

Leaving some of Mr. Dalzel’s particulars for an after-consideration, we shall endeavour to put the reader into a proper point of view for considering this curious and important branch of ancient polity, by a picture not wholly dissimilar, derived from our own country: it will take us to some length, but, as there is no fear of Mr. Dalzel’s escaping at once from Homer and Isæus, we can return to him at our leisure; and the reader, by observing with how little dexterity one of the most deformed features in our own policy may be embellished, will be more upon his guard against the glosses thrown on the policy of antiquity.

There can be no question, we think, notwithstanding the hissing letter in our language, and a few other abominations, that England will be to some future nation what ancient Greece has been to ourselves. Let us imagine then some distant Professor (at Timbuctoo, for example) lecturing a little audience of his black compatriots on the history and literature of Great Britain. Having discussed our armies and our fleets, our houses of legislature, ‘our women, beautiful as angels, and in whom the graces of acquired knowledge were never allowed to supersede the unbought graces which Nature gives them;’ ‘our Reviews, in which a pleasant and delectable mirth was joined with a sagacity and depth of observation almost superhuman;’ the Professor warms with his subject, and unwilling that so noble a picture should be any thing but perfect, he bursts into

into the following strain of African eloquence:—‘ And now, my young friends, let me transport you to a scene of less ostentatious but more solid glory in this wonderful people. Man, it has been said, makes towns; but a hand divine made the country, and it is in the tranquil pleasures of rural life that the unsophisticated bosom will always find its best enjoyments. There no jealousies are felt, but such as squires feign at the approach of the shooting season; there Astræa, when she fled the earth, left the last impression of her steps. The youngest of my hearers, who observes the difference of manners in our own luxurious metropolis, and the quiet village of Quash-ma-quee, will not fail to appreciate this matchless stroke in the immortal bard. But if ever this advantage was felt, it must have been in the fields and hamlets of that happy land of which it is now my good fortune to treat. In them indeed, as in less favoured spots, prevailed the accidental distinctions of high and low, rich and poor; but all the force of human ingenuity was exerted to counteract the caprices of fortune, and reduce the have-somethings and have-nothings, as honest Sancho terms them, to a decent level. For this purpose the purses of the wealthy were made to form a joint-stock, out of which all were allowed to partake indiscriminately; the old and the young, the idle and the industrious, the innocent and the debauched. Nay, so much is it a law of our better feelings to encrease by indulgence, that population was put at a sort of premium, and as people are said to marry at Smyrna merely for the sake of keeping up a stock of merchants and traders, so wedlock was encouraged in this country, that the wealthy and benevolent might have additional objects on whom to bestow their bounty. Some indeed objected to this indiscriminate relief; but the simple observed, that Nature was a common feast, and the book-learned quoted an ancient Greek fragment, to prove that the rains of heaven descend impartially, and that the sun shines equally on the good and on the bad. It is not by set phrases and pompous periods that the real manners of a country can best be known; I shall therefore borrow some of that familiar language prevalent at the times, and which will convey to your minds a more just impression of the real state of things, than any terms which I can employ. “ You have a large family,” said the friend of a land-owner. “ I have ten of my own to support, (replied the smiling father,) and if you add two hundred of my neighbours’ children to the number, you will allow that my quiver is not of the empty kind.”—“ You rise early,” it was observed to a labouring farmer. “ I rise early, and late take rest (it was replied): I work sixteen hours out of the twenty-four for the parish, and if I did not labour three for myself, my own children might go without a meal.”—

Generous

Generous and enlightened people! such should ever be the simple and touching accents of benevolence!—But to proceed.

‘It is a law of our nature, as the writers on ethics say, to feel distressed by obligations which we want the means of returning. So sensitive was the benevolence of the period of which I speak, that even this remote bar to complete happiness was met and removed by the sagacity of the times. In this great work of love, it was the business of a person called an overseer to point out on whom should devolve the pleasure of maintaining an adequate portion of his poorer brethren for the day; and that no proud misgivings might arise in the bosoms of persons thus relieved, (I foresee a smile upon your cheeks when I tell you they were termed *Roundsmen*, an uncouth name, and ill-adapted to our rich and sonorous language; but what signify words where the things are of so much consequence?) some little compensation was required in return. Ten men, for instance, were set to do the work of one; the strong arm of manhood was employed in a task which would have shamed mere infancy to effect; and when nothing better offered, little trenches were dug, and holes opened, merely for the purpose of being re-filled: all innocent occupations, by which, as they occasioned much amusement among the labourers, the mind’s recreation was consulted as much as the body’s health.

‘Would that our picture were here complete! But alas! my dusky young friends, (when Anamaboo has sufficiently amused himself with the fan of feathers, I shall perhaps command more of his attention,) bad men are to be found in every part of the globe, and even this highly favoured country was not without them. Bad feelings made their way into bosoms which, it might have been presumed, would have grown soft by absorption, and into which benevolence would have entered by the mere suction of the atmosphere. Persons of this class urged futile objections to the system, as dissolving the connexion between master and servant, as encouraging idleness and paralyzing industry, and as sapping the morals precisely in those quarters where it was important that they should be most strong. They further asserted, that the sweat of the brow ought to be its own reward; that what a man possessed was his own; that though with some difficulty they had arrived at the persuasion, that the parson had a right to the tythe of their property, they could not learn why the poor had a right to claim the other 9-10ths, and that they were determined to resist all such aggressions; they further added, that the natural course, and even advantage, of society required, that their children should have education and accomplishments, which, thus plundered, they were unable to give them. To insinuations like the latter no answer was given, because, as they manifestly savoured of blasphemy,

phemy, their punishment was not supposed to come under the cognizance of secondary causes; but for assertions of the former kind, the strong arm of the law had provided a sufficient remedy. Being taken before the proper authorities, an attempt was first made to awaken the hard-hearted culprit to a sense of better things; they appealed to his bowels of compassion, and they quoted to him that divine poet, with whose inimitable beauties it has been my unwearied endeavour to make you thoroughly acquainted, and who says, that benevolence is twice blessed, blessing him that gives and him that receives.* When it was found that metaphor and quotation were met by argument and remonstrance, they calmly replied, that it was their business to administer the laws, not to make them; then consulting a little thermometer, which regulated the height at which every man's kindlier feelings were to stand by law, and converting the scale into so many pounds, shillings, pence and a fraction, which they exacted on the spot, they dismissed the culprit, with an injunction, not to lose his time as well as his money, in future, and to be thankful, that besides food and clothing, he was not enjoined to find his poorer brethren a seat at the new comedy, and a place at the Hanover-square concerts.

'Such, my young friends, was this marvellous nation! No wonder that its name has become immortal, and that we put its works into the hands of our ingenuous youth, that they may learn high and elevated notions, and that knowledge and benevolence may run in their bosoms like the joint streams of our great and majestic river.'

Now taking the benefit of those similies *à la longue queue*, which, content with one or two general resemblances, leaves the details to shift for themselves, we hope to make it apparent, that this is no unfair representation of a most important portion of that government which Mr. Dalzel seems to think the most perfect of human kind; and if we can once establish that Athens was little better than one great poor-house, many people will think that we have but one stage of misery farther left us, that of proving that it was a great mad-house.

We are well aware, that to a large class of persons, any attack upon the Greeks, or the ancient republics, amounts to a crime little less than sacrilege. We shall so far consult this feeling for the credit of antiquity, as to pass over very slightly those gratuities

* Either the Professor has made a mistake, or the language of Timbuctoo was so little copious, as to include mercy and benevolence in the same word. We incline to the former opinion, as much more learned persons are not always so correct in their phrases, or their facts, as might be wished. Mr. Dalzel, for instance, (that we may not altogether lose sight of him,) talks of the Peisistratidæ having been *overcome* by Aristogeiton, and of Philip having conveyed bribes into Athens by means of Harpalus.—v. i. p. 263.

which

which administered to the grosser appetites of this polite people;—the sacrifices to the gods, which were always synonymous with a feast to the people, and the surest means of cajoling them—the donations of corn, sometimes wholly gratuitous, and sometimes at a less price than it bore in the market, and those suppers of Hecate, which the poor of Athens were content to share with the infernal deities. But confining ourselves to those, which administered to the intellectual pleasures of the Athenians, or with which the strength and glory of her empire were connected, we engage to show that England is not the only great pauper-house that history has exhibited, and that though her Chantryes and her Laurences may not furnish her with quite such matchless specimens of art, we contrive to avoid some of the penalties by which their production was repaid.

Mr. Dalzel says, 'that when private citizens became wealthy, and *often* by that means formidable to the liberties of their country, they were obliged *sometimes* to contribute largely to the support of the festivals.' It is with Mr. Dalzel as Dr. Johnson formerly observed of Dryden;—if ever he departs from the beaten track of regular study, he is in danger of losing himself in unknown regions. Citizens of Athens were not *often* likely to become dangerous to their country by excessive wealth, because their laws of inheritance being rather those of gavelkind, than of primogeniture, great wealth, independent of the public drains upon it, was not likely to centre in any individual; and consequently the enormous fortunes of Alcibiades and Callias must have been handed down as exceptions rather than as general rules. If Athens had possessed only these sources for her demands, they must have been rich indeed to supply them, had there been no other demand than for the numerous festivals, which filled nearly a sixth-part of the Athenian calendar; but Mr. Dalzel sins, as we have already remarked, by what he omits, more than by what he asserts.

In all countries, we presume, there prevails a common difficulty of finance; the subject endeavouring to pay as little as he can, and the executive consequently endeavouring to obtain as much as it can. The Athenians certainly, whatever might be the merit of their other inventions, did not find out the art of solving this nice problem better than their neighbours. The great burthens of the state were thrown upon *three hundred individuals; and these burthens

* Isæus, p. 154. Any one of this body who, from whatever cause, became unequal to the expense, was allowed to quit it, on condition of pointing out a richer citizen than himself; and how sharp an Athenian eye would be upon such occasions we may easily imagine. The person thus pointed out was obliged, within three days, to give in an account of his property; a seal meantime being put on his doors, to prevent evasion or fraud. On proof of superior wealth, the denounced was obliged to take the place of his

thens resolved themselves into two great classes, of which the one administered to the pleasures, and the other to the necessities of the state. The first under the titles χορηγίαι, and λειτουργίαι ἐγκυκλίαι, supplied all those expenses, which the theatrical exhibitions, the wrestling-schools, and the public entertainments required; the second, under the names of τριηραρχίαι, and εἰσφοραί, furnished those much larger sums, which the equipment of her navy, at once her means and security of revenue, required. From the lighter of these two charges there were certain exceptions; from the other, none could plead exemption but the nine Archons. Much of this will be better understood by supplying the reader with a translation of part of the 21st speech of Lysias; and he will observe hereafter that we had other reasons for selecting this particular oration, besides letting him into the nature of the expenses, incurred by these offices. The speech itself commences abruptly, and shows, that either a part of the speech has been lost, or that the speaker (as was often the custom) followed some previous advocate on the same side.—‘And so much, gentlemen, for the charges made against me. I have a few things now to press upon your attention, as I wish you very much to know the kind of person on whom you have to give your verdict. It was in the archonship of Theopompus that I first underwent that examination, which was to qualify me for performing the duties of a citizen. My first appointment, after this test, was as choregus to the tragedy; in this office I spent thirty minæ. Three months after at the Thargelia, I exhibited a male troop; the victory was decreed to me, and it cost me 2000 drachmæ. In the archonship of Glaucippus I exhibited, at the greater festival of Minerva, a troop of dancers in arms; the expense was 800 drachmæ. During the same archonship I had a male troop at the festival of Bacchus; I was victorious, and including the tripod, which I dedicated on the occasion, the whole cost stood me in 5000 drachmæ. During the archonship of Diocles, I exhibited at the lesser festival one of those troops, whose business it is to dance round the altar and sing in a circle; the expense was 300 drachmæ. The seven succeeding years I bore the office of trierarc; I spent in its execution six talents.

his accuser, or to exchange estates with him. With the serious reflexions growing out of the knavery and perjury, which such a scheme naturally generated, (vid. *Demosthenem contra Phœnippum*) one can hardly forbear a smile at the arts practised on such occasions—the quickness of memory with which the person challenged found himself suddenly endowed—the long list of debts in which he was immediately involved, and the kindness of heart which had originally occasioned those debts. As for witnesses to his allegations, there were always ‘Stavros and Mavros, and Kokinos and Proto and Psaro, and Georgio, and Marcacki, and Michallachi and Manoluchi,’ to be had in ancient as well as modern Greece, at a moment’s notice. See, besides, the speech last quoted, *Demosth. c. Energum et Meesibulum*.

Though at all these charges, and though risking my person daily in your foreign service, I made two contributions, one of 30 minæ, the other of 4000 drachmæ. In the archonship of Alexias I returned home; what was my immediate office? It was that of superintending the bodily exercises of a chorus for the festival of Prometheus. I gained the victory at an expense of 12 minæ. Presently afterwards I was appointed choregus to a troop of boys. I spent more than 15 minæ on this duty. In the archonship of Eucleid I was choregus to the comedies. I employed Cephisodotus as teacher to the troop, and I gained the victory. Including what I dedicated on the occasion, the expense was 17 minæ; to which may be added 7 minæ more for a troop of beardless dancers at the lesser Panathemæa. In a naval contest at Sunium my vessel gained the victory; the expense to me was 15 minæ. Besides these there was my office of leader of a sacred embassy, my office as arrophorist and similar offices, in all which I spent more than 30 minæ.'

Such were some of the expenses to which the wealthier citizens were subjected.

From Mr. Dalzel's statement it might be supposed that the compulsory part of contribution lay only on those whose enormous wealth made them dangerous to their country, and that only occasionally; but the fact is, that it was compulsory at all times, and, as we before observed, on three hundred of the citizens. The word which expresses the office, in ancient authors, is always one of command, not of will. Those who remember, in our own country's history, a tribute precisely similar to the most onerous of those which have just been mentioned, and who also remember the prodigious difference* it made in men's minds according to that impost being considered voluntary or compulsory, will allow us an extract or two, to prove that the fact of compulsion was such as we have stated. 'Of these offices, which I have mentioned,' (says a speaker in Lysias,) had I wished to execute them in the manner *laid down by the law*, I should not have spent the fourth part of what I did.' In his 25th speech, a defendant, clearing himself from a charge of revolutionary principles, observes, 'Nor was there at that period any calamity of a public or a private kind, by which an eagerness to be delivered from present evils, should make me desirous of a change of government. For I had five times fitted out a trireme, I had personally commanded it in four engagements, I had made various contributions during the

* As human nature is ever the same, and what was only a temporary feeling on the subject of ship-money in England, must have been, to a certain degree, a permanent one in Athens, the reader must permit us to recommend to his careful perusal a part of Lord Clarendon's reflexions on the subject. *History of the Rebellion*, vol. i. p. 108.

war, and I had executed all other offices, at least on an equal footing with my fellow-citizens. Whatever expenses the law* *enjoined*, I had expended, and more too.'

From these contributions, forced and voluntary, (and even foreign residence did not exempt an Athenian citizen from them,) a considerable revenue was no doubt derived; but though the republic exacted her debts, both just and unjust, with the sharpest inquisition, and information was quickened by a sufficient degree of legal stimulus;† though sons complained that their fathers expended more on the state than they did on their own families, and a term became necessary in the ‡Greek language for those who, from blind ambition, fear, or vanity, had over-run their property in the service of the state, the supplies were not always equal to the demands of government, and it then became necessary, in the gentle language of Demosthenes, 'to inquire who might best be made serviceable to the cause of democracy;' *εξετάζειν τῆς χρησιμότητος τῶν δήμων*. The language of politics often needs a little translation, and this phrase, rightly interpreted, means, that it became necessary to inquire, which of the citizens could be robbed and plundered with most advantage to the existing government. That this was its fair meaning may easily be collected from contemporary writers who, with no dislike to democracy, had yet not the same reason as Demosthenes for exhibiting it in its fairest colours; and, indeed, the fact was so undeniable, that Montesquieu, unwilling or unable as he is in general to see the errors of ancient Greece, is yet forced to admit, § that confiscation of property was a system too readily and too commonly pursued at Athens. As a general principle, only to be argued upon by the plea of fitness or unfitness, we meet with it continually in Lysias, a man who, with all the graces||

* *προστατταρισμῶν*. The same word is almost invariably used by Lysias whenever these expenses are spoken of. See also Isocrates 2, 470. Demosthenes, 2, 1125. Isæus, 155. 183. 186. 298. At p. 163 he uses the politer term of *αἰετοῦσαι*, but this is only the treacherous civility of a creditor, who has in his pocket a warrant for demanding that which 'he is sure it will give you pleasure to pay.'

† Demosth. contra Nicostratum: if more of the *λογοὶ ἀπογραφικοὶ* had come down to us, this assertion would have been still more confirmed.

‡ *ἐκλειτῶν*. Isæus, p. 186. If Reiske had compared with this passage the strong expressions used by Demosthenes, pp. 1040, 1155, the fact stated respecting his own fortune, p. 815, and the affecting picture which he gives (Orat. contra Polyætem) of the distresses of the great banker Pasion's son, he would perhaps have felt less hesitation in giving this sense to the word.

§ Livre v. chap. 15.

|| Dionysius of Halicarnassus, whenever he alludes to the style of Lysias, seems to be at a loss for words to express his admiration. *Εὐὰν δὲ μνηστικῶν ἰδοῖν μὲν Αἰσχρολογίαν δὲ τῆς λέξεως χαρακτὴρ εἶναι, κ. τ. λ.* is one of the almost amatory expressions in which he continually breaks out. Of the general spirit in which his writings are conceived, the critic takes no notice. To borrow an expression of the present day, they literally smelt of blood.

of language upon his lips, had all the fury of a republican in his heart, and in whose writings may be traced all the wishes, feelings and politics of the mob, from the inmost workings of the thoughts, to the desperate and atrocious deeds, which gave to those thoughts vitality and effect. 'If it were for the interest of the * sovereign multitude to leave some in the quiet enjoyment of their property, and to confiscate that of others without any show of justice, I must allow that you would have reason to despise and neglect what I say.' *Orat. cont. Poliuchum*, 608. 'Now should you confiscate the property of Timotheus,† it is only in the view of some extraordinary benefit resulting to the city, that such a measure can be recommended,' &c. *de Bon. Arist.* 638. That this easy way of talking about the property of the most meritorious citizens, was not a mere figure of speech, will be evident from a fact mentioned in a subsequent speech. 'And this he did with a perfect knowledge, that when the senate, acting for the time, have funds sufficient for the administration of affairs, they commit no delinquencies; but when their funds run low, they are necessarily compelled to receive accusations, to confiscate the property of citizens, and to give way to such of the public orators, as recommend the most infamous proceedings.' *Contr. Nicom.* 861. Once more: 'Enough has now been said against Epicrates and his colleagues in the way of accusation. There is but one thing further which I wish to bring to your recollection, and that is, the speeches that were continually in the mouths of these men, when it was their wish to destroy some person upon whom justice had no demands. And what were they? "We recommend you to destroy such and such a person: if you acquit them, observe,—there is no more money in the military chest, and the mercenaries must go without their pay." Such were among the Athenian schemes commonly practised for recruiting their exhausted exchequer. When the property thus confiscated did not answer expectation, the next step was to seize upon the property of the nearest relation of the deceased, and oblige him to make up the deficiency. Too many subjects yet press

* *Τὸν ὄχλον* πλῆθος. This favourite expression of Lysias, translated literally, signifies 'Your Manyship,' or 'Your Mobship.' Some such ridiculous sense probably became attached to it, as we find it very little used after the time of Lysias. In all the speeches of Demosthenes, we do not remember to have met with it more than twice. The expression first occurs in the speeches of Antiphon.

† For the mean and disgraceful shifts to which the system pursued at Athens obliged her first men occasionally to descend, see the speech of Demosthenes against the illustrious general of this name. See, also, the lively narrative which paints the roguery of Callippus in the oration bearing his name. The orator's intimate acquaintance with the great banker Pasion (the Rothschild of his day) seems to have brought him into the knowledge of many curious particulars, which history could not condescend to notice, but which leave the private and public accounts of such men as Timotheus very little in harmony with each other.

upon us, to allow us to proceed with this part of our theme; but we recommend the learned reader to peruse the 19th speech of Lysias. In a tale of as deep interest as Athenian oratory allowed itself to dwell upon, he will there find, how little the right of personal security was regarded as well as the right of personal property. It is now time to turn to another view of the subject.

Athens, like England, according to our representation of things, was but another name for a great poor-house; but the results were somewhat different. In England, the land-owner, for the rates which he pays, gets his works worse done than it would be under a better system, and a good deal of insolence into the bargain: the common farmer acquires by them the right of petitioning the legislature, and—a jail. But the Athenian was too cunning an animal not to look for a better equivalent in all that he gave; and the rich, whether they contributed by force or by inclination, knew how to indemnify themselves. The first mode of indemnification was by magistracies at home. ‘Do not imagine, (says the orator, whom we have so often quoted,) that the object of these gratuities is mere good-will to you; no: they serve to pave the way to the public offices, in the administration of which the givers contrive to receive double of what they have expended.’—*Lys.* p. 657. The sale of the city’s freedom, as we learn from the same authority, formed another source of emolument. ‘It is universally allowed, that nothing is more easy than for men, who are citizens neither by birth nor by creation, to get their names inserted in the public registers. There needs but a present to some public orator, and presently their names are recorded on a pillar as benefactors to the public.’—*Lys.* p. 493. With Lysias the great orator joins in a similar complaint. ‘So honourable was it then universally accounted to be one of your citizens, that, to gain this envied distinction, there was no blessing which men were not willing to confer upon you. But now not merely the gift of the city’s freedom has become an object of supreme contempt, but every other distinction has become despicable through the wickedness of those accursed and god-detested orators, and the decrees which they so readily frame to serve their purposes. To such an excess have these fellows allowed their greediness to proceed, that, like auctioneers of the most trifling and contemptible articles, they set up your honour and gifts to sale at the lowest prices: let but the proper sum be paid, (and with them there is but one common price,) and what is there which any person may not command?’—*Demost. contr. Aristocratem*, 687.

But the great harvest was from abroad. Considerable pickings, as we learn from Andocides, were got out of the annual payments first exacted of all tributary cities, as a fund for meeting any

future invasion of the Persians. 'Omitting then his private vices, (the orator is speaking of Alcibiades,) I shall point out those injuries which he has committed against the city generally. And first with regard to the tribute-money. This was originally assessed by Aristides in a manner most consistent with justice. Alcibiades, however, persuaded you, that the mode of assessment needed a revision, and himself and nine others were appointed for the purpose. And what was the consequence? That the assessment was nearly doubled to every one of our allies, while he, by creating an opinion of his great influence and formidable power, converted to his own emolument what ought to have been for the public good!' —*Andoc.* vol. iv. p. 116. Nor was it only in the collecting of this tribute, that men like Alcibiades found their advantage. If we may believe the great comic poet, it formed a very convenient fund, on which they might occasionally lay their * hands, when deposited in the imperial city: and as the common citizens knew, that the money in the rich man's coffer would eventually find its way into their own purses, it was, perhaps, more the desire of feasting their eyes with what was afterwards to feed their grosser appetites, which led them to have it paraded over the stage at the theatrical exhibitions, when the allies were present, than what Isocrates would have us † believe, their insufferable insolence, and intense study how they might most deserve the hatred and execration of mankind.

But it was not merely individuals whom the allies helped to reimburse for the money taken out of their pockets at home; whole armies were often quartered upon them, when the commander came with an empty purse, and the Athenians had expended in amusements at home what ought to have been the resources of war. 'I shall now speak with freedom, (says Demosthenes in his defence of Diopeithes,) and, indeed, it is the only way in which I know how to speak. No general ever left your shores (at the peril of my life I affirm it) who did not receive money from the Chians and the Erythræans; in short, from every people that was able to give it him. I am now speaking of those who inhabit Asia. He who commands but one or two ships receives a smaller sum; those who have a larger force receive more. In their own language this is called a benevolence; and such is the name which these briberies bear. To our present business. Diopeithes is at the head of an army. Take it for granted that there is not one of these persons but will furnish him money. And how else is he to support his troops! he who receives nothing from you, and who has no resources? Will the heavens, do you suppose, drop pay upon him?

* Aristoph. in *Vespis*, 1104.

† De Pace, t. i. p. 361.

No, no: what he forces from one and begs from another, and borrows from a third, this must be his means of supporting them, and no other.' (*Dem. de Chers.* 96.) While the military commander thus made up for his own deficiencies, it was not to be expected, that the naval commander, in the very feeling of his recent expenses, would not also find out some reimbursement. And this discovery, we may rest assured, he made, whether, as was most usual, he himself commanded the vessel which he had equipped, or whether, as was sometimes allowed, he deputed its command, under his own responsibility, to another. 'When any man leaves your ports (it is again Demosthenes who speaks) in the command of a vessel which he has taken upon hire, the whole race of mankind becomes to him an object of pillage and of plunder. The funds thus derived are to him a source of private emolument; but the pains and penalties of such conduct fall individually upon yourselves. For such is the general insecurity to person and property occasioned by these men, that you are the only persons who can go nowhere without the protection of a passport: so that the least reflecting must come to this conclusion that vessels of war leave your ports less for the benefit of their fellow-countrymen than for their mischief, and may rather be considered as enemies than friends. Were your interests the real measure of our actions, our naval commanders would not so much think of enriching themselves at the expense of the state, as of ameliorating the condition of the state at their own private charges—but their sentiments are the very reverse of this, and no commander ever leaves your shores without being a proof of the assertion.'—*Dem. de Coronâ Navali*, vol. ii. p. 1232.

Accustomed as we are to attach the nicest sense of honour and integrity to our officers by land and sea, and knowing nothing of the corruption of our statesmen, but from the surmises of infamous writers, who, like another small hero, are obliged to make their monsters, before they can kill them, it may be asked in what light was this system of open or secret bribery viewed among the people, where it so much prevailed? The great orator, who has furnished us with so much information on the subject, has supplied us also with an answer to this inquiry. 'There was a jealous envy of those, who were known to have thus repaid themselves: a loud laugh for those, who had the honesty to own it; pardon and forgiveness for those who were convicted of it, and the bitterest hatred for those, who dared to find fault with so convenient a system.'—*Dem. 3d Philippic*, tom. i. p. 121. Nay, so legitimate and established were these modes of public or private extortion considered, that, an occasional attempt made to put matters on a better footing, was treated by the demagogues of the day as a sort of

personal injury; they insulted the proposal with the most sarcastic observations, and applying to it that term which, in the Greek language, implied an accusation founded on the most frivolous and vexatious pretences, they asserted that such a proposal involved the whole population of Athens in the infamous charge of sycophancy.

The benefits derived from this system of things, (and some there were,) it will be our duty to mention hereafter; but we have yet to be persuaded that they in any degree compensated for the political mischiefs which resulted from it. To us it appears that much of what modern Greece suffers by necessity, ancient Greece suffered by choice; that so closely are democracy and despotism allied, that, as far as property at least is concerned, the most slavish of European governments scarcely presents one odious feature which does not find a parallel in free-born Athens. There was the same wish to conceal wealth as now; and the same inquisitorial† spirit to find where it existed. Where it was displayed, it excited envy; and moderation only sufficed to excite suspicion. If riches were a temptation, poverty was no security: the wealthy man was plundered of his superfluity; and poverty had its little made less by extortion. The rich man was robbed, because he had the power to contribute; and the poor man because he wanted the power to contribute. Demus, meantime, sat with a face of foolish wonder at all these exploits, and received court and compliment from those who had an interest in these proceedings, to be repaid by ten-fold scorn and derision, as soon as their object was accomplished. 'As soon as these men (says the clear-sighted orator) have stuffed and filled themselves with your property, they begin to consider themselves as strangers to the republic. To grow rich, and to hate the commonwealth, are necessary consequences with them: obedience is now out of the question; in fear for the wealth of which they have robbed you, they prepare to seize the places of defence, to turn the democracy into an oligarchy, and to resort to every means which may throw you into the greatest danger. By these means, your minds, they think, will not be at leisure to turn to their delinquencies; and thus they imagine that your terror will be their tranquillity.'—*Lys.* 778. 'Need I recall to your recollections Epigenes, Diophanes, and Cleisthenes? To them the city's calamities were a source of private revenue, while to the public their conduct was a source of the greatest calamities.

* *Isæus*, p. 187. 297. *Demosthenes contra Phæmippum*, t. ii. p. 1045. *contra Stephanum*, t. ii. p. 1121. *Lysias*, p. 684. Hence, in a trial of property, the argument held out to the jury was not so much sometimes, the point of justice, but in whose possession the property would be more a source of gain to the public.—*Isæus*, 155, 189. *Demosthenes pro Phormione*, t. ii. p. 962. *Contra Aphobum*, t. ii. p. 843. *Lysias de Aristophan. Bonis*, 660.

† *Lysias*, 619.

Some they persuaded you to put to death without the formality of a trial : of many they ordered you to confiscate the property, without a shadow of justice ; some they drove into banishment, and others they branded with infamy,—for this was the very grain of their character : the guilty for a sum of money they let off, and the innocent they brought before your tribunals, and ruined. Nor did they cease their abominable trade, till they had driven the city into insurrection ; and till themselves, from being not worth a farthing, became men of substance and property.’—*Lys. de Affect. Tyr.* 778.

Of all these results, the most painful is the perversion which this system of things carried into the courts of justice, and the least afflicting is to see the conceited sovereign multitude ever the dupe of its flatterers, and incurring all the shame of this political depravity without any of its rewards, nay submitting to be supported out of those treasures which ought to have been in its own coffers. But the kingdom of Demus has ever been Noodledom.—‘If it were seen that the property confiscated by these persons was preserved for the city, I could put up with it ; but you are well aware, that part of it disappears before it is brought to the hammer ; and that of the rest, what ought to go at a great price is sold for a mere trifle.’—*Lys.* 610. ‘And truly, gentlemen, it would be a very anomalous proceeding in you to express bitter resentment against those who have not the power of making a contribution, and to confiscate their property for no other crime than their poverty : it would be an anomaly, I say, to act thus, and yet leave those unpunished who possess themselves of what ought really to belong to you ; with this aggravation, that, becoming masters of your property, they are only so much the bitterer enemies to your persons.’—*Lys.* 832. To the same effect may be added the continuation of a speech formerly quoted. ‘And suppose this request complied with, what was the consequence ? So far were these guilty proceedings from commanding a supply of money for the mercenaries, that to the public nothing resulted but hatred and disgrace, while all the benefit merged in the contrivers of the scheme. For experience has taught them, that by once fixing an opinion in the public mind, that themselves and their speeches could turn your votes any way they pleased,—for justice or against justice—money was sure to flow in without stint from the guilty. And, oh ! what hope of salvation can that city possess whose prosperity and whose ruin hang upon a measure of supply, and whose resources are entrusted to men, who, instead of being the guardians of the public purse, and the avengers of injustice, are themselves the very first to pillage, and set up justice for a bribe ! And is this the first time they have been detected in these dirty proceedings ? I would to heaven it were ! but many a trial have they

they already undergone for similar enormities. And where rests the blame? With yourselves, gentlemen of the jury: for what has not been the contradiction of your conduct, where the offence charged was the same? Mneson you acquitted; and this man, this Epicrates, this fellow against whom one overwhelming voice of accusation rose, whose own witnesses bore testimony against him, and that not from mere hearsay, but from having been his go-betweens, from having had the very fingering of the money, this person you had the matchless inconsistency to acquit! To such a pass indeed are things come, that those who before the peace had not the power to support themselves, have now the means to make contributions, and support the public charges of the state offices; aye, and are lodged in splendid mansions to boot. Yet there were those among you whose only reward for bearing these charges out of large patrimonies, was envy and dislike; but now the city is so disposed, that she no longer shows resentment at what these men steal, but feels grateful for what they bestow, as if you were their mercenaries, and not they your robbers.'—*Lys.* 812.

Of the Athenian courts of justice we may have occasion to speak in a future paper:—we shall take no further notice of them at present than the subject immediately before us demands. In the long quotation which we laid before the reader, for the purpose of showing the nature of the expenses, enjoined by the poor-laws of Athens, we intentionally omitted to state the occasion on which the speech, from which our extract was made, had been spoken. It was on a charge of bribery. Of what nature the bribery was does not appear; but of whatever kind, it was the necessary result of those demands which Athens made upon the purses of her wealthier citizens; and it was met,—as we might show, from innumerable proofs, most accusations were met at Athens,—not so much with a denial of the charge, as by an ostentatious display of what the accused had done in the way of contribution. A display of this *kind generally formed the peroration of an Athenian pleading; and a defendant did not even hesitate to declare, that what he had contributed, besides his legal obligations, was with a view to such a situation of things. 'Whatever expenses the law enjoined, I had defrayed; and more too. Why?—that I might stand higher in your estimation, and that, in case of any misfortune, I might stand a trial upon securer grounds.'—*Lys.* 770. 'It is now a matter of perfect safety to rob and pillage you: if the delinquents escape discovery, they enjoy fearlessly the fruits of their

* Demos. contra Meidiam. i. p. 563—5. Contra Stephanum, 2. 1127. Lysias contra Nicomachum, 835. de Aristoph. Bonis, 661. Isæus de Hæred. Nicost. 83. de Hæred. Dilectogenis, 116.

guilt;

guilt; if detected, they either buy off danger by a part of the theft, or, brought to a trial, they possess weight and authority sufficient to force an acquittal.'—*Lys.* 810. 'Should you acquit these men, they will acknowledge no obligation to you: all their obligation will be to their disbursements, and to the money which, originally taken from you, they now lay out in bribes.'—*Id.* 826. 'Since that last decree which passed the Ecclesia, I see Ergocles and his companions no longer sparing their money, but buying their very souls from the orators, from their opponents, and from the Prytanes, and carrying corruption into a numerous body of *the citizens to boot.'—*Id.* 821. Thus wheel within wheel stood the affair of corruption at Athens! The public first robbed the individual, the individual re-imburshed himself from the public: bribery from abroad was allowed to aid speculation at home; the victim's treasures were allowed to swell till he became ripe for the public orator; and then, through the courts of justice, he drops a full and fattened morsel into the mouth of the insatiable Demus.

Such was Mr. Dalzel's best of all possible governments; and were Grecian literature in less respectable hands than it is, some Pangloss of the day would, no doubt, be found to snuffle out his last tooth in abetting the Professor's political optimism, and to sin against knowledge, where Mr. Dalzel sinned only through ignorance!

Our readers have perhaps had enough of this subject; but we have one more view to take of it, and as that view is of no very complimentary kind to our own country, and we have not our Timbuctoo MSS. to help us through with it, we shall be as concise as possible. The great phenomenon of the present day is undoubtedly the English constitution, and those means by which, among the daily shocks assailing her, the vessel of the state still continues to right herself and ride in safety. Without going one step beyond the pale of our present inquiry, it may be observed, that one of the most effectual of those means lies in that power which the crown possesses of drawing into its service those who might otherwise devote their abilities to pursuits almost as honourable, and often much more lucrative. That the least disinterested may not lie without the reach of this power, the weight of opinion has been added to that of interest, and honour called in to make up the deficiency in profit; that the proudest may not be above it, imagination has been consulted as well as judgment, and a sublime fiction of the law has carried into the fountain, whence those bounties flow, an imaginary

* It is asserted, in a subsequent speech (834), that on this particular occasion more than 2000 of the Athenians were bribed (δεδωκασμένοι). Πείθειν, to persuade, to make a man understand reason, was the term generally used on the occasion.—*Lys.* 279.

purity and sweetness which nothing can contaminate. Sedition, wise enough in her generation, has not misunderstood this; and hence that virulence, which, beginning in a quarter we do not wish to name, and descending into quarters we do not condescend to name, has ended in an absolute *Jacquerie* of the pen, waging war against all that is noble and illustrious in the land. While men, with whose names we forbear, as much as possible, to pollute our pages, were making their thousands by two-pences and shillings, extracted from penury, disaffection and indolence, or from a love of scandal, more mischievous perhaps than all the other three, it was sufficient for the bounty of the crown to have descended upon living merit, or its ancestors, to awaken all the noisy virulence of a crew, who are only quiet while searching for a new subject of clamour, and whose least offensive position is but inability of wickedness. If the particular species of clamour, to which we allude, has in some degree subsided, we doubt whether the cessation of hostilities is so much to be ascribed to a full sense of its absurdity and wickedness, as to a growing consciousness that the lewd libidinous stare, directed against the jewels of the crown, would in time be transferred to wealth of a more substantial kind, and that the fund-holder and land-owner would come in for a share of that clamour which had hitherto been confined to the pensionist and the reversionist.

But to return to our own more proper theme. If Athens exhibited no Red Book or Pension List, it was because republican parsimony and niggardliness are proverbial; but she possessed that which came nearest to it, an exemption from the numerous duties imposed upon wealth and rank, an exemption, which if it did not imply the acquisition of riches by gift, implied their acquisition by protection. Some demagogue of the day, however, was found, not merely with the folly to question the propriety of such an exemption, but with the wickedness to demand it back from the few meritorious families on which it had been conferred, either in their own persons or by reversion; and Athens to her other follies had nearly added that of forgetting, 'that among all nations of the world it has ever been the custom rather to benefit some that are unworthy, in gratitude for benefits previously received, than, on account of the undeserving, to take back what has been given to those deserving of * favour.' From this disgrace, however, she was saved by the earliest efforts of that matchless orator, whose loftiness of mind, and, we had almost said, whose undeviating rectitude of opinion command still more admiration than his eloquence, and who, by the union of all three, has thrown such a blaze over the names of Athens and democracy, that from the passionate readers of Demosthenes no fair or unprejudiced view of

* *Oratio contra Leptinem*, p. 469.

either must ever be expected. Such a shred and tatter did this senseless proposal become in his rending hands, so withered and so blasted was it left by the lightnings of his eloquence, that whatever might have been the wishes of popular cupidity, (and that they were pretty strong, is evinced by the solemn laws and formalities, which the framer of the bill overruled to carry his purpose,) they sunk beneath a young man's honest fervour: and of this project little more attached to the name of Athens than the infamy of its suggestion: Reckless as she was of reputation, inconsistent as the winds in character, and steeped to the very lips in political guilt and depravity, for once she yielded to her better genius, and in the hour of national distress she could lay the unction to her soul, that only in the * periods of indignant oratory her dead had been arrayed against her living, and the voice of the tomb borrowed to arraign her of broken faith and perjured promise; of honour sacrificed to necessity; of present exertion paralysed by past ingratitude; of taking from the son what had been conceded to the father, and robbing the grave, to confer a short and guilty relief upon the living!

Something has now perhaps been said to show, that if the ancient republics of Greece are to be held up as models of admiration, that purpose must be effected by a stronger hand than Mr. Dalzel's; and that they will be so held up there can be little doubt, when we see the side attempts made to recommend republicanism, even as it exists beyond the Atlantic, in all the glories of bundling, gouging, negro-driving, dram-drinking; such poems as the Columbiad, such speeches as Mr. Adams makes at convivial meetings, and young ladies, who, when asked to dance, reply, 'I guess I have no occasion.'† If a spirit of bold inquiry and laborious research be the distinguishing characteristic of the present age; full enough of that inquiry and research has been directed against the credit of our own ‡ institutions, and the satisfaction which it is for our interest

* Orat. c. Leptinem, 483.

† It is painful to see a man of real talent indulging in such absurd speculations, giving countenance to foolish innovators, *quibus quæta movere magna merces videtur*, and condescending to lend the petulance of his wit to the grovelling maligners of their country's institutions. *Jonathan Kentucky* will forgive us for quoting, on this occasion, an author, whose little finger, as he will be most ready to own, had more sense in it than his and our body together. 'The love of things ancient, says the venerable Hooker, doth argue staydness; but levity and want of experience maketh apt unto innovations. That which wisdom did first begin, and hath been with good men long continued, challengeth allowance of them that succeed, although it plead for itself nothing.' Again—'Sharp and subtle discoveries of wit procure many times very great applause; but being laid in the balance with that which the habit of sound experience plainly delivereth, they are over-weighed.' *Ecclesiastical Polity*, book 5.

‡ To persons of this class we recommend the following quotation from the speech which has just been alluded to: 'I have been told with great earnestness, that our opponents

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THE author of this work was an Austrian Jesuit, who was born in the year 1717, entered the company in 1736 while he was studying theology at Gratz in Styria, and in 1749 sailed from Lisbon for Buenos-Ayres, to enter upon the arduous duties of a missionary in Paraguay. There he remained till Spain, in evil hour, expelled the Jesuits from its dominions. In that most impolitic and inhuman deportation Dobrizhoffer was included; but he had not, like his Spanish fellow-sufferers, to pass the remainder of his life in unmerited and hopeless exile from his native land. Returning to his own country, he resided at Vienna, in the Jesuit college, till the extinction of his order, and afterwards as a secular priest. The Empress Maria Theresa is said to have taken great pleasure in conversing with him, and hearing him describe the manners of the savages among whom the latter part of his years had been past. In 1777 he communicated some remarks upon the Guarani and Abiponian languages to a journal printed at Nuremberg; and in 1784 he published, under the title of a *History of the Abipones, a full account of the remarkable people among whom he had been stationed, and of his own adventures in a wild country, among wild men. He wrote in Latin, as a man who expected that his work would find fit readers, though few, in all countries, and in all succeeding times; perhaps also because, after long use of Spanish and barbarous tongues he could not have written his own language with the same facility and correctness. The work was translated into German the same year, and there is also a Spanish translation, which was offered for sale in London, among a collection of Spanish manuscripts, about three or four years ago. He died at Vienna in 1791, in a good old age.

Dobrizhoffer was a member of the company in its best age, and was stationed in that country where its efforts were most success-

*The original title is *Historia de Abiponibus, Equestri, Bellicosaque Paraquaria Natione—locupletata copiosis Barbararum Gentium, Urbium, Fluminum, Ferarum, Amphibiorum, Insectorum, Serpentium præcipuorum, Piscium, Avium, Arborum, Plantarum, aliarumque ejusdem Provinciæ, observationibus. Authore Martino Dobrizhoffer, Presbytero, et per annos duo de viginti Paraquaria Missionario.* T. iii. 8vo. Vienna. 1784.

fully and most meritoriously directed. The Jesuits were an order of men of whom, considering them at different times and in different countries, it would hardly be possible to speak worse or better than they deserved, so heinous were their misdeeds, and so great were their virtues. In one respect their history resembles that of their founder. Ignatius Loyola is perhaps of all the remarkable men whose lives have been largely recorded, the one who displayed most ability in discovering his own deficiencies, and most perseverance in correcting them: thus by the rare union of unwearied patience and consummate prudence, with perfect enthusiasm, he accomplished the object of his ambition, and lived to see a wider success than his boldest hopes could have anticipated. Something of this virtue descended to his followers: as he had amended his defects, so they cast the slough of their offences, abstained from treasons and rebellions, and gradually ceased to invent monstrous legends for imposing upon mankind. The reports of our own missionaries are not more free from falsehood and intentional deception than the publications of the last of the Jesuits, and they are not so free from alloy. These publications, the legacy which the last members of this company bequeathed to the world, form a larger and more valuable addition to the history of America (taking history in its widest acceptation) than had been made since the first discovery and conquest. Of these, Clavigero's History of Mexico is the one which is most known in this country; but the work before us is that which contains the most original and curious information. Perhaps there is no other which gives so full and picturesque an account of savage life; it has a liveliness, an originality, a freshness which makes even garrulity attractive. The good old man, well knowing that the knowledge which he had so painfully acquired was well worthy of preservation, delivers it with an honest confidence that he is addressing a benevolent reader, who, like Maria Theresa, will smile at his jests, listen with sympathizing good nature to the recital of his privations and hardships, and like him for the dangers he had past, and for the cheerfulness which had borne him through.

The book however is not a relation of his personal adventures: he has given it a more methodical and regular form. The first volume is filled with a preliminary account of Paraguay—(*Liber prodromus de Paraguarie Habitu.*) Under that name he includes the whole province of La Plata, and enters largely into its natural history, and the transactions of his own times, particularly the war of the Seven Reductions, and the calumnies and falsehoods which prepared the way for the expulsion of the Jesuits, and the total overthrow of their famous establishments in Paraguay. The second volume relates to the manners and customs of the Abipones; and

and the third to their history, and that of the attempts to civilize them in which he was engaged. The translator has, not injudiciously, curtailed the work by omitting controversial parts in defence of the calumniated order, an abundance of quotations which might well be spared, and a few passages of repetition, or of matter that appeared uninteresting. We observe also that the sentences have frequently been curtailed without any curtailment of their sense, a judicious mode of abridgement by which nothing is lost. In other respects the version is executed with great fidelity. It is not necessary to pursue the author's method in giving an account of his work; we shall attempt to do this upon a different arrangement, and draw upon other sources for a running comment.

The reinforcement of Jesuits which went out with Dobrizhoffer amounted to threescore. They had a most providential escape from shipwreck in the Plata, where their pilot, being utterly unacquainted with the navigation of that dangerous river, ran them upon the shoals. From Buenos-Ayres they set out for Cordoba, the capital of Tucuman, and the head-quarters of the company in that part of the world. The distance is between five and six hundred miles; and as at that time the equestrian tribes, and more especially the Abipones, were in great force, being in fact masters of the open country, it was a journey of considerable danger, upon which large and strong parties had frequently been cut off. The caravan or waggon-train consisted of somewhat more than an hundred waggons, of the form still in use at Buenos-Ayres at the commencement of the revolution in that miserable province. They were mounted upon two huge wheels, the sides were either of matting or of planks, the tilt covered with hides, which in a country that might properly be called Butcher-land, were applied to every possible use. No iron was used in their construction. The door was at what Dobrizhoffer calls the poop, and the ascent by a ladder; at the prow there was a window; but when the master of the waggon chose to drive, he sate in front, and managed the cattle by means of a long goad suspended beside him, and protruded like a ship's bowsprit. To accommodate these conveyances with seats would have been a refinement far beyond the people of that province, who, of all colonists, had retrograded farthest from all the habitudes of decent life. The poor Jesuit therefore travelled in a recumbent posture, stretched on a pallet; thus he had the benefit of the whole motion over natural roads, (for there were no others,) and Dobrizhoffer says the effect was such that, till after some days seasoning, they were as sick as they had been upon the voyage. Perhaps they scored down the suffering and inconvenience to their account of merits, otherwise they could hardly have overlooked the easy accommodation which a cot or a ham-

mock would have afforded. The wheels were never greased, they had music therefore wherever they went, and Dobrizhoffer reckons this among the miseries of the journey. Six pair of oxen were allowed to each waggon; they drew with four in fair ways; where the ground was marshy, with eight; the others were to relieve. This alone made twelve hundred oxen necessary for an hundred waggons: but many more were required,—not for baggage, the Jesuits carrying little, and the *Peons* of La Plata none; but for wood, because no fuel was to be found upon those interminable plains, and even for water, which it was necessary to carry, as in the deserts, from one station to another. A numerous body of attendants was required for the care and management of so many oxen. All these men went on horseback: to perform a journey, or even an errand on foot would have been beneath the dignity of their complexion, if there was the slightest mixture of white in its composition; and several horses were thought necessary for each, it being a common practice to ride a beast till it foundered, and then turn it loose.

The usual mode of proceeding for such a caravan was in three divisions, about five hundred paces asunder, that, if any accident happened in the one body, it might not impede the other. They started at three in the morning. Two horsemen went at the head of each division as guards. At eight they halted, and each party drew up its waggons in a circle, partly for defence in case of an attack, and also that the cattle might be driven into the circle, and thus more easily caught when they were to be yoked. The cattle were of course turned to graze during the halt, upon the luxuriant pasture of the Pampas. A certain number were slaughtered; this is a work at which every peon is expert. Three fires were kindled to dress the food of the Fathers, of the waggon-train, and of the herdsmen. Three large tents were also pitched; the one served as a church, wherein the portable altar was set up, and mass daily performed; in the other two tables were spread, literally, folding boards being carried for that use. The Jesuits ate in the same order as in one of their own refectories, and the ceremony was observed of reading during the meal. They halted five hours, that the oxen might be spared the labour of draught during the heat of the day. At one o'clock the beasts were driven into the inclosure, and caught by the noose with that dexterity for which the natives are remarkable. The journey was then resumed and continued till sun-set, when they again encamped in the same order for the night. The Jesuits, according to their custom, made up their accounts between this world and the next, by an examination of conscience; a bell, as in their college,

college, gave warning at the accustomed hour, and then they retired to rest.

The way from Buenos-Ayres to Cordoba had never been so dangerous as when Dobrizhoffer first travelled it. Not a day past upon the journey without some alarm; traces of the savages were seen, or their whistling, or their pipes heard in the distance; a rampart was then formed with the waggons, and the caravan prepared for an attack. Happily all these alarms proved false, and the only accident was an adventure in which Dobrizhoffer himself, to his sorrow, bore the principal part. Thinking it pleasanter to proceed on foot over the green turf, than endure the jolting of the waggon, he and two of his companions were keeping pace with the caravan at convenient distance one fine evening, when they saw, and, being ignorant of its projectile means of defence, pursued that creature which the Spaniards call *Zorrillo*, or, according to his orthography, *Zorriño*, (the Yagouaré of Azara,) properly termed by the French, *Bête puante*, and *Enfant du Diable*. They admired the creature, and ran to catch it as eagerly as three school-boys would have done. *Colori nimium credidimus*, says poor Dobrizhoffer, whose ill fortune it was to outrun his comrades. The stinkard, who it seems is a sure shot at five feet distance, retreated leisurely, conscious of its means of escape, and stopt when the unhappy Jesuit drew nigh, like a tame animal willing to be fondled. Not altogether trusting this appearance, he touched it gently with a stick, '*nec mora*,' as he tells the story in his lively Latin, '*levato confestim crure Stygiam in me exonerat pestem. Maxillam sinistram liberaliter permingit undique, cursuque citatissimo fugam victrix capit. Quod oculis pepercerit meis id in beneficiis numerandum. Veluti Jovis ignibus ictus obstupui, mihi ipse repente intolerabilis.*' It was—

A stench which might disdain what Araby
And all its odours could against it do.

If Paracelsus, he says, if Theophrastus, if all other chemists went to work with all their art, and all their laboratories and furnaces, they could not have compounded a more intolerable odour. The pain was very great, though the eyes* had fortunately escaped. The cheek, he says, burnt like fire during the whole of the night. It was in vain that he stript off his clothes, and washed, rubbed, and scrubbed his face again and again; the infernal odour remained in full force, and carried with it a sentence of excommunication more instantly and certainly effectual, than a papal

* Major Gillespie was in company with an English officer who, exposing himself in like manner to the Yagouaré, was blinded by it for several hours, and being near a river plunged into it, as if he had been on fire, to assuage the burning sensation.

interdict. He was not allowed to approach the tent of his companions, and if his waggon-driver had not, to their mutual comfort, totally lost the sense of smell, even the waggon would have been closed against him. His clothes were rendered utterly useless; there is no possibility of destroying the pungent and intolerable odour. *Si mihi sunt linguæ centum*, he proceeds, *immani graveolentis bestia odor explicando imparem me crediderim. Illa nocte a meo separari corpore optabamequidem*. Azara relates, on the testimony of an observer, to whom he gives entire credit, that when the pestiferous secretion is discharged in darkness, it is evidently phosphorescent.

Cordoba, whither the caravan was bound, was founded in 1573 by D. Geromimo Luis de Cabrera, and so called, because (according to Lozano) its situation resembles that of the city of the same name in Spain. Philip V. made it the capital of Tucuman; the episcopal see had been translated thither from Santiago del Estero, in the year 1700; the diocese, at that time, and till the recent revolution in those countries, was the most extensive in the world, Quebec alone, perhaps, excepted. But the *Colegio Maximo*, as it was called, was deservedly the boast of Cordoba. This splendid establishment was not more honourable to the Jesuits in the days of their prosperity, than it was every way useful to the country. It was endowed with five large estates, little inferior perhaps in extent to as many counties. But the wealth of the Jesuits was well bestowed. The reproach of wasteful and luxurious expenditure, which was made with so much justice against the lordly monks and clergy of the dark ages, never attached to the Jesuits. The Dean of Cordoba, D. Gregorio Funes, affirms that it will never be forgotten in that country, how truly they conformed in their lives to the strictest principles of the Gospel: and Major Gillespie, who was sent as a prisoner from Buenos-Ayres into the interior, declares that their surviving pupils speak of them still with tears of reverential love. The system of education which they followed had the faults which might be expected; there was a sad waste of time and intellectual labour in acquiring the subtleties of a captious logic, and in long courses of useless metaphysics; but the Latin classics were well taught, and men were bred there who did honour by their works to the last age of the Jesuits. Funes himself was one of their pupils; his * history is the greatest work which has yet issued

* *Ensayo de la Historia Civil del Paraguay, Buenos Ayres y Tucuman, escrita por el Doctor D. Gregorio Funes, Dean de la Santa Iglesia Catedral de Cordova*. Buenos Ayres, 1816-17. Three volumes small 4to. A portrait of the author has been engraved at the expense of the English residents in Buenos-Ayres, in token of their respect for the benevolence and excellence of his character.

from the press in South America, and perhaps it may be added, the only good which the revolution in those provinces has hitherto produced.

One of our divines has well pointed out, as a peculiar glory of true Christianity, 'that it does not only save, but civilize its real professors.' This has never been better exemplified than by the Jesuits in these provinces. To them the inhabitants were indebted, not alone for whatever learning existed among them, but for every thing beyond the mere necessary arts of life, for whatever comforts and refinements they possessed. Major Gillespie learnt that all mechanical improvements in that country were introduced by the Jesuits: 'wherever,' he says, 'their footsteps can be marked, the loom and the distaff are exclusively among the appendages of the meanest hut.' No body of men was ever recruited with finer subjects, not even the Mamalukes, the Janizaries, nor the King of Prussia's grenadiers. They received into their order men of all countries and all professions, and availed themselves of the peculiar talents and attainments of each to the fullest extent. They were expert also in discovering whatever aptitude or cleverness a novice or a slave possessed; and they put every man to his proper use. Their college, therefore, was as much the school of industry and art, as of Latin and logic; and their church exhibited that splendour of decoration by which the Romanists have so well known how to impress the minds of the multitude. The wealth and splendour of a place of worship, says the good Dean of Cordoba, belong not less to the poor than to the rich; it is only in the temple of the Lord, before whom all men are equal, that poverty partakes of the full enjoyment of opulence; the poor man beholds it there without envy, for there he participates in it. If the pomp of worship, he adds, does not bring us nearer to the Creator, at least it comes in aid of our weakness and elevates us above ourselves.

A curious fact in natural history, relating to the city of Cordoba, is mentioned in an account of the Diocese of Tucuman, published many years ago at the end of a Lima Almanack. The river Pucara, upon which the city stands, formerly abounded, it is there said, with many kinds of fish; but they were all, except one species, destroyed by a tremendous hail-storm. The calamity was accounted for, *more Catholico*, by the sinfulness of the Cordobans, who, though they had so prolific a river, had persisted, almost generally, in eating forbidden food upon meagre days. The fact is worthy of notice here, because something similar occurred while Major Gillespie was in that country. In the middle of March there was a dreadful thunderstorm, accompanied with hail-stones of unusual size; and on the following morning the

banks of the river, on both sides, were strewn with fish, some far above, and others level with the water, the destruction being so entire, that the fishing, in which he and his fellow-prisoners till then had found excellent sport, was from that day at an end. Fish could not be cast ashore by any storm, however violent, unless they were brought to the surface of the water by sickness or death. By hail-stones alone, of any magnitude, they could not have been injured,—against them, indeed, the water was as effectual a protection as against rain. If the effect were electrical, instances would surely be more common; but no third example has occurred in our reading. Is it possible that the convulsion in the atmosphere may have been connected with any subterraneous discharge? Baron Humboldt would bring to the consideration of such a fact, an extent of knowledge scarcely less surprizing than the excursive and intuitive intellect which renders the whole of his acquirements available. One who is ignorant of physical science, may yet be serviceable to science in thus relating facts for the consideration of those who are able to reason upon them. And there is a singular phenomenon at Cordoba, which shows that more is going on under ground in those parts, than is known upon the surface. A subterranean sound is frequently heard in that city, which Dobrizhoffer describes as dull and heavy, like the sound of a wooden pestle and mortar, or of a pavior's rammer, to which latter the common people compare it, and therefore call it *el pison*. During a residence of two years he heard it but once; but he speaks of it as a well known phenomenon, and as if it occurred by night only; and he says that the sound passes from street to street, *surdus hic, et nescio quid triste sonans, strepitus ex alia in aliam plateam excurrit*. The vulgar, he says, believe it to be the tramp of some spectre-horseman riding through the city. His own explanation, with which he declares himself perfectly satisfied, is, that it is a subterranean wind roaring in the caverns of the earth, and endeavouring to find an issue; for in the hollows and crevices of the ground he thought he could discern unequivocal vestiges of frequent earthquakes. In the Lima Almanack the sound is likened to the rattling of wheels over a paved way, and supposed to be produced by a subterranean river, in a rocky and hollow part of its course; and a traditional prophecy of S. Francisco Solano is referred to, that such a river would one day swallow up the city. Dobrizhoffer also notices rock-thunders among the cliffs of this neighbourhood; he heard them distinctly on a fine night, when the air was still and the sky clear, and he compares the sound to the discharge of cannon, saying he could have sworn that some fortress was cannonaded. He was then a few leagues from Cordoba, on the Pucara, at a place where lime was burnt; the

the inhabitants assured him that these sounds were peculiar to the rocks about them, and that they occurred almost daily; and he observes, that often as he had travelled among what he calls the Cordoban Alps, he had never heard any thing of the kind elsewhere. Lewis and Clarke, in their journey, heard precisely the same kind of sounds among the Rocky Mountains.

When Dobrizhoffer had acquired a competent knowledge of the Guarani tongue at Cordoba, he was stationed in one of those Reductions where the Jesuits had realized their fair ideal of a Christian Commonwealth. *Le meilleur de tous les gouvernemens, says the Abbé Raynal, s'il étoit possible qu'il se maintînt dans sa pureté, seroit la théocratie: mais il faudroit que la religion n'inspirât que les devoirs de la société; n'appellât crime que ce qui blesse les droits naturels de l'humanité; ne substituât pas, dans ses préceptes, des prières aux travaux, de vaines cérémonies de culte à des œuvres de charité, des scrupules à des remords fondés. Il n'en étoit tout-à-fait ainsi au Paraguay. Les Missionnaires Espagnols y avoient beaucoup trop porté leurs idées, leurs usages monastiques. Cependant, peut-être ne fit-on jamais autant de bien aux hommes avec si peu de mal.* And in another place he says of this famous Jesuit Commonwealth: *C'est la seule société sur la terre, où les hommes aient joui de cette égalité, qui est le second des biens; car la liberté est le premier.* The Abbé Raynal employed the latter years of his life in correcting his *Histoire Philosophique*, and in weeding out from it those erroneous opinions which he had disclaimed in his old age, with far more danger than he had avowed them in his youth. It is to be regretted that the work, thus amended, should not have been published; for that work, notwithstanding all its inaccuracies and errors, is worthy of preservation. Raynal was a man of great talents; his eloquence is, in its kind, only inferior to that of Rousseau, and the feelings which he expresses are always those of a humane and generous heart. In the amended copy we should expect to find, that both his praise and censure of the Guarani Reductions would be modified. Upon looking more accurately at the economy of those extraordinary societies, he would have found nothing more extraordinary than that the Jesuits should have introduced so few of those usages and notions which are so closely interwoven with the corruptions of the Romish Church. The system of the Reductions was cenobitical, but there was nothing monastic about them. On the other hand, the equality which he praises was the dead level of servitude; infinitely better indeed than that equality which he lived to see and to deplore in his own country, but which kept the inhabitants improgessive in the lowest stage of civilization. That wherein they most differed from any other existing state in society,

society, was in the enjoyment of order, without which, as Raynal himself found by bitter experience, liberty itself ceases to be a blessing. The order of a Reduction was as perfect in its kind as that of a bee-hive or an ant-hill.

The number of converted Indians under the Jesuits' government, when Dobrizhoffer began his office as a missionary, amounted to about 120,000 in thirty Reductions; the largest containing not quite 8,000 inhabitants, the smallest not less than 2,500. The population, though increasing in some of these settlements, was on the whole declining, and that greatly. The state of society might seem the most favourable to population that could be devised; early marriages being not merely encouraged, but enjoined; subsistence plentiful, the climate good, spirituous liquors unknown, and the people enjoying a more absolute exemption from cares of every kind, than could have been attained under any other form of society. The evil however is explained by some physical and some moral causes. Visitations of small-pox were frequent and most destructive; many of the men perished while upon military service; drought sometimes produced famine; they were not a prolific race; and perhaps their marriages were premature. How large a portion of the evils which afflict mankind may be removed or alleviated! When the principle of community was established, there could have been no difficulty in providing (as Joseph did in Egypt) for years of scarcity during years of plenty; and had the Reductions lasted only a generation longer, they would have been delivered by vaccination from their most destructive scourge. Reinforcements were from time to time brought in from the woods, but of these new converts a large proportion always died in seasoning: the total change of habits, diet, and external circumstances, and perhaps the strong mental excitement, being more than they could bear. The Jesuits were far from regarding this mortality as an evil.

New converts made, and duly shriven,
Are always sure to go to Heaven;

when so many make shipwreck of their souls upon the voyage of life, the best thing which they could desire for those under their charge, was to see them safe into port. And the wild Indians apprehended no such consequence when they were allured to leave the forests by the expectation of protection from their enemies, plenty of food, and aid in sickness.

Dobrizhoffer was frequently employed to discover and bring in some of these hordes. He relates a beautiful story of a solitary family, whom he found in the woods upon the river Monday, the last remains of a tribe which had been cut off by the small-pox. The family consisted of the mother, a son, and daughter; they accompanied

accompanied him gladly to his Reduction, and there, in the course of a few months, all three died; in full expectation of a happy immortality. In the whole annals of Paraguay there is not a more singular and impressive tale than this in all its circumstances. On another occasion he found three hordes in the forest of Mbaevera, whom it was not so easy to persuade, because they were proud of their strength and courage. Dobrizhoffer, however, who spoke their language fluently, and knew how to deal with them, succeeded in his object, by adapting his conduct and discourse to such people. He approached their chiefs with an air of friendly confidence, as one who came for the purpose of conferring benefits upon them. A rude and somewhat menacing reception he took with pleasantry, and allayed their ill humour by an application of that flattering unction which is a specific in so many cases. He played to them upon a stringed instrument, and was regarded as another Orpheus; for snakes are not more susceptible of the power of sweet sounds than savages. He began a discourse upon religion; the boys laughed when he mentioned hell as the punishment of their heathenism; but he was listened to attentively, and the old men assented to the morality of his discourse. He then spake of the direct temporal advantages which he had to offer. Numerous as they were, he said, looking round him as he spoke, he saw but very few among them that were advanced in years, and the cause was evident,—the hardships to which they were exposed brought on sickness, infirmity, and premature death. For want of raiment they suffered cold, and their huts afforded them little protection against the weather. If they were not successful in the chase, they had to traverse the woods like famished wild beasts. They were in danger from beasts, from serpents, and of being eaten by their enemies. They lived in a damp unwholesome country, swarming with insects, and sure to generate diseases; and in sickness there was none to heal them: for they to whom they looked for help were jugglers and impostors, utterly ignorant of the healing art. How different was the lot of their brethren, who lived in the Reductions according to the commandments of God, and the direction of the priests! Many were to be seen there who had attained to a good old age; and well they might, where none of the means for prolonging life were wanting. Every family had its separate dwelling there, and every dwelling was snug and sheltered. Their own land supplied them with grain, fruit, and culinary herbs; and beef was served to them every day, gratuitously, by the priests. Every year they had new clothes given them. They never wanted beads, knives, or axes; and if they were sick, skilful physicians attended them day and night. The Indians their brethren, whom they saw in his company, could bear testimony to the truth of what he

he said. Look at them, said he, and question them. The greater number of them were born and brought up in the woods, like yourselves. They have been what you are now, and you have it in your power to be what they now are. With open arms we will receive you as friends receive friends, and adopt you for our fellow-townsmen. This rhetoric was enforced by a distribution of knives, scissors, fishing-hooks, axes, looking-glasses, rings, ear-rings, and necklaces, things more efficacious in winning their good-will than the most eloquent discourse. He had also an ox in reserve, with which he made a feast for them next day; and then *omne tulit punctum!* An appeal to the understanding might have failed, but he knew that there was a sure way to the heart of the savage, through the stomach. An old cacique showed his gratitude by offering the Jesuit his daughter, and expressing a great desire to have him for a son-in-law.

The enterprize which began thus auspiciously had an unhappy termination. Some of the horde returned with him, and were so well pleased with the condition of their brethren in the Reductions, that the old cacique, upon their report, resolved to put himself and his people under Dobrizhoffer's care, and measures were accordingly taken for forming a new settlement. The Provincial approved the plan, and the Governor would have done so, but before his approbation could arrive, the cacique was poisoned for the sake of the treasures which the Jesuits had given him; and a Paraguay dealer in the *Matté* or *Caà*, the tea of that country, hearing of this horde, endeavoured to seduce them into his service, that he might use them instead of negroes. But the very attempt filled them with such fear, that they set fire to their huts, and removed to such a distance, that Dobrizhoffer, though he took infinite pains in seeking them, could never discover whither they had retired. They had good reason for their alarm. The mines were not regarded with more horror by the wretched natives of Hayti or Peru, under their Spanish oppressors, than this tea-trade by the tribes of Paraguay. It was in collecting, preparing, and transporting this herb, as it is called, that the *Encomenderos* consumed the Indians who were at their disposal. They were sent into the marshy region where the *Caa* trees grew, to work at a task, not in itself laborious or unwholesome, but rendered destructive by the severity of task-masters, and by an intolerable plague of insects, from which it is not surprising that the task-masters should have been impatient to escape. No care was taken for their subsistence: the *Encomenderos* regarded them as cattle who cost nothing, and whose lives were not worth a care; they were to live upon what they could find. Many were destroyed by the jaguars, (Montoya mentions that not less than sixty were devoured by these fierce animals in one season,) and many

many foundered, and broke down under the enormous weights which they were compelled to carry, before oxen and mules were common enough to be in use; not a few fell over the precipices on the way; and Montoya declares that he had seen the woods strewn with their bones. The Jesuits, a little before their expulsion, succeeded in raising these trees from seed, after many ineffectual attempts, and not till they listened to the Indians, who assured them that the seed would not germinate unless it were eaten and voided by the birds. Giving ear to this, and imitating as far as they could the natural process, by steeping the seed in warm water, and cleansing it from a viscous substance with which it is covered, they at last raised young plants, and prepared the tea upon their own estates.

The want of better food will make men devour whatever is edible, and use will reconcile them to any thing: blubber and train oil are eaten and relished by the Greenlanders; and the Orinoco savages even find aliment in clay. The cockchaffers, when they first appeared in Ireland, came like one of the plagues of Egypt, and devoured every thing before them; but the Irish found out a method of dressing them, which seems the most extraordinary discovery ever made in eating, and actually lived upon them as food. In considering the subject of animal food, the only thing which is difficult to explain is, why that which is thought a delicacy by one people should be rejected by another in the same stage of civilization. But the discovery of many or most artificial beverages is among those things which it is difficult or impossible to trace: that of the Paraguay tea is one of these obscure questions; there seems to have been no analogy which could have led the savages to make trial of the leaves, or hit upon the manner of preparing and using them: no necessity could have driven them to it, no accident have shown them the properties of the tree.—There is reason to believe that they were not acquainted with it when the Spaniards first settled in the country. It is not mentioned by any writers of the first age of the conquests, and the Indians themselves referred its discovery to a later time. Montoya, whose history was published in 1639, says that he had made careful inquiry into this point among Indians of eighty and a hundred years of age, and had ascertained that in their youth the use had not been known among them; but that the devil, that is to say a spirit of whom they stood in fear, instructed a great Payé, (one of their juggling priests,) to prepare the beverage, and drink of it when he wished to consult him; other Payés learnt it from him, and thus it spread to the people. The Caá, when taken in excess, injures the digestive organs, and occasions many forms of disease. Used in moderation, it is exhilarating and wholesome. Our officers who were captured at Buenos-Ayres, and sent into the interior, though

though they thought it unpleasant at first, preferred it at last to any other beverage; and were fully convinced that its virtues as a stomachic are very great.

Dobrizhoffer would have had little difficulty with these hordes if he could have succeeded in hiving them. They were Guaranis, and when once under tuition would have proved as docile as their countrymen. He was soon appointed to discipline a very different race, and under circumstances so unfavourable, (if indeed they might not be called absolutely hopeless,) that nothing but that implicit and devoted obedience which is as much the duty of a religionist as of a soldier, could have induced him to undertake the service. The people among whom he was sent to labour were the ABIPONES, a brave and terrible people who had taken vengeance upon the Spaniards of Tucuman and Paraguay for the wrongs of the Indians. The Spaniards brought this evil upon themselves in consequence of their systematic tyranny. They had taken possession of a tract of country belonging to the Calchaquis, shortly after the marriage of Philip II. with our Mary, of bloody memory; in honour of which event they named the province New England, and founded a city there which they called London. The infant settlement was destroyed, and the name soon perished. In the wars which ensued, one circumstance occurred worthy of relation, because facts which do honour to human nature are always worthy of record, and are peculiarly uncommon in the history of the Spanish conquests. The Spaniards had succeeded in winning the pass to a mountain-settlement of the Calchaquis, who had relied upon the strength of their situation: but hope having failed, the men of the horde ordered the women and children to secure themselves by flight, and determined to sacrifice themselves for the purpose of covering their retreat. The conquerors had pitched their camp, meaning presently to pursue their success, and complete the work, when an alarm was given, and they ran to arms, —to their astonishment, it was a troop of sixty boys, the children of the horde, the eldest not fifteen years of age. Hearing of the danger to which their fathers were exposed, they had broken away from their mothers, resolving to assist them in battle, and live or die with them. The Spaniards, bad as they were, were not so bad as to be unmoved at this; and their hearts being once open to humanity, overflowed with it. They caressed the boys, and loaded them with gifts; rapacity on their part, and resentment on that of the Calchaquis, gave way to gentler feelings; the Indians were soothed and reconciled, and the invaders departed as friends, and left the valley in peace which they had come to lay waste.

This tract of country, however, continued still to be an object of cupidity to the Spaniards, because it was supposed to contain
mines;

mines; and in the latter part of the seventeenth century they carried on a war against the inhabitants with such success, that some of the tribes submitted to the yoke of servitude; and one, consisting of not fewer than 11,000 persons, entered into a treaty for abandoning their country to the invaders, stipulating only that lands should be allotted to them elsewhere, where they might live in freedom. How far the most important part of this stipulation was observed is not related, but the hordes who had submitted were divided, and sent to remote parts, some of them as far as Buenos-Ayres, and given in *encomienda* to the Spaniards, that is, they were consigned to slavery under another name. One horde resumed their arms in indignation, and fled to the strongest recesses of their own country: they were pursued by an indefatigable and unrelenting foe, and when they found that it was impossible to escape from bondage, many of the women dashed their children against the rocks. The people who were thus expelled from their own land, and, in consequence, exterminated, (for the whole race is extinct!) spoke a dialect of the Quichua tongue, (the language that the Incas extended with their empire,) and retained among them many vestiges of a civilization from which they had degraded. They were succeeded and revenged by a ruder but more enterprising race, who did not permit the Spaniards to enjoy a territory which they had purchased at the price of so much injustice and misery. The Abipones were their avengers.

The Abipones, Mocobios and Tobas were kindred tribes, speaking the same language, with no other difference than what arose from the custom of abolishing the name of every person who died, which was a cause of extensive and perpetual mutation. For as every person took his name from some visible object, a new name for that object was to be substituted when the appellation of the deceased was proscribed; and of course all the derivatives were subject to the same rule. The languages of the three nations therefore were continually becoming more unlike each other; and in a few generations little other similitude would have been left than that of the general construction. It is by such strange customs that the prodigious number of languages in South America, bearing no affinity to each other, must be explained. Another effect of such customs was that they aided that tendency towards dissociation which characterizes savage life, and produces constant deterioration. Had the Abipones, and the tribes who branched from the same stock, remained an united people, they might have established themselves as a nation of conquerors in the heart of their continent; but to have done this they must have been like the Tartars, in the barbarous, not in the savage state.

Where they came from when they first entered the province of Chaco

Chaco is not known; their own traditions did not reach back so far. One of their chiefs who was looked upon as most learned in the history of his nation, affirmed that their ancestors came into their country over a wide tract of water, and that they came upon an ass. If we may deal with this learned Theban's account as Jupiter sometimes dealt with a prayer—take half of it, and leave the rest to the winds, it would lead to the inference that they had crossed the annual inundation made by the Paraguay and its confluent, and marked in old maps as the Lake of the Xarayes. This, if it be so, would be an exception to the general fact, that the course of migration among the South American tribes, as far as has been hitherto ascertained, has been towards the North. It is certain that, as early as the year 1641, they were an equestrian people. Pérouse in his journal noticed the prodigious change which the introduction of the horse had effected upon all the tribes from Santiago to the Straits of Magellan. Their old customs, said he, are laid aside; they no longer feed on the same fruits, nor wear the same dress; but bear a more striking resemblance to the Tartars, or to the inhabitants of the banks of the Red Sea, than to their ancestors who lived two centuries ago. But the change had produced far greater effects in Tucuman than to the south of the Plata and in Chili. In the Magellanic country it had only changed the habits of tribes who had an open and dolorous country to themselves; but on the side of Tucuman and the Chaco, the savages obtained, by means of the horse, greater superiority over the Spaniards, than the Spaniards had ever possessed over them by means of the same animal. For these tribes became completely an equestrian people.

There are no parts of history more interesting than those which relate to the transitions from one stage of society to another. When nations are progressive, every step of the progress has some advantages—some virtues peculiar to itself; something which, while it delights us, excites something like regret that it should have passed away. A beautiful example of this is that picture of colonial manners, just in their happiest age, which Mrs. Grant has given in her manners of an American Lady, with a truth and feeling that cannot be too highly estimated. But in that part of South America of which we are now treating, the transitions were not for the better: among the Indians, the change was from one mode of savage life to another; among the Spaniards, from a bold and adventurous to a stagnant brutality. The Indians obtained a tremendous accession of power, without any increase of wisdom and virtue; and power in the hands of the ignorant and ferocious can only be the means of evil. The Spaniard of Paraguay and the Plata was also a horseman, and a most expert one: but war had
ceased

ceased to be his pursuit; whereas the savages had now no other; and they brought to it the activity, the power of endurance, the strength, the craft, and the instincts of savage man. During the few generations which had elapsed after a conquest achieved with marvellous exertions but with merciless barbarity, the soldierly qualities of the conquerors had rusted in inaction. The ferocity of their character remained, but it spent itself in petty insurrections, and broils and murders; discoveries were at a stand, there was an end of all enterprize, and the military spirit was lost. In most parts of the New World they had degenerated, but no where was the degeneracy so great as in Paraguay; and it was precisely when they were thus degraded that the Indians acquired the use of the horse, which was as if the wings of an eagle had been given to their revenge.

The Spaniards had reduced the Chaco to a desert: it appears by the testimony of their own writers, that, in that country, no less than seventy-three Indian settlements had been either destroyed by them, or deserted by the inhabitants, who fled before their relentless oppressors. Ample vengeance was now taken by the equestrian tribes. The Abipones alone made themselves masters of the whole country, from the Paraguay to Santiago del Estero, not indeed to possess it, for which they had neither numbers nor disposition, but to overrun it and lay it waste: to destroy all the scattered farms and smaller towns of the Spaniards, to cut off the communication between Buenos-Ayres and the interior, and to annihilate the trade between Paraguay and Peru. Wide as the region was, and inconsiderable as they were in actual numbers, they seemed, like Kehama, to be in all places at once; the rapidity of their movements gave them a kind of dreadful omnipresence; wherever there was booty to be gained or blood to be shed, there they were sure to be. They knew every defile, every path in the woods, every pass in the morasses. Even the Paraguay, at its confluence with the great Parana, was no barrier against them, as the wretched inhabitants of Corrientes oftentimes felt to their cost, when the dead bodies of their countrymen were brought in carts, and piled, like stacks of fuel, at the church door, till a trench was dug wide and deep enough to contain them, and one burial-service sufficed for all. Over a country where the traveller formerly proceeded from one habitation to another, along the direct road, and where women might have journeyed without alarm, armed caravans and escorts could not now pass without imminent danger; and instead of farms and dwellings, ruined walls and garden fruits growing wild, and innumerable crosses, were all that was found. 'Grass,' says Dobrizhoffer, '*now grows where Troy town stood*; and, for a full hundred leagues, there is not a single hovel.' The victorious savages more than once en-

tered the city of Santa Fè, and killed those whom they found in the streets; the slightest resistance would have driven them away: for, deeming discretion the better part of valour, they never braved death, and always avoided danger when they could. But so panic-stricken were the Spaniards, that whole families passed the night in the churches, trusting in the Saints for protection; and in the very city the inhabitants suffered themselves to be butchered, while they were following an image in procession, instead of facing their enemies and dying with harness on their backs. If the Indians had regarded their own lives less, or had there been any principle of union among them, they might have exterminated the Spaniards of Tucuman and Paraguay.

That a race of such undoubted courage as the Spaniards of those provinces both before and since have displayed, should have appeared thus pusillanimous, will appear less incredible, when it is considered upon what unequal terms they carried on the war. There is in the romance of Morte d'Arthur, a knight who, when he was upon adventures, went always invisible, and was 'the marvellous knight that was then living,' and slew many better men than himself. The savages, now that they were become horsemen, were like this treacherous knight Garlon, every where to be feared, and no where to be found. To make war upon them with any hope or chance of success, it was necessary to become as *ferine* as themselves: that is the word which best expresses the qualities required for such warfare, in which no man was fit to engage unless he could live like a wild beast, and swim like a water-fowl. Expeditions were frequently undertaken, from the impulse of shame, and of blind anger. The country of Cordoba alone could raise twelve thousand men; and in the spirit of vengeance, they sometimes mustered, and set forth in such numbers, and with such din of preparation, that, says Dobrizhoffer, you would have thought that Troy was about to be besieged again. But they set out in a very different manner from what their fathers had done under Ribera and Yrala, when the country was first explored and conquered. Those desperate adventurers carried with them nothing but what their miserable Indian slaves, when they had any, could bear on their backs; they waded for days together over a flooded country: when it was possible to make a fire, they boiled their food in their iron hats, and when it was not, they ate it undressed. But their descendants required a long train of saddle horses, and waggons, and large droves of cattle, that they might never be without beef. Again and again these rash attempts were made: the savages retired into the wilds of the Chaco, which were impervious to such pursuers; came near enough perhaps to carry off their cattle; suffered them to exhaust their means and their strength, and enjoyed all the fruits

fruits of victory without incurring the slightest danger or inconvenience,—or striking a blow, unless it could be done with sure and terrible effect. A river at any time gave them perfect security, for none of the Cordoban soldiers could swim. The wreck of an army has more than once returned from such an expedition, without having seen an enemy. Repeated failures had at length completely cowed them, and they fancied themselves as little able to contend against the Abipones as against lightning, or pestilence. The only hope was, that a people whom it was not possible to conquer might be converted.

The want of good government and good feeling also, was such in this part of Spanish America, that one Spanish town would gladly make a separate peace with the savages, not merely for the sake of security, but for the enormous profit which they derived from purchasing the spoils; in this manner these traitorous wretches sometimes obtained treasure taken in its way from Peru, in exchange for iron, to be employed in war against their countrymen, and eventually against themselves, when by accident or caprice the insecure treaty should be broken. The town of Santa Fè had made a peace of this kind with the Mocobios, and some hordes of that formidable tribe pitched their tents near the town, and frequented it for the purpose of buying and selling. The Jesuits had a college there, where two of the Caciques, by name Aletin and Chitalin, visited and became familiar. There are few hearts which may not be reached by genuine benevolence, and that the benevolence of the Jesuits towards the native Indians was disinterested and pure, was not doubted even by those savages who despised their instructions. The two Mocobios were men of great reputation in their tribes, and one of them so remarkable for his sagacity and acuteness, that his Jesuit preceptor thanked God his talents had not been cultivated by regular education, for that he would have been clever enough to deceive the whole human race. It may be inferred that in the process of catechizing, the catechumen had sometimes propounded questions which the good Father did not find it easy to answer: but the stronger his intellect, the more plainly and directly he must have come to this conclusion, that the religion which made the Jesuits what they were, must needs be good; and that a settled life was better than an erratic one. They consented to receive instruction from these teachers. A settlement accordingly was formed for them and their followers; and a severe defeat, which the Spaniards of Santiago, the only people in that part of South America who were formidable to the Indians, gave one of their hordes, about this time, brought a large accession of settlers: the Spaniards, on their part, regarded the conversion of this tribe as a measure of such importance to their

own security, that they provided for their wants with a liberality which it would have been well if they had exercised in other cases. The work went on prosperously. The children were taught to read and write, and the joy which the parents expressed at seeing them thus raised above their own condition, evinced that they themselves were rising above the savage state in which their better faculties had hitherto lain dormant. Those who possessed the requisite ear or voice were instructed in music, and they proved such apt scholars that their reputation spread through the province, and they were sent for to perform in the churches at Buenos-Ayres. Two other Reductions were soon formed from the same nation; and the Abipones were induced, by their example, to consent that the Jesuits in like manner should receive them under their paternal care.

This nation was divided into three tribes, the Riikahes, who preferred the open country; the Nakaiketergehe, who were the Boschmen, or Wood Indians of the race; and the Yaukanigas. It was a chief of the former tribe, by name Ychamenraikin, who made conditions for his countrymen with the governor of Santa Fè. The Fathers, he said, might instruct the young people in their religion if they pleased, but the elders were not to be forced to learn it. We, said he, who have grown old in our own way, must be allowed still to live and believe as we please. There was no hesitation in acceding to this demand, and a Reduction was accordingly formed in a site chosen by the chief himself; the situation had some disadvantages, but these he disregarded, because a river and surrounding marshes secured it from any surprize by the Spaniards, of which he had a latent fear. Still there was one important point to be settled, whether the peace which the Abipones had made at Santa Fè was to be a separate or a general one; and upon this, what in North American language would be called a Talk, was held in the new colony, the chiefs of the three branches being present, and F. Joseph Brigniel acting for the Spaniards. Many were of opinion that the treaty should be limited to the right bank of the river Paraguay, and that the people of Corrientes, Asumpcion, and the whole opposite country should still be considered enemies, and their property fair spoil. If they made peace with all, they said, there would be an end of the use of arms, an end of that military glory which had been the pride of their fathers. Their especial care ought to be to make themselves feared. One province of the Spaniards they must have as a field for war and for booty; they should get more from them as enemies than as friends, and it was better to be dreaded by them than loved. On the other hand, it was urged by one of the most distinguished chiefs, Ychoalay, that there was no want of enemies among hostile tribes, and that their

their dexterity in the use of the bow and the spear was in no danger of being lost, while there were birds and beasts to pursue. Peace with all the Spaniards was a boon to be received with open arms. They might then sleep on both ears, and live no longer upon the watch as they had hitherto done, with so much uncertainty and discomfort. No one could think that he advised this for fear of the Spaniards; he, who during so many years, had neither spared them nor himself. It was their own benefit that he consulted. His opinion prevailed, and the chiefs undertook to see that the treaty should be observed by their nation, each within a certain district assigned to his keeping; something, says Dobrizhoffer, as the Margraves in Germany were formerly appointed to protect their borders.

Ychoalay, by whose influence with his countrymen the general peace was effected, was a man whose natural endowments might have raised him to distinction among the Greeks or Romans; but he could scarcely have been a more interesting character under any circumstances. He was of the Riikahe branch, and related to Debayakaikin, the chief of it, and the man of most power and renown in the whole nation. The people of Santa Fè having in his youth made a separate peace with his tribe, he went to that town, and entered into the service of Joseph Benavides, a Spaniard, whose name he took, and was so generally known by it among the Spaniards, that by that name he is called in Muriel's history. His business was to break in horses and guard the cattle; but the desire of learning the Spanish language was the motive which induced him to leave his countrymen; and because the opportunity for this was not what he desired, he engaged with another Spaniard, who was going with goods to Chili. This person he served as a driver on the journey, and settled with him afterwards at Mendoza, as a vine-dresser. After some years servitude, during which Ychoalay retained the courage and activity of his nation, he returned to Santa Fè, when some resentment against the Spaniards arose, because his master had behaved unjustly towards him concerning his wages; and soon afterwards he learned, that a Spaniard of Cordoba intended, for some unexplained motives, to murder him. Burning with rage at this discovery, he rejoined his tribe, who were then infesting the district of Cordoba, and speedily made his name as terrible to the Spaniards, as it was dear to his countrymen. Happy were they who could serve under a leader who was sure always to conduct them wisely, and to return rich with spoils! Yet he forbore from all hostilities in the territory belonging to Santa Fè, as if he felt that there would be a sort of moral treason in making war against a people, among whom he had once been domesticated, and with many of whom he had

lived in habits of familiarity and kindness. Nor would he suffer his followers to offer any injury to the Missionaries; once he rescued a Franciscan, and once a Jesuit from their hands, saying that these men were not the enemies of the Abipones, but, even in his judgment, were innocent.

It was the district of Cordoba which he had most infested, and in which he had pledged himself to see that the peace was observed by his nation; but he conceived his own honour, and that of his nation, was equally pledged to its observance in all other parts. The territory of Asumpcion was under the surety of Debayakaikin, who belonged to the Nakaiketergehe branch: (it is fortunate that the names of the men are not quite so portentous as that of the tribe:) but notwithstanding this, a small horde of that branch, under Oaherkaikin, annoyed it with frequent incursions, and the other caciques, if they did not connive at this breach of faith, made no effort to prevent it. Ychoalay alone declared that the wrong done to the Spaniards was not greater than the reproach which was brought upon the Abipones, and that both must be atoned for; and he set off to punish the aggressor, with a force quite equal to the party which he expected to encounter. But to his shame and indignation, when on the point of attacking Oaherkaikin, he found that Debayakaikin and his people sided with the offender. A conflict ensued, from which, being overpowered with numbers, the Riikahes hardly escaped by flight, Ychoalay and two of his comrades losing their spears—a loss esteemed as dishonourable among these people as the loss of a shield by the Spartans. The quarrel thus begun led to a war of twenty years between these kindred tribes. Dobrizhoffer requests his readers not to smile because he compares it with the Trojan war. To him indeed it was of much more consequence, involved as he was in its evils.

Oaherkaikin, the author of this mischief, Dobrizhoffer, in his characteristic manner, begs leave to compare to Achilles. His name, though it be harder than 'Colkitto or Galasp,' is worse in signification than appearance; for he assumed it when he took what may be called their degree of nobility, and in plain English the title might be rendered Lord Liar,—*nomine suo dignissimus*, says the Jesuit. There was nothing in this man to mitigate the savage character: but he had all the requisites for a savage warrior in perfection. In this character he did not excel Ychoalay, but he rivalled him, and Ychoalay could not brook a rival for military fame. He was therefore always anxiously devising either how to baffle the stratagems and attacks of a most artful and intrepid foe, or how to take him at advantage and deliver himself from a competitor, and the Riikahes from a dreadful enemy. Though he was deemed sufficiently

ficiently instructed to receive baptism, and was not averse from it, all persuasions to undergo the baptismal rite were unavailing while he was intent upon such designs. When Brigniel urged him, as he often did, upon the subject, he would reply, 'Father, let me think of killing Oaherkaikin. My head is full of the cares of war. When peace is brought about, then I shall be at leisure to hear you discourse of religion.' He had to guard against Debayakaikin also, a chief of more power than the Lord Liar, and not inferior to him either in courage or cunning, and who at this time had formed an alliance with a horde of unreclaimed Mocobios. There were at this time two Reductions of the Abipones, that of St. Hieronymo, in which Ychoalay resided, and that of Concepcion, forty miles distant, under a chief called Alaykin. Debayakaikin instructed some of his people to spread a report that the latter place would soon be attacked by the Mocobios, but that he had no intention of attacking Ychoalay's settlement. He knew that the report would prevent the Abipones of Concepcion from going to the assistance of their countrymen at St. Hieronymo, and he hoped also that some Christian Mocobios, who had been sent to secure that Reduction against him, would be dismissed, when it was heard that he no longer entertained any hostile intentions.

The Jesuits at St. Hieronymo happened at this time to send to their brethren at Concepcion for two hundred head of cattle. A Spanish herdsman with six Abipones went for the beasts, and Dobrizhoffer, who was stationed at Concepcion, accompanied them on their return. Alaykin would have dissuaded him from the journey, saying the Mocobios were coming to attack them that evening, and he would fall in with them on the way: but Dobrizhoffer knew to how little credit such reports were commonly entitled, and proceeded, as he had expected, without molestation;—not altogether in safety, for he had at midnight to cross the river Rey and an inundation which it had caused, in something scarcely wider than a coracle, formed of a single hide, in which he had to keep his balance, while the Spaniard swam and drew it by a rope. Luckily for himself, and for those who are interested in the history and manners of savage men, he landed in safety, and was joyfully received by two of his brethren. Brigniel and Ychoalay had gone to Santa Fè. No danger was apprehended, and as the Mocobios consumed more beef, salt, tobacco and Paraguay tea, than could be afforded from a colony scantily supplied, they were dismissed. Debayakaikin's stratagem was thus completely successful. He was awaiting its effect in the near woods. The Mocobios departed in the morning, and at evening, when he knew they were advanced too far to be recalled, he debouched in sight of the Reduction, but on the opposite side of the river, into the plain where the cattle were feeding.

feeding. The poor herdsman was surprized in his hut, and sacrificed to the vengeance of a savage, whose father had fallen in the former action; some of his Indians effected their escape and gave the alarm; the others were made prisoners; and all the cattle, with about two thousand horses, became the prey of the invaders. The place was ill provided for defence. A great number of the men were gone upon a hunting party to catch wild horses, and there were only about fourscore remaining in the Reduction, and these at the time busily engaged in singing and drinking with Ychamenraikin, the chief of the horde, who was a thorough drunkard. Drunk, however, as they were, the alarm sobered them. They prepared themselves for war by smearing their faces in their frightful fashion, some with white, some with the purple juice of urucu; but black, from their pots and kettles, was the prevailing colour, as that which made them appear most hideous, and therefore in their estimation most terrible. They sounded their instruments of martial music, if those instruments may be called musical which are intended only to produce loud and alarming sounds—horns, and flutes made of the leg-bones of the larger birds, and of beasts, and a sort of trumpet made of the shell of the armadillo's tail, which was of all these the loudest. Dobrizhoffer, who must have been an honest punster, for he never spares, even in Latin, a play upon words if it can be brought in, says of these trumpets, *non aures modo, sed omnem latissime auram complent fragore horribili*. Then, mounting their horses, they set off, spear in hand, to deter the enemy from crossing the river, or prevent them from landing if the attempt were made. Debayakaikin was too practised a leader to expose himself at any such disadvantage; and the demonstration on both sides concluded for the day with an agreement, that during the night there should be a cessation of hostilities, but that on the morrow the lot of war should be tried.

This agreement was more in the manner than in the spirit of chivalrous times. The Abipones had none of that courage which shows itself in seeking and braving danger, and they had as little of that honour which elevates and ennobles the military character. The Riikahes could not trust Debayakaikin's word; their scouts therefore were abroad all night, keeping up an incessant din with horns and trumpets, that the enemy might know they were on the alert. It was a tremendous night of thunder and lightning, wind, and heavy rain. The women and children had crowded for safety within the palisade of the Jesuits' house, relying on the protection which two bad fowling-pieces could afford them; the ground whereon they stood was deluged with rain, and Dobrizhoffer, who saw them only by the momentary light which the lightning spread over the whole scene, compared them to frogs in a marsh. All their

their household goods and treasures they had deposited in the Jesuits' hut, filling it so that the poor fathers could scarcely find room to stir; and, for their further comfort, the choicest pieces in the collection were Spanish skulls, preserved as the trophies of their former victims, and used as drinking cups. It is not strange that poor Dobrizhoffer should have reckoned this among the most disturbed and uncomfortable nights he ever passed in America. The storm abated towards morning, and with the earliest dawn he went abroad to see the state of things. The Riikahes were hastening to their posts; few as they were in number, their own arithmetic did not extend so far, and they desired him to count them; asking, as if to derive confidence from an affirmative reply, if they were not a great many? No enemy appeared; and after a few hours it was ascertained, to their great satisfaction, that Debayakaikin had kept his word as little as they expected. Satisfied with having killed a Spaniard, captured a few Guarani herdsmen, and taken the cattle, he had decamped during the night with his booty. The body of the poor Spaniard was brought to the Reduction a shocking spectacle,—it was the same man who had accompanied Dobrizhoffer on his journey, and drawn his coracle over the river; and the very hide of which that coracle was formed served now as a bier for carrying him to the grave.

Ychoalay, when he learnt what had occurred during his absence, panted for revenge. A first expedition was frustrated by the floods, and he returned from it with a disease which the Spaniards call the blind small-pox. A second terminated more perilously; for, while hardly yet recovered, going against Oaherkaikin, the Lord Liar wounded him with two arrows, one in the arm, one in the back part of the head, where the bone-point entered the skull, and broke in it. The bow of the Abipones is a most formidable weapon: in length it is just of a man's height, and so elastic is the wood, that when not bent to the string it is straight as a staff. The string is made either of fox-gut, or of a thread spun from the fibres of a species of palm, and of extraordinary strength. The arrow, like that of our archers in old times, is in length a 'full cloth yard and more;' and headed either with iron, wood, or bone; a fox's leg-bone being preferred for this purpose. The wooden point makes a worse wound than the iron, occasioning more pain and inflammation, as if the wood itself were in some degree poisonous (for the Abipones never poisoned their weapons); but the bone shaft was far the most dangerous, for upon attempting to extract it, it broke like glass in the wound, and it was frequently armed with three or four barbs. The point broke in Ychoalay's skull, and neither his own people nor the Jesuits could extract it: he suffered dreadfully, and his life was in imminent danger;

danger; but he betrayed no sign of suffering, for to have appeared sensible of pain was what he would have considered worse than death. He was removed to Santa Fè, to be under the care of a Portuguese Franciscan, in great repute for his surgical skill; and a tremendous operation, which he endured with characteristic fortitude, saved him.

In a subsequent action he wounded Debayakaikin, and would have slain him, if he had not been rescued from his hands. That chieftain now began to dread the issue of a contest with such a foe; and, for the sake of security, went with his whole horde to the Reduction of S. Fernando, thinking that under the protection of his countrymen, the Yaaukanigas, who were settled there, and of the Spaniards at Corrientes, on the opposite shore of the Parana, he should be safe. But Ychoalay followed him there, at the head of a strong force, and defied him to battle. The Jesuits and the Governor of Corrientes interposed, and by their interference peace was made, upon terms which Ychoalay dictated. He obtained first, as the point wherein his honour was most nearly concerned, restitution of the three spears which he had lost in the first action; the herdsmen who had been made prisoners were to be delivered, and Debayakaikin and his horde were to remain settled in the Reduction; if he left it the war was to be renewed. The conditions were not faithfully observed. The Nakaiketergehes were too much accustomed to rapine to endure a life of inaction. They spoiled and slew the Spaniards whenever opportunity could be found; and as such things could not be kept secret, Debayakaikin, who was in daily fear of being called to account by Ychoalay, removed to the Reduction of Concepcion, to be farther from him. Here his people resumed their old habits, and falling in with a party of the St. Hieronymites, on their return from horse-hunting, beat them, and robbed them of the horses. When this complaint was carried to Ychamenraikin, a force of three hundred men, many of whom were Mocobio converts, was immediately raised; and Ychamenraikin and Ychoalay set out in quest of the enemy. Their superiority of numbers made them on this occasion act with unusual temper; for instead of falling upon them, they sent messengers, and quietly demanded restitution of the horses. But on the enemy's part a sense of inferiority seems to have made it a point of honour to act desperately; though they were only twenty men, they returned an answer of defiance, blew their trumpets, and prepared for battle; and, by a chance as singular as it was unfortunate for them, the first arrow that was discharged killed Ychamenraikin. Dreadful vengeance was taken for his death. The Nakaiketergehes with desperate courage stood their ground, and to a man fell where they stood. But the conquerors were not yet

yet satisfied. The Mocobios, a more cruel race than the Abipones, pursued the women and children who had fled into the woods, butchered forty of them, and made many more prisoners.

The news of the victory and of Ychamenraikin's death was brought by a messenger with all haste to the Reduction. Such a success, under any other circumstances, would have excited general and riotous joy; but all other thoughts were overpowered by grief for the loss of their chieftain. He was especially lamented by the women, because he had a great many wives, and frequently changed them; and therefore, says Dobrizhoffer, many of the weaker sex had always their eyes upon him. A second messenger followed with tidings, that on the ensuing evening the bones of Ychamenraikin would be brought home,—the flesh, according to their custom, when any one died far from home, had been separated from the skeleton and buried. Preparations were immediately made for the solemn reception of the remains. The ceremony was directed by the two most distinguished *Keebets*, or conjurors of the horde, who went out twelve miles with all the women to meet the dead. The two *Keebets* then led the way on horseback, the horses hung with bells, and properly ornamented with trappings and with the plumes of the Nandu, or American ostrich. Each carried a spear, with a small brass bell at the end, and they preceded the procession, not as forming part of it, but galloping here and there, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another; sometimes as if they were about to charge the train. The women followed, all having shorn their hair, that being the form of general mourning for a cacique. The widows of the deceased wore a mourning garment of black and red; it covered the head, shoulders, and breast, and the form was like that of a capuchin's habit. They came in a long and well ordered train, but with a loud and unremitting din of rattles, tambours of all sizes, and lamentations, or rather ululations, which, says Dobrizhoffer, seemed to fatigue the very air. Their grief however was real, and they wept profusely. Next in the procession came the remains of the cacique, borne on a horse's hide, under a rich mantle, which six Abipones supported on their spears, like a canopy. His people followed on horseback, armed with bow, quiver, and spear, all shorn, and bearing unfeigned sorrow in their looks. The prisoners, consisting wholly of women and children, came last, all on horseback. A hut, more spacious than their ordinary habitations, had been prepared for the obsequies: at one end there was a sort of raised scaffolding, constructed of reeds, where the skeleton was placed upright, dressed, and with a hat upon the skull, there to remain nine days, the men drinking to his honour, and the women bewailing him, during the whole time.

time. *Et vero, potatumne liberalius a viris, num pertinacius ploratum sit a feminis, arduum fuerit statuere*; so says the good German Jesuit, who was present, and taking little part in the grief, and none in the potations, calmly and soberly beheld the whole. When the novaine was ended, the bones were carried some days journey to the family burial-place, and there deposited. Among these savages the graves of their forefathers are sacred places,—a feeling, of which, congenial to the human heart as it is, and salutary for it, large cities and crowded burial-grounds have deprived us. The Greeks of the Homeric age were not more anxious to secure the bodies of their friends who fell in battle. If at the time they could not bear away the corpse, they never rested till they had returned, and effected their desire; and these poor savages have often carried the bones of their friends eight hundred miles, to the appointed resting-place. These places, however distant, were never forgotten by them; and though there was no monument to denote the spot, certain marks upon the trees, a direction which was handed down from father to son, sufficed for finding it.

Though Debayakaikin's people had been the aggressors, and that wantonly too, on this occasion, the merciless vengeance which had been taken for Ychamenraikin made them feel like the injured party. The Reduction of the Concepcion was in an uproar at the dreadful news, and the Jesuit who directed it was in imminent danger of his life. To appease them, and prevent mischief to the Spaniards, from a quarrel between two hordes, who were both in alliance with them, a messenger was sent by the governor of Santiago, to request that the prisoners might be restored. Ychoalay would readily have consented, but the Mocobios refused. They had then to expect an attack, and after some weeks watchful expectation, Debayakaikin, with his usual policy, appeared at a time when he supposed their vigilance would be wearied out. On this occasion also he had succeeded in dividing his enemies by threatening both; so that the Mocobios, who expected to be assailed themselves, did not venture to come to Ychoalay's assistance. He arrived at night, and his people spent it in slaughtering the kine of the Riikahes, and driving away their horses; having done this, they sent messengers in the morning to defy them to an appointed place of battle. Ychoalay replied that horses, and not will, were wanting for them to accept the challenge. Debayakaikin had got the horses, and might use them to approach the town; then he would be ready to meet him. The Riikahes, in full expectation that the attack would now be brought home to them, prepared for battle; courage was not wanting, but Dobrizhoffer saw with alarm how inferior in number they were to the enemy; and knowing well that Ychoalay was in far greater danger than any other

other person, because his life would be aimed at by all his opponents, would fain have secured his salvation, (according to his belief,) by baptizing him before he went into action. The incongruity of the proposal to the act in which Ychoalay was employed when it was made, was felt by both parties, for he was whetting the head of his spear at the time, and greasing the iron, that it might enter an enemy's body more smoothly, and pierce deeper. The Jesuit however, who had a true regard for Ychoalay, thought it his duty to make the proposal; and the Indian, who knew and respected his motive, but retained his own saner opinion of the state of mind which was required for that ceremony, made him no reply.

From sun-rise till noon they remained in this state of expectation, till at last a messenger arrived from Debayakaikin, saying he certainly should not give battle in sight of the Reduction, where, he doubted not, there was plenty of fire-arms; and under that impression he withdrew his forces. The very error of their enemy made the Riikahes more sensible that this ought to have been the case, and an angry feeling that it was not so arose against the Spaniards, who had left them to their own means of defence. Dobrizhoffer and his comrade Father Brigniel had little leisure to enjoy their escape from the morning's danger. In the evening Ychoalay came to them with a countenance overcast, a thing unusual with him; 'Ho Father! (said he) our people are tired of this place, and of the friendship of the Spaniards; and, for my part, I cannot blame them. For the sake of the Spaniards, we have engaged in war against our own countrymen, and we have been their best defenders against Debayakaikin, Oaherkaikin, and their followers. For this cause we have so often been spoiled of our cattle, so many of us have been wounded, and so many have been slain: the Spaniards know all this, and look on, without sending us that assistance which they had promised us to afford in time of need. Enemies we cannot call them, but neither can we call them friends; and therefore my tribesmen think of forsaking this place. For old friendship's sake, I advise you, without delay, to write to the Governor of Santa Fè, and ask him for a guard, who may convoy you to a place of safety, before it comes into the head of these Indians, exasperated as they are with the recent loss of their horses, to put you to death; for I am not able to defend you. Do this while it is time, and I will provide a man to carry your letter.' The stern and lowering countenances of the people plainly evinced that there was good reason for what he said.

A lucky accident changed the aspect of affairs when there appeared no reasonable hope. Just at this time a horde of marauding Abipones had been discovered in a situation where the

Governor

Governor of Santa Fè deemed it necessary to attack them : a Spanish force was ordered for this service, and messengers were now on the way, requiring Ychoalay with his people, and with the Mocobios, to take part in the expedition. Such an invitation coming at this crisis set all to rights ; the Riikahes were flattered, because their services were required, and they were delighted by the prospect of vengeance which was thus afforded them. No time was lost in procuring horses from one of their hidden pastures, (they had always such in reserve,) and they joined the Spaniards without delay. When they came to the spot the enemy had decamped. Ychoalay was desired to guide the pursuit ; he traced them where a less experienced eye would have discovered no vestiges. The horde was surrounded, surprized, and every person taken without resistance, and carried prisoners to S. Hieronymo, the whole success being ascribed, as was due, to Ychoalay. In wars of this kind, and in all contests where passion rather than interest is concerned, injury provokes injury, and thus the evil is perpetuated. The Nakaiketergehes thirsted for vengeance, and a cruel one was taken by Oaherkaikin's people upon a party of Ychoalay's, mostly women and children, whom they murdered upon a journey. Roused by this wrong, Ychoalay summoned his tribe to arms, and set forth to seek the enemy. His way lay by the Reduction of S. Fernando, whither Dobrizhoffer had been removed, after residing two years at S. Hieronymo. The Jesuit admired their appearance and their excellent order ; they were armed with iron spears, they wore hats, and their horses were equipped with Spanish trappings, so that they rather resembled a body of Spanish than of Indian horsemen. Arriving at noon, they chose a position for the night upon an eminence, secured in the rear by a wood, and by marshes on both sides ; with a wide and open plain below for their horses, in full view. As usual on these expeditions, they pitched no tents, but encamped in the open air, in the form of a crescent ; some kept watch with the horses, others beside the watch fires ; the rest slept upon the ground, the saddle serving for a pillow, and the horsecloth for a wrapper, and every man had his spear fixed in the ground beside him. Thus the slightest alarm would have found them ready, and in their place.

On any other occasion this would have been a welcome visit to Dobrizhoffer, an event to enliven a life which stood in need of something to cheer it amid its anxieties and discomforts. The Riikahes were his old acquaintances, some of them his old friends ; all had been under his care, and that care had upon many of them been well bestowed. The letters which they brought from Brig-niel informed him, that a great number of them had been, by Ychoalay's desire, baptized before they began their expedition ; and they

they themselves were eager to acquaint him with their Christian names. Dobrizhoffer and Ychoalay loved and esteemed each other, and their meeting was one of those occurrences which we look back upon as one of the sunny hours of life. The Jesuit again pressed upon him affectionately the propriety of receiving baptism, and with more fitness now than when he had been greasing his spear, he himself having recommended it to his followers. But the Indian still declared that he was not in a proper state of mind: his thoughts were bent wholly upon war, he said; they were not what they ought to be to render him worthy of that rite. When Dobrizhoffer represented, and in the hope of giving weight to the representations, exaggerated the danger to which he was about to expose himself, he treated it lightly, relying upon his numbers, his prudence, and his fortune. 'Pitying his blindness, (says the Father,) I commended him to God, good man as he was in all other things.' Dobrizhoffer's exertions among the people of his own Reduction were of more avail: he warned them not to assist the Lord Liar at this time, directly or indirectly, telling them that Ychoalay did not require or want their aid, but that he would not suffer them to aid his enemy, and the enemy of the Spaniards. His arguments or his authority proved effectual. Oaherkaikin had but a handful of men with him, for the greater part of his people were marauding in the Spaniards' country. He was strongly posted, with a wood behind and on both sides, and a marsh in front. Ychoalay, with his wonted intrepidity, alighted, entered the marsh on foot, and gained a spot from whence to reach the foe with his arrows; but only a few of the younger Riukahes followed him: the elders declared it imprudent to attack a foe so strongly posted, and remained on horseback like unconcerned spectators. They who were engaged were made by this desertion more eager for success, and they did not retire from the contest till Oaherkakin had received three severe wounds, and almost all his people were hurt. Ychoalay carried off the cattle of the horde, and returned with his spoils to S. Fernando. Dobrizhoffer's colleague, F. Klein, had in the mean time arrived there with the governor of Corrientes, and at their entreaty Ychoalay consented to make peace with his enemy, provided Oaherkaikin and his people would settle in this Reduction, and cease from their evil courses. The Lord Liar consented to what he dared not refuse; true to his appellation, and to that only, with a determination to keep his word no longer than it suited him.

The whole of the Abipones were now collected in three Reductions. Little progress had been made in their conversion, and less in their civilization; but the first great step toward both was secured, and the Jesuits were not impatient.

They

They had folded the savages, and with time and prudence every thing else might be accomplished. These fair and certain prospects were interrupted by that fatal treaty between the courts of Madrid and Lisbon, in which seven of the most flourishing Guarani Reductions were ceded to the Portuguese; an act of the greatest injustice and cruelty, but committed in ignorance of its real nature. The history of that unhappy transaction has lately, for the first time, been fully and faithfully related. So flagrant was the iniquity, that, little compunctious as the Spaniards of America were, many men of Santa Fè refused to serve against the injured Indians. It may easily be imagined what effect it would produce upon a people like the Abipones, who had not yet laid aside their suspicion of the Spaniards, hardly indeed their enmity, and who were moreover quick-sighted, and gifted with a keen perception of natural justice. Poor Dobrizhoffer, almost heart-broken himself at the consequence of a measure so inconsiderate and inexcusable, overheard some old Abipones discoursing of the news. 'Remember, (said one of them,) how we used to hear these Guaranies praised when we were boys. All of them suffer the priest to wash their heads (the phrase which they used for baptism); they went daily to church; they worked at many employments, and even delighted in their work. If the governors required their services, they spared neither the sweat of their brow, nor their life's blood. They obeyed the priests perfectly, they offered injury to none; but by the testimony of all men were full of kindness to all. And yet they are turned out of their towns and houses! What then, think you, will the Spaniards do with us,—with us, who have refused to let our heads be washed, who hate the church, who neither use the axe nor the plough, and will not cultivate the ground; and, though most of us abstain, indeed, from killing the Spaniards, steal horses even from those who are our friends? If they have not spared the Guaranies, who are their best friends, how will they deal with us, who are not yet good ones? And while we are gathered together, here we are at their mercy!'

As soon as the Captain of Corrientes marched with his troops to join the allied armies of the Spaniards and Portuguese, Oaherkaikin, whom their neighbourhood had hitherto restrained, withdrew from S. Fernando with all his people, and resumed his old habits of predatory life. Many, in like manner, left the other Reductions. Ychoalay himself was deserted by not a few of his tribesmen; and his old enemies, in the hope of sure triumph, exultingly declared that he could now neither assist the Spaniards, nor be by them assisted. A large party of these depredators, who had been found by some Mocobios and Vilelas, drove away a numerous collection of horses and a great number of sheep from a grazing

grazing station belonging to the Reduction; and carried off the women as prisoners, except one old woman, whom they sent with an insolent message to Ychoalay, that if he liked to look after his cattle, and try to recover them, they would wait for him on the banks of the river Ychimaye. They had soon cause to repent the insult. It roused him and his faithful followers. Without delay they hastened to the place, surprized the enemy, who expected no such speedy answer to their bravado, fell upon them with complete success, and nearly destroyed the whole. Unpropitious as the circumstances of the times were in all other respects, they brought Ychoalay into full action, and gave him at length an opportunity of having his heart's desire upon his old enemy Debayakaikin. That chieftain was at the head of the marauding hordes; the Spaniards had made an expedition against them without success, and they were daily becoming more adventurous and formidable. Ychoalay, taught by experience that any auxiliary force of Mocobios or Spaniards was less to be relied on than his own tried followers, declined all assistance, and set out from S. Fernando in quest of them. After some days journey he came near the place where they were encamped; and then, to the surprize of his people, he proposed to turn back. A certain apprehension, he said, he knew not what, had come over him. They well knew that it was an unusual thing for him to fear, even in extreme danger. Unusual as it was, he was sensible of that emotion now; it was an ill omen, and therefore they had better return. Well known and proved as his courage had been, he risked no reputation by the confession of this state of mind. His people, like himself, looked upon it as an indication which ought not to be disregarded, and they were returning, when one of them proposed that, rather than return empty-handed, they should drive away the enemy's horses, which a noted marauder, Pachieke by name, was tending in some neighbouring pastures. Pachieke saw them while thus employed, galloped to the encampment, and gave the alarm; and Debayakaikin hastened to the rescue. The battle which Ychoalay would fain have avoided was thus brought on, and it was desperately fought; both parties, as was their custom, alighting to fight on foot. Debayakaikin fell by Ychoalay's hand; and the victory would have been pursued to the destruction of all his people, if the conqueror had not again withheld his tribesmen, telling them to spare men, who did not deserve death for obeying their chief.

Debayakaikin was a kinsman of Ychoalay's, and had taught him in his childhood to ride; but a long series of hostilities, with many injuries and insults on his part, had effaced all kindly feelings even from so generous a heart. The heads of the fallen Cacique and of four other chiefs were carried home in triumph and suspended

from a gallows, erected for that purpose in the square of the Reduction, and there, on his triumphant entry, Ychoalay addressed the inhabitants, and boasted of his exploits as honestly now as he had lately confessed the unaccountable emotion of fear with which he had been oppressed. 'Behold,' said he, pointing to the heads, 'the punishment of a faith so often violated! Behold the proof of our valour! Feed your eyes there with the spoils of our capital enemies, who for so long a time never suffered us to breathe in peace, for whose sake we have past so many watchful nights, and performed so many arduous marches, and endured so many painful wounds! Long as these wars have continued, and often as Debayakaikin met us in battle, he never could subdue us, nor could we ever subdue him, till this one great day has put an end to a contest which had hitherto been various and doubtful. Much, if you please, you may ascribe to fortune, but you must allow that more is due to our own valour; for you yourselves bear testimony that I had no reason to repent of the warriors whom I had chosen to be my comrades, nor they to be ashamed of their leader. He who so often threatened your lives, has lost his own by this spear; he is no longer to be dreaded, neither is he to be deplored, being altogether unworthy of tears which are willingly paid to others. For although connected with us by blood, he was ever hostile in mind towards us. His hatred, his cunning, his rage were all directed against us. There hangs the head in which so many treacheries were devised! The enemies who remain are not worthy of our fear, now that the bravest have fallen. The stream ceases when the springs are dry. When the head of the serpent is cut off, the body may wriggle for awhile, but it is harmless, and soon becomes putrid.' Dobrizhoffer says it must not be supposed that he has made this oration for Ychoalay; eloquence, he says, is far more common among the Indians, than it is with us in common life. The truth is, that most persons are eloquent when they speak under the influence of strong feeling: the matter of what he thus delivers is no doubt genuine, but it has lost its character in being transferred, from a compound and figurative American language, to good Latin.

Being thus delivered from that state of anxious and exasperated feeling in which, while Debayakaikin lived, he was kept, partly by apprehension of his rival's design and partly by jealousy of his reputation, Ychoalay declared himself ready to receive baptism. The governor of Santa Fe was then in the Reduction, and requested him to postpone it till the ceremony could be performed in the most public manner at Santa Fe. Though this was intended as a mark of honour, it offended Ychoalay. It probably disturbed his mind; it had often and earnestly been represented to him that there could

could be no salvation for him unless he received this expiatory rite; delay, he had always been assured, in a matter of such moment, was infinitely dangerous, but either they were less solicitous in reality for his eternal welfare than they had always professed themselves to be, or the rite itself was of less consequence, and might safely be postponed. So he seems to have received it, and his faith apparently was shaken, for it was not till some years after that he would listen to any further persuasions; then he was baptized at Santa Fe—the governor was his sponsor. A feast was made upon the occasion, and all the honours shown him which could then be bestowed. He deserved indeed the utmost gratitude from the Spaniards, to whom he had shown himself as faithful and as zealous in alliance, as he had once been terrible in war.

Ychoalay was free from all the ordinary vices of a savage. He attached himself to one wife during his pagan state, he abhorred drunkenness, and never would be present at a drinking party, except when it was held as a council of war, and duty required his presence; he was a declared enemy to the jugglers and all their craft; and watched over his people with the vigilance of a good magistrate and the tenderness of a father. Often when with incredible exertion he had succeeded in recapturing the cattle of the Spaniards which the marauders had driven far away, he refused all reward, saying, they knew he was their friend, and ought not to take him for an hireling. He restrained his people from killing calves and cows in preference to other meat, convincing them that they were preparing scarcity for themselves; and he advised them not to make themselves dependent upon certain comforts which the Jesuits gave them in reward for their labour, such as the Paraguay tea, till they were sure that by their own means they could supply themselves with it.

Such a man was worthy to take his place in civilized society; and, undoubtedly, by his example and influence the Abipones might have been brought up to the highest standard of civilization that Paraguay afforded, if the whole superintendence of these, as of the Guaraní Reductions, had been left to the Jesuits; or if the civil authorities, within whose jurisdiction they were placed, had acted more wisely and less penuriously. But the governors, taking upon themselves the merit of founding these colonies and thereby securing the peace of the country, represented their own services in dispatches to the court of Spain, and left the Jesuits to contend with all the difficulties of new establishments, almost unsupported, for the Jesuits were acting under their direction. Had they been acting according to their own system, they would have chosen their situations well, and provided all means for the security and well-being of the new settlers, so that for whatever was wanting, the

Fathers, under whose care they were placed, might have looked to the old Reductions. And even this was not more important than the exclusion from the colony of runaway Spaniards, who, whenever they found a savage horde, brought with them the vices of corrupt society, and if they did not act as deadly enemies to the Jesuits, still by their conduct made the religion, which had profited them so little, contemptible to the Indians. There were many of these in the Abiponian colonies, and many Abipones who had been slaves among the Spaniards, and learnt only to hate them and to depreciate a faith which produced so little effect on the lives of its professors. The Jesuits, in their own land of Missions, were in no want of conveniences, nor of such comforts as the country afforded; and they stood in a relation of acknowledged superiority to the Indians, who loved them as their tenderest friends, and regarded them as a superior race of beings, living under them in a state of filial and almost infantine dependence. It was far otherwise in the Abiponian Reductions. The Jesuits there underwent every kind of privation, and were neither secure from within nor from without. Poor Dobrizhoffer, when he was first ordered to this station, had a woeful sample of the kind of life which he was likely to lead there.

The Abipones, under their chief Alaykin, had deserted Concepcion, and Ychoalay (as we mentioned in a former passage) had saved the Jesuit of that Reduction, Father Joseph Sanchez. The Governor of Santiago, a man of more than ordinary energy and talents, had brought back the fugitives and re-established the father. Upon his departure, he left several bales of cloth, with which the herdsmen were to be paid their wages, for as there was no money of any kind current in Paraguay, all transactions were carried on by barter. Those Abipones who had lived among the Spaniards, and who were always intent upon mischief, persuaded their countrymen that this cloth was for them, and they determined accordingly to kill the Jesuit unless he distributed it. Sanchez, whose life had more than once been threatened by his flock of wolves, gave it up; a concession which, like all concessions made in fear, rendered them more insolent and ungovernable than before. A few days after, Dobrizhoffer arrived with an escort of fifteen Mocobios, to be his colleague. He was not a little surprized to see the Abipones, who came out in crowds to meet him, gaily drest in this cloth, and the rudeness of their demeanour was any thing rather than encouraging: but the sight of Sanchez was far worse; his dress was worn till it would have been difficult to say what its colour had once been; and neither razor nor scissors had for a long time approached his chin. The ghastliness of his looks was in perfect keeping with this costume. He ran into Dobrizhoffer's arms, and by way of salutation said, I should lead a more tolerable life among the

the Algerines, than among these savages! The Abipones followed them into the hovel; and when Dobrizhoffer opened his portmanteau to take out the bishop's letters for Sanchez, it was only the fear of his escort that prevented them from seizing on the contents. An alarm, however, that the wild Mocobios were about to attack them, operated as a seasonable diversion, the women began to howl, the men prepared, with their usual din of noisy instruments, for battle, and the evening just at this time closed with a storm of thunder and lightning. See, said Sanchez, this is my daily life: and this is what you must be accustomed to, however you like it!

The accommodations of this residence were as choice as the society. Their joint dwelling consisted of a mud hovel, thatched with grass; there was a hole in place of a window, which might be closed at night by a wooden shutter, and there was a door without any means of securing it; a plank served for table, and a hide suspended from four posts for a bed; the floor was the natural soil, with plenty of ant-holes. The mud-walls were full of cracks which not only allowed the winds of heaven to visit them too freely but let in the dust and the rain also, with as many toads and serpents as chose to take the opportunity. Their food was beef, beef, beef;—bread, he says, was not to be dreamt of, and if they had a pumpkin, it was a feast! For drink there was the river. With such comforts did Dobrizhoffer enter upon his service among the Abipones, and in this school of patience he past two years. Such a life, he says, is hard for an European, and might almost be deemed intolerable; yet use reconciled us to it, and the thought that it had been voluntarily chosen for the love of God, made it even pleasurable. The situation of the settlement however was advantageous, the soil being fertile, and the woods abounding with game; and the Jesuits would in time have procured themselves such comforts as were within the reach of their own industry and ingenuity. But they were not suffered to remain long enough for this. The Spanish governors in America, from the earliest times, seem to have thought less of removing a town, than an Englishman does of changing house. Poor as the towns were which could thus be transplanted, whatever labour had been bestowed upon them was rendered vain: but because it had so often been done, the evil consequences were overlooked or disregarded; and the fatal cession of the Uruguay Reductions was made under the erroneous persuasion that the inhabitants might shift their habitation as easily as the savages remove their tents. Disputes had arisen between Ychoalay and the people of Concepcion, and to prevent the war which would have ensued, the Governor of Santiago determined to remove the Nakaiketergehes, eighty leagues farther into his own jurisdiction, to a situation on the bank of the river Salado, where they would be

nearer his controul, and removed from all occasion of offence with Ychoalay. Alaykin the chief, one of the better-minded savages himself, but whose son had been the main cause of the mischief, refused his consent, objecting with much reason to the proposed situation, because the waters were at all times brackish, and in dry seasons so salt and bitter that the very cattle would not drink them. Another chief was so enraged with his wife for approving the intended migration, that he stabbed her. Two other chieftains were however persuaded by means of presents.

It was at the worst season of the year, during the rains. Barreda and his soldiers, on their way from Santiago, when they came to assist in the removal, were obliged to roost in the trees at night, the ground not affording a dry spot on which they could lie down : and when they boiled water for the Caá, to which they trusted for warmth and refreshment, (as European soldiers to ardent spirits,) the crust, or artificial stone of the termites nest, served them as a hearth, which they fastened among the boughs, and kindled a fire upon it. It had rained a month without intermission when they set out on their migration : and during one-and-twenty days they rode with the water mid-leg deep, and sometimes up to their knees. The Abipones were once on the point of changing their minds and turning back ; but Barreda persuaded them to proceed, by exaggerating the advantages which they would derive from being nearer Santiago, and by liberal promises, which Dobrizhoffer and Sanchez heard with grief, and not without indignation, knowing how far short the performance would fall, and with what justice they should be reproached for the insincerity of the Spaniards. He was eager to return, and when they reached the spot would hear of no objection to it, though the Jesuits who were condemned, and the Indians who were allured to it, agreed in pronouncing it unfit for a settlement. One hovel of stakes and long grass was hastily constructed for Dobrizhoffer, another for his colleague, and a third to serve as a church : the Abipones were to lodge in their tents of matting, till they made habitations for themselves. And then, says poor Dobrizhoffer, ‘ we were left in this wide wilderness to the savages, to misery, and to the daily danger of our lives, so that the considerate Spaniards who saw us, said that we were victims of obedience and miracles of patience. If there had been as many hands to help us as there were eyes to wonder at us, well had it been for us and well for our Abipones.’ There however they were left, while Barreda returned to Santiago with his men, and obtained credit with the Governor of Tucuman, with the Viceroy of Peru, and with the King of Spain, for having founded a new town ! After residing here seven miserable months, Dobrizhoffer was removed to Ychoalay’s town ; the inconvenience of the situation was found intolerable ; and Sanchez had to shift,

shift, with his colony, again and again, till after no fewer than fourteen changes, a good position was found upon the Rio Dulce.

When Dobrizhoffer had remained about two years at S. Hieronymo, he was removed to the Reduction of S. Fernando, nearly opposite Corrientes, a place so unwholesomely situated that it had invalidated all the Jesuits who were stationed there. He was told that he would not be able to live there three months, and seasoned as he was to all the privations and miseries incident to new settlements, the prediction had nearly been verified. The place was surrounded with lakes, marshes, and woods, the former breeding an Egyptian plague of winged insects, the latter preventing a free circulation of air. The water was from a pool at which the cattle drank, and which was rendered turbid by their feet, and impure by the filth of the settlement, and which abounded with leeches. The torment of the gnats was intolerable; the only preservation against them was kindling, in his own apartment, a fire of cow-dung, but this suffocated him as well as the insects; and by pacing up and down in the open air at night, to breathe more freely, and escape in some degree this torment, he brought on a habit of insomnolence and a loathing of food: his life was in danger, and was only preserved by being removed to one of the Guarani missions, where he enjoyed a wholesome climate, rest, and comparative comfort. It was however his ill fortune, after some years, to be ordered once more to a station among the Abipones, and under more unpromising circumstances, if worse were possible, than any of his former cures.

A horde, consisting of runaways from the other Reductions, the most incorrigible savages of their race, standing in fear of the Guaranis and the Spaniards, whom they had provoked by their robberies, and still more of Ychoalay, sent messengers to Asumpcion desiring that they might be settled in a colony under the King's protection. The wiser people of that city represented to the Governor, that these Abipones were in reality nothing better than criminals, who sought the privilege of the sanctuary: for had they been desirous of living peaceably, as they professed, under religious instruction, they would not have deserted from their own town. Fuentes, the Governor, however, wished to have the credit of founding a colony. One of those popular meetings, which the Spaniards call *Cabildo Abierto*, was convoked, and a subscription was made for setting up the proposed settlement, in sheep, kine, horses, tools, and Paraguay-tea; for these and such things large engagements were made, which shrunk sadly in the performance. Dobrizhoffer was sent for, from a distance of nearly 300 leagues, and the Governor complimented him by saying, that had the choice been left to him, there was no other Jesuit in the province whom he should so willingly have

have selected. The founder contributed nothing to his colony except a silver chalice, *quo minorem nusquam terrarum vidi*, says Dobrizhoffer; the college gave an alb, an old missal, and an image of Our Lady; he himself cast a leaden crucifix. The Abipones themselves, as had in the first instance been done with all their former colonies, were allowed to chuse the site of the intended settlement, and they fixed upon a spot about seventy leagues below Asumpcion, on the right bank of the Paraguay, called *La Herradura*, because the river in that part incloses an island shaped like a horse-shoe. They chose it, in spite of many natural disadvantages, because it was difficult of access; and the Spaniards approved the choice, because it was precisely at this point that the wild Moco-bios and Tobas crossed the river when they made an incursion into Paraguay, and they hoped thus to establish a barrier against them. Yegros went in person with four hundred soldiers to see the foundations laid.

Many Jesuits have laid down their lives in Paraguay, but there are few who have been placed in such forlorn and inauspicious stations as Dobrizhoffer. After reconnoitring the ground he told the Governor, with a groan, that it produced no good pasture, and that altogether it was a better situation for frogs than for men. But it was he and not the Governor who was to bear the inconvenience. A dwelling-house, if that name may be applied to the sort of human sty which it proved to be, was begun for the Jesuit, the soldiers constructing it. They, as well as Yegros, were impatient to return, and therefore did their work hastily and ill. The natural soil was left for the floor. The roof was composed of canes thatched with long grass, the grass being first rolled, and afterwards plastered with mud, lest the hostile Indians, by means of arrows, should set fire to it, a danger which the first settlers at Buenos Ayres had severely experienced. Not a single hut was erected for the savages, they kept aloof in their wigwams. Yegros, however, could affirm in his dispatches to the court that he had founded a town, which he called *Colonia del Rosario y S. Carlos*: the St. Charles was added in compliment to the King of Spain; there was nothing royal about it, says poor Dobrizhoffer, and for its other appellation it might have been far more fitly named from thorns than from roses. It was well for him that he had a temper which could discover matter for a jest in his own misery, and better that, being in the discharge of his duty, he had a firm reliance upon Divine Providence. *Hispanis omnibus cum Gubernatore dilapsis, Abiponum et quotquot in vicinia vagantur, barbarorum hostilium voluntatibus relinquebar, nunquam tamen tutior, quia solo solius Dei optimi maximi presidio fretus*:—thus he expresses that pious trust which in the worst emergencies affords sure comfort. He had need of it at this time.

Yegros

Yegros had departed so precipitately and under such manifest impressions of suspicion and fear, that the savages were alarmed, and believed he was gone to prepare a stronger force and fall upon them as soon as they should be collected in the new settlement. This opinion would hardly have been removed if Dobrizhoffer had not understood their language and their manners well, and also been well known by character among them. A grazing farm, on the opposite side of the Paraguay, was assigned for the use of the Reduction, but it was poorly stocked, and under the care of a rogue who secretly destroyed the best beasts that he might sell the tallow, and at last ran away, fearing the just punishment of his dishonesty. The Governor supplied his place by a madman, who perpetually tormented Dobrizhoffer with stories that wherever he was, by day or by night, stones were thrown at him by an invisible hand. The situation of the farm on the opposite side of so wide a river was no little inconvenience. The cattle were first to be caught by means of the noose, their horns were then tied to the boat, so as to support the head, and in this manner they were towed across. The river abounded with seals and capibaras, but fish were very scarce for that reason, and also because of the crocodiles with which it swarmed. The crocodile is not formidable in Paraguay. Though the Abipones, children as well as adults, bathed in rivers, ponds, and lakes, which these creatures frequented, Dobrizhoffer never heard of any person being injured by them; as they approach a temperate climate they lose their ferocity. He indeed ascribes less to the climate than to the fact that the crocodiles are not pursued by the Indians for food,—*illos equidem a crocodilis potissimum offendi existimo, a quibus hi fuerint offensi. Parcent sibi parcentibus.* But he himself, who sailed among them in his leathern coracle in perfect security, had certainly no claim to be included in this sort of alliance, for he ate crocodiles and thought them excellent. And by his own account it appears that the Payaguas, a tribe who lived upon the Paraguay, ate them, and that the Abipones themselves killed them, for the sake of their bones and their teeth. The glands, which secrete a musky substance in this animal, were in request among the clergy in that country, and kept in the *custodia* to preserve the wafer from those insects which would otherwise have bred in it.

Unpromising as the subjects were for whom the colony was founded, they were not altogether indocile; a great number of them, partly in fear of the hostile savages, and partly to better their place of abode and way of life, crossed the river to the grazing estate, and there employed themselves very usefully in tending the cattle, the women shearing the sheep, spinning the wool, and weaving from it a coarse cloth. The small-pox broke

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out among them, and every person in the settlement, one alone excepted, took the disease. It is well known how fatal this disease has generally proved among the Indians. In the Guarani Reductions it raged like a pestilence whenever it appeared. Many tribes, upon its first appearance, used to forsake the sick, however near in blood, and fly; and believing that the plague pursued them, they thought to baffle and escape it by winding and doubling in their flight. Dobrizhoffer affirms that it is much more fatal among the pedestrian than the equestrian tribes, which he accounts for by the greater activity and strength of the latter; the solution seems insufficient, because men in middle life, who were the strongest subjects, suffered most from it. Most of the Abipones fled, many to a considerable distance; they, however, did not forsake the sick, and very few died; this he reasonably accounts for by their exposing themselves freely to the air, as their feelings indicated; for he had seen how fatal an opposite treatment proved among the Guaranies. A chief of the Tobas, Keebetavalkin by name, was, with his wife and two daughters, in the colony, for the double purpose of discovering where and how it might be best attacked, and of practising upon the sick, he being esteemed the greatest practitioner in the Chaco. He was an old man, and having duped so many, had probably at last become the dupe of his own pretensions; for without any fear of contagion, he went through the usual routine of his practice, breathing upon the sick to blow away the morbid principle, and applying his lips to different parts of the patient's body, that he might suck it forth and spit it out. But his confidence did not preserve him; he took the disease, it proved fatal, and Dobrizhoffer had the satisfaction of baptizing him before he died. The conversion cost him little trouble at the time, but he foresaw the danger which he should incur by it, and he paid dearly for it in the end.

The unconverted Indians supposed baptism to be a ceremony which produced death, because whenever opportunity offered, the Jesuits administered it to dying infants, and adults in the last stage of disease.—Keebetavalkin's death therefore was imputed to this cause,—not to the small-pox. His wife and daughters buried the flesh in the woods, put the bones on horseback and returned with the skeleton to their tribe, by whom it was determined to take vengeance for the deceased. They alarmed and infested the settlement so much that some of the Abipones went to Asumpcion, and solicited the governor to assist them in an expedition against them. Yegros, who held the government by the demise of a former governor till a successor should be appointed, was desirous of distinguishing himself and having some services to plead, and went with forty horsemen upon this business. The Abipones in his
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company found a horde of Tobas, whom they surprized, and as usual used their victory cruelly,—they cut the wife and daughter of Keebetavalkin to pieces, though these women had dwelt for a time among them; and they brought home many women and children prisoners, to the great regret of Dobrizhoffer, who abhorred the cruelty for itself, and dreaded the consequences of that just hatred which it would kindle in the enemy: the Abipones themselves, as soon as Yegros had left them, and the brutal joy of their success had subsided, began to fear reprisals which their old women also loudly predicted, and they lived in continual alarm. The ague at this time became endemic among them, and Dobrizhoffer was brought by it to the very brink of the grave; he was without medicine of any kind, without any of those comforts which are required in sickness, and when he had scarcely strength to stand, was obliged to keep watch leaning upon his musket as a staff, and the Indians every day lamented over him, and told him he would soon die; the doubt was whether the ague would put an end to his life before the savages came, or if the savages would arrive soon enough to cut short the work of disease; one or the other he thought must happen, and was prepared, he says, for either, thinking death better than such a life. He sent, however, letters to the governor, describing his own danger, and the perilous situation of the place, and requesting that men might be sent to protect the settlement, and a priest to perform those duties which he was no longer capable of performing. The governor's reply was that he could neither spare priest nor men till after Easter: the three days preceding Easter were devoted to religious ceremonies, prayers, processions, and self-flagellations, and he did not think it right to deprive the men of their share in these edifying performances. Dobrizhoffer relates this in perfect good humour; but he remarks that the governor would have given proofs of sounder piety and prudence, if he had made no delay in sending soldiers to a colony which was threatened by the enemy, and a priest to a dying man.

Easter being over, Father Cosme de la Cueva was deputed to succeed Dobrizhoffer, if he should find him dead, otherwise to send him to Asumpcion, and officiate for him during his absence and recovery. F. Cosme, though a Jesuit, had never been upon active service as a missionary,—his life had been past in colleges, lecturing upon philosophy and theology. It was with the greatest joy that he found Dobrizhoffer alive and better, and with the most sincere desire of contributing to his recovery, that he bestowed upon him, from the provisions which he brought from the city, every thing which he thought comfortable and nourishing: for he presently perceived that his own life depended, almost as much

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as the patient's, upon the issue; so intolerable to him were the perpetual alarms which disturbed the colony, and the privations of every kind to which he must there have been subjected. Dobrizhoffer was a high-spirited man, long accustomed to such miseries, and in reality attached to the savages, for whose sake he had so long endured them;—there was also no trifling support in the belief that all these privations and sufferings, being religiously and cheerfully endured, were real and substantial merits in the sight of that God to whose service he had devoted himself: he therefore let Cosme return after a few days, but even that short experience of his habitual hardships had nearly proved fatal to a man accustomed to a sedentary and quiet life. He took to his bed when he reached Asumpcion, and did not recover till after twelve months.

Dobrizhoffer had just cause to complain of the manner in which he was treated. The king's public letters, which he had seen himself, enjoined that in every new colony five-and-twenty able Spanish soldiers, chosen by the missionaries themselves, should be stationed for their protection: and he was left with four miserable invalids. The chief Oahari soon received private intelligence that the Tobas, Mocobios and Guaycurus, were preparing for an immediate attack: this chieftain had behaved with great inhumanity in the expedition against the Tobas, and thinking it better to be out of the way of danger, set off under pretence of a hunting-party, in spite of all Dobrizhoffer's remonstrances: so many followed him, that among those who remained there were only four men whose courage and fidelity could be relied on; and nothing then prevented the Jesuit from abandoning a colony in which he was so completely deserted by the Spanish governor, but a sense of pride which came in aid of duty, and a determination to show the Spaniards that the Germans were never wanting in intrepidity.

Just at this time, by good fortune, eight Abipones arrived from an expedition, all tried men. With these, with his fire-arms, and above all, with the help of one piece of cannon, he hoped to withstand an enemy, who, desirous as they were of destroying their adversaries, were still more desirous of preserving themselves. He had only eight rounds of powder for this gun, and one iron shot; but he had made great use of that shot. It was at hand whenever he had any wild visitors, to be produced as a sample of his military stores; and when they handed it from one to another, and remarked what a dreadful weapon it was, and what a wound it would make, that impression was of as much use as a formidable military display. It was now known that the enemy were near, the smoke of their fires had been seen, and even some of their scouts distinguished from a sort of watch-box which Dobrizhoffer had erected upon high posts. After pacing the area himself till two in the morning, he had ventured

tured to get a few hours sleep; the Spaniard who relieved him, finding the night air cold, crept into a corner of the house and fell asleep, and presently both were awakened by the howl of the savages, six hundred in number, who had approached the palisade unseen. The palisades were so thickly set, that though the invaders standing close to it could discharge their arrows through the interstices, it was of no use to fire at them, unless the muzzle of the gun were in like manner placed near the aperture. Dobrizhoffer knew what impression a shot would produce upon the whole party if it took effect, and how dangerously their spirits would be exalted if they heard a report, and found that no mischief followed it. He had four pistols in his belt, and a musket in his hand, and in the determination that these should not be fired in vain, he was advancing to the palisades and was within ten steps when an arrow struck him on the right arm, near the shoulder, and fastened his arm to his side. He returned into his hovel to have it extracted by one of the Spaniards. It was an arrow with five barbs, and the mode of extracting it was by twirling it between the hands like a chocolate mill, so as to open a way for it; the extreme anguish of such an operation, he says, no person can imagine who has not felt it. As soon however as the dart was extracted, he returned to the palisade. It was broad moonlight, and the sight of his gun and pistols had already been sufficient to send away this party of assailants,—so readily will even the most courageous and fiercest savages fly from the slightest danger, where it is not a point of honour to brave it. They got on horseback and still hovered near; the piece of cannon was brought out, and fired; it had been loaded with a number of leaden bullets, not the formidable ball. This sent them away full gallop,—they rallied in the adjoining wood, and endeavoured to decoy Dobrizhoffer and his handful of Abipones within their reach, but he stood by his gun, and resisting all the importunities of the women, who never ceased calling upon him to fire it again, kept the lighted match in his hand. In this manner they continued for several hours, the savages menacing him, and yet not daring to approach within reach of the cannon; till at length they retreated with the horses and kine, which they drove off without molestation.

Dobrizhoffer's first business was to dress the wound of one of his Abipones; he had then leisure to look to his own, which he washed with warm wine, and then bound up. Every night he anointed it with pullet's fat, liquified over the candle, and with these remedies the wound healed in sixteen days; but one of the muscles continued swollen for some time, and it was five months before he could move the middle finger. The arrow and the bloody sleeve of his garment he sent to Asumpcion, where he was first deplored

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as a martyr, and when his recovery was known, lauded as a confessor, inasmuch as what he had suffered was in consequence of his having baptized Keebetavalkin. The good old man always looked back upon the adventure with allowable pride, and in his latter years, when what remained of life could only be sorrow and pain, with something like regret that he had not obtained the palm of martyrdom when he underwent its pains. That consummation he had always wished for. So he affirms, and they must be indeed mere worldlings who can doubt his affirmation, however they may think his zeal and his abilities were misdirected. What is remarkable in this missionary is, that no trace of superstition or enthusiasm appears in the whole account which he has given of himself. The life which he led must have been intolerable, if he had not been supported by a firm belief that it was meritorious; thoroughly sincere he was, and like the rest of his order never doubted that the eternal bliss of a savage, and even of a poor infant, depended upon the chance of their receiving baptism. But he never looked for miracles, he neither fancied nor feigned them; and in a situation which would have driven weaker minds mad, and where weaker bodies would have sunk, he retained his good sense and his cheerful temper to the last. The Governor required from him once an account of the Abipones under his care, which was to entitle him to the salary allowed by the King to the missionaries. Dobrizhoffer replied, I have no right to ask for that allowance which his Catholic Majesty has assigned for the support of the missionaries, for in this colony I have not *catechumens* but *energumens*. But I affirm that I am fully entitled to military pay, and that there is not in this province colonel or captain who, for any pay, would undergo for one month the perpetual danger, watching, fatigue, and misery, which now nearly for two years I have endured every day in defending this colony against the savages. But neither as missionary nor as soldier did he receive any thing from the crown for his services. Even his strength, aided as it was by his unconquerable good spirits and good temper, proved at last unequal to the demand upon it; and at the end of two years he desired to be recalled, being wasted to the bone, and crippled in the right hand, in consequence of his wound. He recovered in the Guarani Reductions, and was then appointed to the cure of St. Joachim, where he was usefully and happily employed, till the expulsion of his order.

In the year 1805, a book was published in this country under the title of 'Letters from Paraguay,' which pretended to describe the state of the Reductions at that time. It was said in the title-page to be by John Constance Davie, Esq. and in a prefatory advertisement it was stated that the Letters were addressed to his half-brother — Yorke, Esq. of Taunton Dean, in Somersetshire. This latter

latter name was fictitious, no such person being known there; and the book was, in fact, one of those fabrications, which, as they endeavour to pass for what they pretend to be, cannot be too severely stigmatized. The real history of the Reductions is, that after the expulsion of the Jesuits, they went rapidly to ruin. The seven Uruguay towns were taken possession of by the Portuguese in 1801, and retained by them upon the plea that no mention of them was made in the treaty of peace; and that the court of Rio de Janeiro had resolved upon adding the rest to its enormous territory, and making the Paraguay its boundary, appears, by the *Corografia Brazilica* of P. Manoel Ayres de Casal, printed at the Rio in 1817, wherein, under the title of the Province of Parana, the whole of Paraguay is included. This object would, with little difficulty, have been effected, if the Brazilians had escaped the endemic revolutionary fever. But they have taken the disease, and are now, it is to be feared, to learn by miserable experience, that a bad government is infinitely better than none.

This very singular and interesting book is worthy to be placed beside Mr. Mariner's account of the Tonga Islands. We have dwelt chiefly upon the personal adventures of the author. That portion of his work, however, which relates to the manners and opinions of the savages, is not less curious,—it is, perhaps, the most complete and extraordinary description of savage life that has ever yet been published. It contains, also, many remarkable facts in natural history, and much incidental information concerning the state of the Spanish inhabitants,—who had certainly not improved in any respect when Azara wrote his account of the country, forty years afterwards. That country affords, at this time, an important subject for consideration. It is yet to be seen whether the civilizing influence which Buenos-Ayres, as a great and free commercial city, may exercise over the interior, will be able to counteract the tendency of barbarous independence. As long ago as the days of Philip de Comines; the evils of revolution, even of such revolutions as extend only to a violent change of rulers, were clearly perceived by all wise men. That sagacious writer says :—*aucune mutation ne peut estre en un royaume qu'elle ne soit bien douloureuse pour le pluspart : et combien qu' aucuns y gagnent, encores en y a-il cent fois plus qui y perdent : et faut changer mainte coustume et forme de vivre à celle mutation.* This is certain, that all the miseries which Spanish America has suffered during the last ten years, might have been spared. If the colonists could have had patience to await the course of events in the mother-country, they would immediately have enjoyed the commercial advantages of independence; and the separation which has already cost so many crimes, and produced such extensive ruin, would now have been taking place without a struggle.

ART. II.—*A Vindication of 1 John, v. 7. from the Objections of M. Griesbach: in which is given a new View of the External Evidence, with Greek Authorities for the Authenticity of the Verse, not hitherto adduced in its Defence.* By the Bishop of St. David's. London. 1821.

WE must confess that, when we read an advertisement announcing the publication of a work which promised to give 'Greek authorities for the authenticity of 1 John, v. 7, not hitherto adduced in its defence,' we felt no slight degree of surprize and curiosity. After the labour bestowed by so many learned and ingenious men as have written on this controverted verse, nothing seemed to remain for future disputants but to re-state, and place in new light, the facts which had been transmitted to them. When, therefore, we saw new authorities promised, we were anxious to know by what singular felicity the Right Reverend Prelate had been led to the discovery of evidence which had escaped the researches of all preceding inquirers.

The result of the controversy between Professor Porson and Archdeacon Travis—the last regular controversy on the subject of 1 John, v. 7.—had proved in a very high degree unfavourable to the opinion of the genuineness of that passage. The great majority of learned men, whatever were their sentiments respecting the important doctrine of the Trinity, agreed in pronouncing the verse to be spurious. Within these few years, however, some persons of distinguished talents and learning have re-asserted its claims to a place in the sacred text. Among others, Mr. Nolan, of whose principal argument on the subject we shall hereafter have occasion to speak, maintains its genuineness, in his Inquiry into the Integrity of the Greek Vulgate; and the Bishop of St. David's, in the publication now before us, enrols himself in the number of its advocates. In expressing our candid opinion of the arguments employed by the Right Reverend author, we shall be anxious not to be thought to violate the respect due to his exalted station and his literary character. To say the truth, we are induced to offer the following remarks to the consideration of our readers, not merely because we think those arguments inconclusive, but also because we have serious objections to the *mode* of argument which has been sanctioned by his lordship's authority. We apprehend that it may have a tendency to excite, in many minds, something like a feeling of uncertainty with regard to the sacred text in general. Beyond doubt, in the estimation of the Bishop of St. David's, it cannot have that tendency: for, if it had, we are quite certain that he would be one of the last persons living to adopt it. Of the purity,

purity, indeed, of his lordship's intentions, and of the zeal and ability with which he has for many years defended the orthodox faith against its opponents, we are fully sensible; and having long ago taken the field—as, we trust, our readers cannot fail to recollect—in the same good cause, we feel pain and grief when recourse is had to a plan of warfare in which we find it impossible to co-operate.

The first chapter of the Bishop's tract is occupied in showing that 'the judgment which Mr. Griesbach has passed on the controverted verse of St. John, is precipitate, partial, contrary to his own rules of criticism, and untenable.' Even if this position had been fully established, although Griesbach's authority would have been destroyed, yet we think that the learned prelate would have made but little progress towards his main object—the proof of the genuineness of 1 John, v. 7. To vanquish one opponent, while so many remained in array against him, could give but small hopes of final victory. Professor Porson's formidable objections to the verse would be still untouched. But let us examine the arguments by which the Bishop has endeavoured to prove that Griesbach's judgment is untenable.—Griesbach affirms that the seventh verse was first quoted by Vigilius Tapsensis, in the fifth century. To this assertion, his lordship opposes some remarks of Mr. Porson; who says, in one place, that 'the whole labour of supporting the verse is devolved upon Cyprian;' and, in another, that 'the chief support of this contested verse, is the authority of the Vulgate.' 'Here,' observes the Bishop, 'we ascend to the end of the second century, the age of Tertullian, who appears from his writings to have found the verse in his copy of the Latin version.' The fair inference from this statement of his lordship appears to be, that Mr. Porson admitted the verse to have been quoted by Tertullian and Cyprian; whereas, in one of his letters to Archdeacon Travis, he takes great pains to show that neither of them has quoted it. Whether, indeed, the verse has really been quoted by Eucherius, or by Cyprian, or by Tertullian, is a disputed point: and, therefore, before the Bishop pronounced Griesbach's opinion 'untenable,' it was incumbent upon him, distinctly to prove that the verse had been so quoted.

Griesbach has asserted that the verse in question is found only in one Greek MS. and that a MS. of the 15th or 16th century. To this assertion, the learned prelate opposes the opinion of Dr. Adam Clarke, who conceives that 'the MS. is more likely to have been the production of the 13th, than either of the 11th (as Mr. Martin imagined) or the 15th century.' For our own parts, if we may judge from the fac-simile prefixed to the present tract, we should

be inclined to assign to the MS. a very recent date. As, however, there is reason to believe that, in the 13th century, the seventh verse was extant in a majority of the copies of the Latin Vulgate, a Greek MS. of that age may easily have been interpolated from those copies. The Bishop proceeds—'if the verse has not yet been found in any other Greek MS. it may hereafter. The *hymn to Ceres* had been lost for sixteen centuries, when it was discovered in a manuscript at Moscow, and that manuscript written as late as the end of the fourteenth century.' We are here obliged to confess, which we do with great reluctance, that we cannot perceive the slightest resemblance between the circumstances of the hymn to Ceres, and those of 1 John, v. 7. In order to make out a case similar to that of the Moscow manuscript, we ought to suppose that a Greek father, of the second or third century, had quoted a passage from the first epistle of St. John, of which epistle no MS. had been discovered till the fourteenth century; when one was found, purporting to be the Epistle of St. John, and containing the passage quoted by that father. This would, indeed, be a case exactly similar to that of the hymn to Ceres. But because the hymn to Ceres, of the existence of which we were assured on the authority of respectable writers of antiquity, has, after a lapse of centuries, been discovered in a MS. at Moscow, are we therefore to deem it probable that a MS. may be discovered containing the disputed verse in St. John, though all the known Greek MSS. excepting one, which appears under very suspicious circumstances, omit that verse?—What hidden things the revolution of ages may bring to light, we pretend not to conjecture. Should such a MS. at length appear, it will certainly add much to the weight of testimony in favour of the disputed verse; but, until it is actually produced, we suspect that little importance will be attributed to the supposition of its existence. The argument may be placed in a somewhat different point of view. That the hymn to Ceres had once existed, was evident from the quotations of ancient authors. Where then lay the improbability that a MS. of it might at last be discovered? But thence to infer the probability that a Greek MS. containing the controverted verse will hereafter be found, is to take for granted the point in dispute, and to assume that the verse actually proceeded from the pen of St. John.

After these preliminary remarks, the object of which is rather to weaken the authority of Griesbach than to establish the genuineness of the verse, the Right Rev. Author proceeds to the main question; and is met at the outset by what we had always considered a very serious difficulty:—'if the verse be genuine, how is its absence from the Greek MSS. to be accounted for?' But, to our surprise, the

the Bishop answers—'it is not at all necessary that the defenders of the verse should be able to account for its absence; nor would such inability be any proof of want of evidence in its support.' Surely the defenders of the verse may fairly be expected to assign some plausible reasons at least, for its absence from the Greek MSS. Were not the MSS. we now have, transcribed from MSS. of an earlier date; and those from others, till we ascend to the autograph of St. John?—and is not the absence of the verse from our MSS. a strong presumptive evidence that it was wanting also in those earlier MSS. and consequently in the original Epistle?—The truth is that, notwithstanding this opinion of the learned prelate, other defenders of the verse have thought it necessary to give what they considered to be a probable account of its omission. Some have had recourse to the *disciplina arcani*; of which Mr. Porson very properly observes that 'it is a dangerous hypothesis; and if admitted, instead of strengthening particular passages, would weaken the authority of the whole New Testament.' Mr. Nolan supposes that the verse was suppressed by Eusebius, in the edition of the New Testament which he revised under the sanction of Constantine the Great. As this supposition is, we believe, entirely new, and is, in fact, the principal support of Mr. Nolan's system, it may be worth while to enter into a somewhat minute examination of the arguments by which it is maintained.

In the life of Constantine, by Eusebius, (lib. iv. cap. 36.) we find a letter addressed by that Emperor to Eusebius, then Bishop of Cæsarea; in which, after stating that, in consequence of the vast accession of converts to the Christian faith, he had given orders for the fitting up of additional churches, the Emperor proceeds as follows:—*πρέπον γὰρ κατεφάνη τὸ δηλῶσαι τῇ σῇ συνέσει, ὅπως ἂν πενήκοντα σώματα ἐν διφθέραις ἐγκατασκευύοις, εὐανάγνωστά τε καὶ πρὸς τὴν χρῆσιν εὐμετακόμιστα, ὑπὸ τεχνιτῶν καλλιγράφων καὶ ἀκριβῶς τὴν τέχνην ἐπισταμένων, γραφῆναι κελεύσεις· τῶν θείων δηλαδὴ γραφῶν, ὧν μάλιστα τὴν τ' ἐπισκευὴν καὶ τὴν χρῆσιν τῷ τῆς ἐκκλησίας λόγῳ ἀναγκαίαν εἶναι γινώσκεις.* We must confess that we are utterly at a loss to conceive what support this passage affords to Mr. Nolan's assertion that Eusebius was commissioned by the Emperor to prepare a new edition of the sacred scriptures, with a discretionary power of selecting such parts of them as he might think necessary for the edification of the church. Constantine directs Eusebius to prepare, with as much speed as possible,* (an injunc-

* *ἵνα γὰρ ὡς τάχιστα τὰ γραφέντα σώματα κατασκευασθῶσι, τῆς οὗς ἐπιμελείας ἔργῳ τοῦτο γινώσκει.*

tion not very consistent with the supposition that he was to revise the text) fifty copies of the scriptures, in order that they might be read in his new churches. As to the power of selection, which Mr. Nolan finds in the last clause of the sentence above quoted, the words certainly appear to convey no such meaning. The following is Dr. Cave's translation :—' It seemed good to me to intimate to your wisdom that you cause fifty copies of *the holy scriptures, the use whereof you know to be absolutely necessary to the church*, to be fairly transcribed in parchment, by antiquaries accurately dextrous in that art ; such as may be easily read, and carried up and down for that purpose.' The words in *italics* correspond to the last clause of the quotation ; and, in our opinion, represent its meaning with accuracy. Mr. Nolan's translation of the same clause is—' namely, of the sacred scriptures, whereof chiefly you know the preparation and use to be necessary to the doctrine of the church.' In order to obtain, even from his own translation, the meaning which he wishes to establish, by the expression 'the sacred scriptures,' we must understand 'those parts of the sacred scriptures,' which Eusebius might deem the most useful. We are inclined to think that few Greek scholars will agree with Mr. Nolan in his interpretation of the passage. But allowing it to be correct, the power vested in Eusebius could only be that of selecting such *books* of scripture as he considered the best fitted for general use ; not that of omitting such *passages* in those books as appeared to militate against his peculiar notions. Yet on so slight a foundation does Mr. Nolan build his charge against Eusebius of expunging 1 John, v. 7. from the sacred text.

Had Eusebius committed the fraud of which Mr. Nolan accuses him, it is scarcely possible that some notice should not have been taken of it, by the defenders of the orthodox faith. If Mr. Nolan's supposition be correct, all the MSS. of St. John's epistle, of a date previous to this edition of Eusebius, contained the disputed verse. What then are we to think of the vigilance of the maintainers of the Homoïisian doctrine ; who allowed so important a text to be withdrawn from the sacred volume, without exclaiming against the mutilation ? Where was Athanasius ? *He* must have been conversant with MSS. which contained the perfect text ; and if the edition of Eusebius was circulated with the rapidity which Mr. Nolan pretends, must also, in his travels, have met with copies of that edition. Would he not have eagerly seized the opportunity of denouncing Eusebius as a falsifier of scripture ? Would Jerome, who calls Eusebius the standard-bearer of Arianism, have overlooked a fraud of so deep a dye ? Again, Eusebius was condemned at the second council of Nice : was the charge of mutilating the
scriptures

scriptures then advanced against him?—Never, surely, was so serious an accusation supported by evidence so unsatisfactory.

But Mr. Nolan refers to a passage in the Ecclesiastical History of Socrates, (lib. vii. cap. 37.) in which the historian asserts, that some persons, who wished to separate the divinity of Christ from his humanity, had corrupted 1 John iv. 3. He at the same time gives the true reading, as it was found in the ancient MSS.; which coincides precisely with the reading of the Vulgate.* If, then, the Vulgate has preserved the true reading of 1 John iv. 3., why may it not also have preserved the true reading of 1 John v. 7.? But the latter verse, according to Mr. Nolan, is not less adverse than the former, to the opinion of those who would separate the human and divine natures of Christ. If, therefore, Socrates had been aware of any corruption of 1 John v. 7., is it not highly probable, is it not certain, that he would have mentioned it? His silence under such circumstances affords the strongest presumptive evidence that he was ignorant of any such mutilation. Of this, at least, we may be very sure, that he did not suspect Eusebius of having corrupted 1 John iv. 3.; for he immediately subjoins a passage from the Life of Constantine, by Eusebius, in which the union of the divine and human natures is affirmed in as explicit terms as language can furnish. Οὕτω γὰρ καὶ ὁ Παμφίλου Ἐυσέβιος ἐν τῷ τρίτῳ λόγῳ τῷ εἰς τὸν βίον Κωνσταντίνου, κατὰ λέξιν ταῦτα φησί· καὶ γὰρ καὶ γέννησιν ὑπομένειν ὁ μὲν ἡμῶν θεὸς δι' ἡμᾶς ἡνέσχετο· καὶ τόπος αὐτοῦ τῆς ἐνσάρχου γεννήσεως ὀνομαστὶ παρ' Ἑβραίοις ἢ Βηθλεὲμ ἐκηρύττετο. (Socrat. Eccl. Hist. lib. vii. cap. 32.)

But to return to the author of the tract under review. After some remarks upon the supposed quotation by Cyprian, to which we shall hereafter call the reader's attention, his lordship proceeds to consider the internal evidence for the verse; the point on which he seems disposed to lay the greatest stress. Our opinion is, that, whether we insert or omit the seventh verse, the passage presents considerable difficulties. Bishop Horsley says, that the sense absolutely requires the insertion of the seventh verse: Sir Isaac Newton, that the connexion is best preserved by expunging it. Here we find great names opposed to each other. A late commentator† suggests, that the sense would be rendered more perspicuous by the omission both of the seventh and eighth verses. The fact seems to be, that in pronouncing upon the internal, writers have been determined by the view which they have taken of the external evidence.

If the seventh verse be omitted, the language, according to the

* Mr. Gibbon was inclined to think the reading of the Vulgate the true reading, (vol. viii. p. 270. ed. 8vo.): but Mr. Porson pronounces his opinion to be very uncritical, (p. 388.)

† Slade on the Epistles, in loco.

learned prelate, is solœcistical: three neuter nouns being connected with a masculine participle. Is then the solœcism removed by the insertion of the seventh verse? No: 'but in the seventh verse, we have the three witnesses, already recorded by St. John in his gospel, and at the same time, language of legitimate construction. For πνεῦμα being by signification masculine, though by form neuter, and being one of the three μαρτυροῦντες in verse 7, retains its construction in the eighth, and associates with it the other neuter nouns, which follow its construction.' (p. 24.) Or, according to Mr. Nolan, 'by the insertion of ὁ πατὴρ καὶ ὁ λόγος, to the masculine adjectives τρεῖς οἱ μαρτυροῦντες, are ascribed suitable substantives; and by the figure *attraction*, which is so prevalent in Greek, every objection is removed to the structure of the context.' (p. 260.) Until, however, Mr. Nolan produces some instances of the use of the figure *attraction*, which bear a nearer affinity to the disputed verse than those which he has produced in page 565, we must beg leave to question the force of the argument founded upon it. Bengelius, to whose authority the Bishop of St. David's justly ascribes great weight, thought that the seventh verse ought to follow the eighth. If he is correct in his opinion, what becomes of the argument from attraction? The bishop says, that the three who bear record, are persons; distinguished as persons by the masculine participle. But does St. John never use a neuter participle, when speaking of persons? What shall we say to the fourth verse of this very chapter, when compared with the fifth? Ὅτι πᾶν τὸ γεγεννημένον ἐκ τοῦ θεοῦ νικᾷ τὸν κόσμον—τίς ἐστιν ὁ νικῶν τὸν κόσμον, εἰ μὴ ὁ πιστεύων, κ. τ. ε.

The objection urged by Bishop Middleton, that the article τὸ before ἔν in the eighth verse, necessarily implies a reference to something which has gone before, appears to us to have some weight; though, to be strictly correct, there should be an identity in the subject, and not a similarity only. Still a doubt may be reasonably entertained, whether, in the language of St. John, τὸ ἔν is not used as equivalent to τὸ αὐτὸ, as it is in Phil. ii. 2.; in which case no reference to any preceding expression would be implied. To this we may add, that if the Vulgate preserves the true reading, the translators must have supposed the εἰς τὸ ἔν of the eighth verse, to be equivalent to the ἔν of the seventh; for all the MSS. which retain the concluding clause of the eighth verse, (a very large portion of them omitting it,) read *tres unum sunt*, as in the seventh verse.

But, it is observed, 'the mode of thinking and diction is peculiar to St. John. No other evangelist or apostle speaks of the witness of the Father and the Holy Spirit, as he does in his gospel.' (p. 26.) In support of this observation, we are referred to John v.

31—37.; viii. 13—18.; xv. 26. Allow to this argument all the weight that can possibly be ascribed to it, still it can only prove that St. John *might* have written the disputed verse. Let our readers, however, examine the texts above enumerated, and they cannot fail, we think, to be convinced how little they conduce to the establishment of the controverted reading.

Before we quit this part of the subject, we will venture to make a few remarks upon what we are obliged to consider a most unguarded statement of the right reverend prelate. 'Without the seventh verse, there is no reason to be given why the evidences of Christ's incarnation are limited to three in the eighth verse: for he is proved to be the Son of God incarnate, by all the predicted circumstances of his birth, life, miracles and sufferings, which are verified in the gospel. Without the seventh verse, therefore, instead of three, there might be thirty witnesses. But with the three witnesses of the seventh verse, the limitation to three witnesses in the eighth followed by a natural and obvious parallelism. If the seventh verse had not preceded, it is probable that the water and the blood would not have been mentioned as witnesses; for they are not so recorded in the gospel, nor so styled in verse 6.' (p. 25.)

What then, we would ask, are the water and the blood adduced as witnesses, not because the train of the apostle's reasoning required the mention of their testimony, but merely for the sake of a parallelism? Can it for an instant be supposed, that St. John was less attentive to the meaning, than to the structure of his sentences? Let us take care, that in our eagerness to establish the genuineness of a single passage, we have not recourse to arguments which tend to subvert the authority of the whole sacred volume.

We come now to the external testimony. The right reverend author observes, that 'the relative strength and weakness of the external evidence will be best seen by dividing it into three periods. The first, from the death of St. John to the end of the third century. (2.) From the beginning of the fourth century to the end of the ninth. (3.) From the beginning of the tenth century to the date of the first printed edition of the Greek text of the New Testament in the sixteenth.' (p. 28.)

The propriety of this division is not very apparent. Why should the whole interval, between the beginning of the fourth century and the end of the ninth, form one period? How different in point of authority, is a MS. of the fourth century and a MS. of the ninth? But to proceed with the argument.

'The first period (A.D. 101—300.) contains *no evidence against the verse*, but much for it. There is no Greek manuscript of the New Testament of this period. The oldest Greek copy extant is

of much later date than the ancient Latin version of the Western Church.'

But where, we may ask, is the ancient Latin version of St. John's epistle to be found? Can any one furnish us with a copy? No; but 'Tertullian and Cyprian made use of the old Latin version;' and they quote the verse in question. Tertullian, in his treatise against Praxeas, has these words: 'Ita connexus Patris in Filio, et Filii in Paracleto, tres efficit coherentes, alterum ex altero; qui tres unum sunt, non unus: quomodo dictum est, Ego et Pater unum sumus, ad substantiæ unitatem non ad numeri singularitatem.' With regard to this passage, we are compelled to confess that we participate in the feeling of Professor Porson; who says (p. 140.) 'as often as I read this sentence, so often I am astonished that the words *tres unum sunt* should ever be urged as a quotation.' Is it probable, that if Tertullian had 1 John v. 7. in his thoughts, he would have appealed for the true meaning of the expression, *tres unum sunt*, not to that verse, but to John x. 30.? Yes, contends Mr. Nolan; for the reading of 1 John v. 7. is not Pater, *Filius* et Spiritus, but Pater, *Verbum* et Spiritus; and therefore contains as just a description of the doctrine of Praxeas as that heretic could have given. (p. 298.) If then this passage of Tertullian be a proof of the existence of 1 John v. 7. we must suppose that he referred his adversary to the very text which that adversary would urge as most accurately representing his own opinion.

The next authority appealed to, is that of Cyprian, 'upon whom,' as Mr. Porson justly observed, 'the whole labour of supporting the verse is devolved.' In the treatise *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, by that father, we read as follows: 'Dixit Dominus, Ego et Pater unum sumus; et iterum, de Patre et Filio et Spiritu Sancto scriptum est, Et hi tres unum sunt.' This passage presents by far the strongest evidence that has been adduced in favour of the verse. The expression, 'scriptum est,' certainly implies that the words which follow, 'Et hi tres unum sunt,' were extant in scripture; and, connected as they are with the mention of the three persons of the Trinity, the natural conclusion seems to be, that reference is made to the seventh verse of this chapter. Yet all who are conversant with the writings of the fathers, must be well aware that their scriptural quotations are, for the most part, made from memory, and without that formal exactness which we now require. In the present instance, Cyprian may have had the above cited passage of his master Tertullian in his mind, especially as he uses *Filius* (as Tertullian did) and not *Verbum*; he may therefore easily have confounded the 'qui tres unum sunt,' of that passage, with the 'hi tres unum sunt,' of the eighth verse; under the impression that Tertullian interpreted the eighth verse of the Trinity. It is quite

quite certain, that Facundus conceived the passage in Cyprian to refer to the eighth verse. This, indeed, the Bishop of St. David's admits; but opposes to Facundus the authority of Fulgentius, who also quotes the same passage, and represents him as citing the seventh verse. Mr. Porson contends, that Fulgentius, by his own confession, became acquainted with the seventh verse solely by the means of Cyprian; but we are far from being convinced by the learned professor's arguments on this subject. In our opinion, which yet may be plausibly disputed, the legitimate inference from the words of Fulgentius is, that he had the verse in his copy of the Latin version. It does not however follow, that he was correct, in supposing that Cyprian quoted the seventh verse. We have stated the difficulty attending the passage in Cyprian; and the question for the reader's consideration is, whether the evidence which it supplies on the side of the verse, be so weighty as to overbalance the great mass of evidence in the opposite scale.

We now proceed to consider the Right Reverend author's *new* Greek authorities, of which, however, the first had been noticed by Mr. Nolan, (p. 568.) viz. 'the rejection of the writings of St. John by certain heretics of this (i. e. the first) period, whom Epiphanius calls ALOGI, on account of their denial of the apostle's doctrine of the divinity of the Logos, or the Word.' Lardner has denied the existence of any heretics so called. But Lardner, it may be thought, was biassed by his peculiar opinions. Let us, therefore, grant that such heretics did exist, and that they rejected the first epistle of St. John. Does it follow, as a necessary consequence, that 1 John v. 7. is genuine? Is not the very first verse of the epistle sufficient to account for the rejection? Mr. Nolan, at least (p. 569.) thinks that it is even more strongly opposed to the peculiar tenets of the Alogi than the disputed verse.

With respect to the other Greek authority produced by the Bishop of St. David's, from the Pseudo-Clemens Alexandrinus, which he connects with a passage in Tertullian, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that the learned Prelate places any confidence in such a witness to the genuineness of the text in question. In return, however, for this 'authority,' we will present the Bishop and our readers with a short extract from a work printed in Potter's edition of Clemens. The work is entitled *Adumbrationes*; and is supposed, by learned men, to be a translation by Cassiodorus, of some Commentaries* on the Catholic Epistles, by Clemens Alexandrinus. 'Iste est, inquit, qui venit per aquam et sanguinem; et iterum, quia tres sunt qui testificantur; spiritus, quod est vita; et aqua,

* These Commentaries are supposed to have formed a part of the *Προπαιδείς*, a lost work of Clemens.

quod est regeneratio ac fides ; et sanguis, quod est cognitio ; et hi tres unum sunt. In Salvatore quippe istæ sunt virtutes salutifera, et vita ipsa in ipso filio ejus existit.' We do not ascribe any great weight to this extract, because there is much uncertainty respecting both the author and the translator of the work from which it was taken. Our principal reasons for adducing it are, that the testimony of Cassiodorus (to whom the translation is attributed) has been urged in defence of the 7th verse ; and that the extract affords a singular confirmation of Mr. Porson's conjecture with regard to the reading which Cassiodorus found in his copy of St. John's Epistle.—*Letters to Travis*, p. 351.

On the whole, it appears that the external evidence in favour of the verse, during the Bishop's first period, is reduced to the authority of Cyprian. Still, however, the learned Prelate thinks that there is cause to triumph, inasmuch as the same period exhibits no evidence *against* the verse. What evidence of this kind can be required ? It is admitted on all hands that there is no Greek MS. extant, so old as this period : but we have two MSS. of the fourth century, which omit the verse ; and may we not justly infer that the MSS. from which they were copied omitted it also ? Again, the verse has not been quoted by any of the Greek fathers of the second and third centuries. Does not this fact alone furnish strong presumptive evidence that during those periods it was not in existence ? Can it be expected that passages should be produced from their writings expressly affirming the spuriousness of the verse ; that is, the spuriousness of a verse, of the existence of which they were utterly ignorant ?

At length, however, we arrive, according to the learned Prelate's own admission, at some evidence against the verse. There are, in his Lordship's second period, four Greek manuscripts which omit the heavenly witnesses. This evidence, indeed, the Bishop calls negative ; meaning, as we suppose, that it is inferior in character to the positive evidence which he adduces on the opposite side. Yet we are at a loss to understand what more conclusive evidence can be advanced to establish, in any case, the spuriousness of a passage, than that of ancient MSS. in which it is omitted. But is this, in fact, *all* the evidence against the verse, during this second period ? Is there not a long catalogue of authors who, when they had, again and again, the most urgent reasons for quoting it, passed it over without notice ? What account can be given of those who, like Bede, wrote continued commentaries on this Epistle, without giving the slightest hint that such a text existed ? Our limits will not permit us to refer to particular instances in which those early writers omitted to quote the verse, where, if it had been extant in their copies, they could hardly have failed to do so. On this point we

we advise our readers to consult Mr. Porson's last letter to Archdeacon Travis.

It is now time to consider the *positive* evidence brought forward by the Bishop of St. David's, in favour of the verse, during his second period.

‘There can hardly be a doubt,’ observes the Bishop, ‘that the seventh verse was extant in Greek in the copies of Walafrid Strabo; and none at all of its existence in the time of the writer of the Prologue to the ‘Canonical Epistles.’ Walafrid Strabo, who lived in the ninth century, wrote a comment on the verse and on the Prologue to the Epistles. He could not, therefore, be ignorant either of the *defects*, which the author of the Prologue imputes to the Latin copies of his day, or of the *integrity* of the Greek, as asserted by him; and he directs his readers to correct the errors of the Latin by the Greek.’

These observations on the testimony of Walafrid Strabo are founded, we believe, on a statement of Archdeacon Travis, in his letters to Mr. Gibbon; to which statement we must request our readers' attention. The subject is curious, and we have hopes of throwing some light upon it.

‘The *Glossa Ordinaria*,’ says the Archdeacon, ‘the work of Walafrid Strabo, was composed in the ninth century. This performance has been distinguished by the highest approbation of the learned, in every age since its appearance in the world. Even M. Simon confesses that *no comment on the scriptures is of equal authority with this exposition*. In this work the text in question is not only found in the Epistle of St. John, but is commented upon, in the notes, with admirable force and perspicuity.

‘In his preface to this valuable Commentary, Walafrid Strabo lays down the following rules, as means whereby to discover and correct any errors that might subsist in the transcripts of his times, either of the Old or of the New Testament. “Nota, quod ubicunque in libris *Veteris Testamenti* mendositas reperitur, recurrendum est ad volumina Hebræorum; quia Vetus Testamentum primo in lingua Hæbraica scriptum est. Si vero in libris *Novi Testamenti*, revertendum (l. recurrendum) est ad volumina Græcorum; quia Novum Testamentum primo in lingua Græca scriptum est, præter Evangelium Matthæi, et Epistolam Pauli ad Hebræos.”

‘If, Sir, it shall be allowed that this celebrated Commentator followed, in his own practice, the rules which he has thus prescribed to others, (which will hardly be doubted,) the *Greek MSS.* which directed him to insert this verse in his text and commentary must, in all probability, have been more ancient than any now known to exist. He flourished about A.D. 840. Some, at least, of the *Greek MSS.* which were used by him, cannot well be supposed to have

have been less than 300, or 400 years old; the latter of which dates carries them up to A.D. 440. But the MOST ANCIENT Greek MS. which is now known to exist, is the *Alexandrian*; for which, however, *Wetstein*, who seems to have considered the question with great attention, claims no higher an antiquity than the close of the *fifth* century, or about A.D. 490. If this mode of reasoning, then, be not (and it seems that it is not) fallacious, the text and the commentary of *Walafrid Strabo* stand upon the foundation of *Greek MSS.* which are more ancient, in point of time, and therefore which ought to be more respected in point of testimony, than any possessed by the present age.—*Letters to Gibbon*, p. 21—24. Ed. 2d.

Thus far the Archdeacon: secure, as usual, in his premises, and intrepid in his conclusions. Mr. Porson has shown, by a pretty copious induction of particulars, that the positions of this zealous advocate are not always to be trusted without examination; and we have now before us an instance which the Professor might have added to his list. It is well known to the learned in these matters, and may easily be ascertained by those who will take the trouble to inquire, that the title of *Walafrid Strabo* to be considered as the author of the *Glossa Ordinaria* is, to use Mr. Porson's phrase, 'exceedingly questionable;' and that still more 'questionable' is his right to the Commentary on the Prologue to the 'Canonical Epistles.' Our present intention, however, is to prove that *Walafrid Strabo* CERTAINLY WAS NOT the author of the sentence quoted in the preceding statement,—a sentence from which so many consequences are deduced.—That sentence forms the conclusion of a short tract which is prefixed to the *Glossa Ordinaria*, and entitled 'Translatores Bibliæ.' Had Mr. Travis taken the precaution of reading the entire tract, he would have found that the writer, in his account of the Septuagint translation, quotes, as his authority, a person whom he calls 'Magister in Historiis.' This appellation had been given to *PETRUS COMESTOR*, who flourished in the latter part of the *twelfth* century, and wrote a history of the Bible under the title of *Historia Scholastica*. The tract in question, therefore, could not have been written by *Walafrid Strabo*, who lived in the *ninth* century. What now becomes of Mr. Travis's argument founded on the ancient Greek MSS. which had been examined, with the most critical exactness, by *Walafrid Strabo*?*

* To leave no room for uncertainty on this subject, we compared the Tract, entitled 'Translatores Bibliæ,' with the 'Historia Scholastica;' and found the most complete agreement between them. We may here remark, that the appellation 'Magister in Historiis' for a long tract of time as clearly designated Peter Comestor, as the appellation 'Magister Sententiarum,' or 'Magister in Sententiis,' designated his contemporary Peter Lombard.

As much importance has, by several writers, been attached to the supposed testimony of Walafrid Strabo, we have taken some pains to ascertain the real author of the tract from which Mr. Travis drew his quotation. We have now before us an edition of the Vulgate Bible, with the Glossæ and the Exposition of Nicholas de Lyra, printed at Venice by Pagninus, in the year 1495. Prefixed to the work is a letter addressed to Cardinal Francis Piccolomini, by Bernardinus Gadolus, Brixianus. In this letter Gadolus describes the great care and diligence which he had employed, at the request of Pagninus, in preparing the edition; and concludes with the following sentence: 'Conscripsi præterea, sive ex multis auctoribus et præcipue ex Hieronymo excerpti, tractatulum de Libris Bibliæ Canonici et non Canonici; qui si tuæ reverendissimæ dominationis iudicio, cui omnia subjicio, comprobatus fuerit, eum ad utilitatem legentium imprimi permittam; sin minus (l. minus) cellula continebitur.' Then follows the Tract, alluded to in the letter, entitled *De Libris Canonici et non Canonici*; to which is subjoined the Tract entitled *Translatores Bibliæ*, which furnished Mr. Travis with his quotation. If any of our readers will take the trouble of examining these two tracts, we are convinced that not one of them will hesitate in attributing them to the same pen. In both, the style of composition is precisely the same, and the same authorities are alluded to, viz. Origen, Jerome, Magister in Historiis. We must, therefore, conclude that, instead of affording a proof of the critical attention of Walafrid Strabo in the ninth century, Mr. Travis's quotation will be found to attest the editorial diligence of Bernardinus Gadolus at the close of the fifteenth.*

Of his own care and diligence, indeed, this learned Editor has written in high terms of commendation; but in terms which, we have no doubt, were well deserved. 'Conquisivi,' he writes, 'haud parvo certe labore, omnes jam antea impressos Sacræ Scripturæ libros, et manu scriptos ad quinque numero; et percurrrens codicem quo erant pro archetypo usuri, ubicunque aliquid vel errati vel dubii apparebat, diligentissime singulos codices inspectavi; et quæ ex his in meo codice errata inveni (inveni autem quam plurima) accuratissime sustuli: in quibus illud Deo teste profiteor, me nihil penitus addidisse aut immutasse quod non ex aliquo antiquo codice aut addendum, aut mutandum, obliterandumve manifeste visum fu-

* In the Bibliotheca of Sixtus Senensis, there is the following notice of Gadolus, whom he calls Galdolus.—'Bernardinus Galdolus, Brixianus, Camaldulensis Abbas, vir bonarum litterarum, philosophiæ, et juris canonici apprime eruditus, scripsit in omnes Bibliorum libros insigne annotationum opus. Claruit sub Maximiliano Imp. I. A.D. 1496.' We will take this opportunity of stating that, in a subsequent edition of the *Biblia cum Glossis*, we find the two tracts above-mentioned inserted without the prefatory letter of Gadolus to Cardinal Piccolomini. Perhaps Mr. Travis was misled by an edition of this kind.

erit.' In this account, we find a strong confirmation of the truth of Mr. Porson's description of the method of collation adopted by the critics of those early times. 'That exactness of quotation,' says he, (*Letters to Travis*, p. 30.) 'which is now justly thought necessary, was unhappily never attempted by the critics of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The method in which Valla performed his task was probably to chuse the MS. that he judged to be the best, to read it diligently, and whenever he was stopped by a difficulty, or was desirous to know how the same passage was read in other Latin, or in the Greek MSS. to have recourse to them.' It will hardly be imagined that these observations are thrown out for the purpose of disparaging the labours of those learned persons. Beyond controversy, they performed all that in their circumstances was deemed requisite.

To engage in regular combat with the Pseudo-Jerome, the author of the prologue to the 'Canonical Epistles,' would be a great waste of time. Perhaps, however, it may be argued,—if the adversaries of the verse urge, as they do, the statement of the author of the Prologue as a proof that the text was wanting in some Latin manuscripts—ought they not to admit, on the same evidence, that it was extant in some Greek manuscripts at that day? We think not. Little would in general be known of Greek manuscripts compared with what was known of Latin manuscripts. With regard to subjects of which little is known, there are always considerable numbers ready to believe any thing that may be boldly affirmed. In such cases a confident assertion will often prove a successful experiment. The Bishop of St. David's seems to admit, with most learned men, that the Prologue is not Jerome's, although professing to be his. As therefore the main object of the writer of the Prologue is obviously to give currency to the seventh verse in question, we cannot suppose that, after he had gone so far as to assume a name which did not belong to him, he would scruple to support his cause by another assumption, and talk of manuscripts which did not exist.

With respect to the remaining evidence adduced by the learned prelate during the second period, we have already admitted that the verse is quoted by Fulgentius; but we are surprised that his lordship should lay any stress upon the passage from the *Formula* of Eucherius, which labours under heavy suspicions of interpolation; and that he should refer to a passage in Vigilius Tapsensis, or whoever was the author of the treatise *de Trinitate*, which Mr. Porson has decidedly shown to be spurious.*

* We would entreat our readers to compare the Bishop's first quotation (p. 48.) with Mr. Porson's remarks (p. 341.)

As to the authorities of Cassiodorus and the African Bishops at the Council of Carthage, we are of opinion that the former did *not* quote the seventh verse; and our information concerning the latter being derived solely from the improbable narrative of Victor Vitensis, we cannot persuade ourselves to make this part of the evidence a subject of serious discussion.

Some persons may be disposed to ask—if, on the one hand, the agreement of the existing Greek manuscripts in omitting the verse affords a presumptive proof that it was omitted in the earlier manuscripts from which they are transcribed; and so on, till we arrive at the autograph of St. John,—does not, on the other hand, the agreement of the great majority of the manuscripts of the Vulgate, in exhibiting the verse, equally imply that it existed in the earlier Latin manuscripts, and, consequently, in the original copy of the Latin version? To this question we will reply by simply stating the circumstances of the two cases: first with regard to the Greek, and then with regard to the Latin manuscripts. On the Greek manuscripts we adopt the language of Matthæi:—‘*Præterea, bona fide testor me, in nullo codice, hoc loco lituram deprehendisse, nec hujus loci ullum vestigium animadvertisse; nec in marginibus codicum, nec in scholiis, nec in catenis; cum tamen ad manus mihi fuerint tres codices cum scholiis ineditis orthodoxorum Theologorum, et unus, cum catena novendecim nobilissimorum Ecclesiæ Græcæ Patrum, sæculo ix scriptus.*’ (*Matthæi ad loc.*) On the Latin manuscripts we remark:—The more ancient of them omit the verse: those manuscripts in which it appears represent it under very different forms; some having the seventh verse before the eighth, and some after. In some manuscripts the seventh verse is found only in the margin; and in a very large portion the concluding clause of the eighth verse (*et hi tres unum sunt*) is omitted. From this comparative view of the state of the Greek and Latin manuscripts, as to the controverted text, we leave our readers to draw their own conclusions. In our own judgment there is but one conclusion that can fairly be drawn.

The learned prelate presents to his readers the result of his inquiries into the merits of this long-disputed question in the following words:—‘Upon the whole view of the important and interesting subject of these pages, the evidences internal and external, direct and indirect, of the controverted verse, are so many, so various, and so powerful, as to leave in my own mind no room to doubt that we have, in the testimony of the three heavenly witnesses, the authentic words of St. John.’ The Bishop then, on his own avowal, has been able to dismiss every doubt respecting the genuineness of a verse which is found only in a single Greek manuscript, and that of recent date; which is not quoted by a single
Greek

Greek father, nor, in express terms, by any Latin father before the sixth century; which is wanting in the more ancient manuscripts of the Vulgate, and, even in those in which it is found, appears in such a variety of shapes as clearly to show that those transcribers who thought proper to insert the verse had no certain reading before them. We have the most sincere respect for the Bishop of St. David's, but we cannot peruse the declaration without astonishment.

Should we be required to express a general opinion of the merits of the tract under review, we should be obliged to confess that the arguments of the learned author are, to our minds, not at all more convincing than those which had previously been employed in the same cause. If the evidence against the text preponderated before the tract was written, we are quite sure that the scale has not been turned in its favour.

In conclusion, we beg leave to offer a few words of advice to the consideration of future advocates of 1 John v. 7.

We entreat them to bear in mind, that whatever censures may be justly due to those who would reject any text which really forms a portion of the sacred volume, may with equal propriety be directed against those who would introduce a text which is not proved really to belong to it.

We entreat them to ascertain what advantages are likely to be gained to the cause of religious truth, by vehement contention in defence of arguments which have been already found unable to defend themselves;—to reflect whether it may not afford matter of triumph to the Socinian, when he finds hard names and reproachful language applied to all who, compelled by the evidence before them, doubt the genuineness of a single text which is supposed to favour a leading doctrine of the Christian faith.

We entreat them to be careful that, in their anxiety to maintain the genuineness of the verse, they have not recourse to arguments, the direct tendency of which is to involve the whole sacred text in doubt and uncertainty. For instance, if it were possible to believe that Mr. Nolan's theory, which the Bishop of St. David's seems to approve, is well founded,—and that all the existing Greek manuscripts are derived from a corrupted source; from an edition mutilated by Eusebius, in order to suit his own peculiar notions—what confidence could we feel, that, in our present copies of the Greek Testament, we possess a text which can be relied on as representing the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles? We have already stated our opinion that Mr. Nolan has entirely failed in his attempts to substantiate the charge which he has advanced against Eusebius; and we now declare our firm persuasion

sion that Christian antiquity will not be found to supply a particle of evidence in its support.

Before we lay down the pen there is one request which we are anxious to make on our parts. It is this:—that the very learned and orthodox Bishop of St. David's, for whom we cannot but feel the utmost respect, would not entertain suspicions of our orthodoxy, because we have not been induced, by all the arguments which have yet been advanced, to establish the doctrine of the Trinity on the verse, of which he is the advocate. We trust that our orthodoxy is not inferior to his own; and we are persuaded that the doctrine which he labours to support by the passage in question, is in no need of that disputable assistance. It is capable of being satisfactorily maintained from many other passages of Scripture,—passages less open and direct, indeed, than this before us, but borrowing a peculiar force from the incidental manner in which they occur, and from the appearance which they everywhere present, of allusion to a doctrine familiar to the minds of the sacred writers, and essentially connected with the original plan of the Gospel.

ART. III.—*A Voyage of Discovery into the South Sea and Beering's Straits, for the purpose of exploring a North-East Passage; undertaken in the years 1815—1818, at the Expense of His Highness the Chancellor of the Empire, Count Romanzoff, in the Ship Rurick, under the Command of the Lieutenant in the Russian Imperial Navy, Otto Von Kotzebue. 3 vols. London. 1821.*

SINCE the general peace of Europe, and more particularly within the last three years, the Russian government has been anxiously and eagerly employed in prosecuting discoveries in every part of the globe. In the southern ocean, her ships have penetrated the fields of ice as far as the seventieth parallel of latitude, and discovered, it is said, islands which had escaped the searching eye of Cook: they boast of having rounded the Sandwich land of that celebrated navigator; and of having ascertained that the Southern Shetland, which was supposed to be a continent connected with it, consists only of numerous groups of small islands. They have sent land expeditions into the unknown regions of Tartary, behind Thibet, and into the interior of the north-western side of North America. Men of science have been commissioned to explore the northern boundaries of Siberia, and to determine points, on that extensive coast, hitherto of doubtful position. In February, 1821, Baron Wrangel, an officer of great merit, and of considerable science, left his headquarters on the Nishney Kolyma, to settle, by astronomical observa-

tions, the position of Shalatzkoi-Noss, or the north-east cape of Asia, which he found to lie in lat. $70^{\circ} 03' N.$ considerably lower than it is usually placed on the maps. Having arranged this point, he undertook the hazardous enterprize of crossing the ice of the polar sea on sledges drawn by dogs, in search of the land said to have been discovered, in 1762, to the northward of the Kolyma. He travelled directly north, eighty miles, without perceiving any thing but a field of interminable ice, the surface of which had now become so broken and uneven, as to prevent a further prosecution of his journey. He had gone far enough, however, to ascertain that no such land could ever have been discovered. The idle speculation, therefore, of the junction of Asia with North America, which we always rejected as chimerical, may now be considered as finally set at rest. Indeed, the simple narrative of the voyage performed by Deshnew in the year 1648, from the mouth of the Kolyma to the gulf of Anadyr, never, for a moment, left a doubt on our minds, of its authenticity.

The reader will recollect our recent statement of that enterprising pedestrian, Captain Cochrane, having reached the Altai mountains, on the frontier of China. Further accounts from this extraordinary traveller have since reached us; they are dated from the mouth of the Kolyma, and from Okotsk, the former in March, the latter in June, 1821. He had proceeded to the neighbourhood of the North-east cape of Asia, which he places half a degree more to the northward than Baron Wrangel; but either he had no instrument sufficiently accurate to ascertain its latitude with precision, or, as we have some reason to believe, he states it only from computation; for it does not clearly appear from his letter to us that he was actually on that part of the coast, though, from another letter addressed to the President of the Royal Society of London, it might be conjectured that his information was obtained from observation on the spot. 'No land,' he says, 'is considered to exist to the northward of it. The east side of the Noss is composed of bold and perpendicular bluffs, while the west side exhibits gradual declivities; the whole most sterile, but presenting an awfully magnificent appearance.' From the Kolyma to Okotsk, he had, he says, a 'dangerous, difficult, and fatiguing journey of three thousand versts,' a great part of which he performed, on foot, in seventy days. After such an adventurous expedition from Petersburg, to the north-eastern extremity of Siberia, we regret to find that the shores of Kamschatka are likely to be the boundary of his arduous and perilous enterprize. After gratefully noticing the generosity and consideration which he every where experienced at the hands of the Russian government and of individuals, he adds—'that government has an expedition in Behring's Straits, whose object is to trace the

the continent of America to the northward and eastward. I had the same thing previously in view: but it would be vanity and presumption in me to attempt a task of the kind, while their means are so much superior, and those who are employed on it, *authorized travellers*. Thus circumstanced, it can create no surprise that an humble individual, like myself, should submit to make a sacrifice of private gratification, and every prospect of success, to a sense of the impropriety of proceeding farther at present, and of the indelicacy which would result from such a step; but, should the commander of the expedition, from any circumstances, desist from the further prosecution of his discoveries, *I shall, in that case, continue my journey eastward*—the meaning of all which will, we think, be perfectly intelligible, from what we are about to state.

The expedition noticed by Captain Cochrane, consisted of two ship corvettes which left Spithead in the year 1819, at the same time that the expedition, alluded to in our first paragraph, proceeded to the southern hemisphere. In July, 1820, they reached Behring's Strait, and were supposed to have passed it in that year; they returned, however, in the winter to some of the Russian settlements, on the coast of America; and, as now appears from Captain Cochrane's letter to us, were again in that neighbourhood in June, 1821: of their ulterior proceedings no intelligence had reached Petersburg at the period of the latest accounts from that capital. If they should have succeeded in doubling Icy Cape, it is just possible that they may fall in with Captain Parry, provided they are lucky enough to escape the fate of Sir Hugh Willoughby and his unfortunate associates: of such a catastrophe, we are by no means sure that they do not run a very considerable risk, from the slight and insufficient manner in which they were fitted out; being, in fact, destitute of every necessary for passing a winter in the frozen ocean, and, as we happen to know, in want even of the common implements for encountering the ice: with some of the latter, however, they were supplied from the dock-yard of Portsmouth, on application to the British government.

We should not be disposed to detract from the merit which, in this instance, would be justly due to the Russian government, if we could persuade ourselves that the extension of geographical knowledge, for its own sake and the benefit of mankind, was the prime object of this expedition; but when we couple it with the cautious language of Captain Cochrane, and the sudden and unexpected check thrown in the way of his further progress, after reaching the shores of Behring's Strait, and also with a contemporaneous Ukase of a most extraordinary nature, (if we may credit what appears in the public journals,) we cannot but entertain some suspicion,

that his Imperial Majesty, in his northern expeditions, has been governed by other motives than those of merely advancing the cause of science and discovery.

In this curious Manifesto, (for such, in effect, it is,) the maritime powers of Europe and America are given to understand that his Imperial Majesty of Russia has assumed possession of all that portion of the north-west coast of America, which lies between the fifty-first degree of latitude, and the Icy Cape, or extreme north; and, moreover, that he interdicts the approach of ships of every other nation to any part of this line nearer than one hundred miles. Whether this wholesale usurpation of 2000 miles of sea-coast, to the greater part of which Russia can have no possible claim, will be tacitly passed over by England, Spain, and the United States, the three powers most interested in it, we pretend not to know; but we can scarcely be mistaken in predicting that his Imperial Majesty will discover, at no distant period, that he has assumed an authority, and asserted a principle, which he will hardly be permitted to exercise; and that there is an ancient common law of nations which will not, and cannot, be abrogated by the '*sic volo*' of a power of yesterday. It has apparently escaped the recollection of his Imperial Majesty's advisers, that if his example were to be followed by the maritime nations of Europe, his own ports would be hermetically sealed, and an end put at once to the assumption of long appropriated coasts by Russia.

With respect to the legality of taking possession of an unoccupied territory, to the exclusion of the original discoverer, some doubts, we understand, are still entertained among jurists. It is time, we think, to come to a decision one way or another, on a point of so much importance. Let us examine, however, what claim Russia can reasonably set up to the territory in question. To the two shores of Behring's Strait, we admit, she would have an undoubted claim, on the score of priority of discovery; that on the side of Asia having been coasted by Deshnew in 1648, and that of America visited by Behring in 1741, as far down as the latitude 59°, and the peaked mountain, since generally known by the name of Cape Fairweather: to the southward of this point, however, Russia has not the slightest claim. The Spaniards visited the northern parts of this coast in 1774, when Don Juan Perez, in the corvette Santiago, traced it from latitude 53° 53' to a promontory in latitude 55°, to which he gave the name of Santa Margarita, being the north-west extremity of Queen Charlotte's Island of our charts; and on his return, touched at Nootka, about which we were once on the point of going to war. In the following year, the Santiago and Felicidad, under the orders of Don Juan Bruno Heceta, and Don Juan de la Bodega y Quadra, proceeded along the north-west

west coast, and descried, in latitude $56^{\circ} 8'$, high mountains covered with snow, which they named Jacinto; and also a lofty cape, in latitude $57^{\circ} 2'$, to which they gave the name of Engaño. Holding a northerly course, they reached lat. $57^{\circ} 58'$, and then returned.

Three years after these Spanish voyages, Cook reconnoitred this coast more closely, and proceeded as high up as the Icy Cape; it was subsequently visited by several English ships for the purposes of trade; and though every portion of it was explored with the greatest accuracy by that most excellent and persevering navigator, Vancouver, as far as the head of Cook's Inlet, in lat. $61^{\circ} 15'$; yet, on the ground of priority of discovery, it is sufficiently clear that England has no claim to territorial possession. On this principle, it would jointly belong to Russia and Spain; but on the same principle, Russia would be completely excluded from any portion of it, to the southward of 59° . She has, however, been tacitly permitted to form an establishment, named Sitka, at the head of Norfolk Sound, in lat. 57° ; and this, apparently, must have tempted her to presume, that no opposition would be offered to an extension of territory down to the fifty-first degree of latitude, which includes all the detailed discoveries of Cook and Vancouver, i. e. New Hanover, New Cornwall, New Norfolk on the main, and the Islands of King George, Queen Charlotte, and Prince of Wales upon the coast.

There is, however, one trifling circumstance, of which we are persuaded his Imperial Majesty was ignorant, when he issued his sweeping Ukase, namely—that the whole country, from lat. $56^{\circ} 30'$ to the boundary of the United States in lat. 48° , or thereabouts, is now, and has long been, in the actual possession of the British North-west Company. The communication with this vast territory is by the Peace River, which, crossing the Rocky Mountains from the westward, in lat. N. 56° , and long. 121° W., falls into the Polar Sea by the Mackenzie River. The country behind them, to the westward, has been named by the settlers New Caledonia, and is in extent, from north to south, about 500 miles, and from east to west 300 miles. It is described as very beautiful, abounding in fine forests, rivers, and magnificent lakes, one of which is not less than 300 miles in circumference, surrounded by picturesque mountains, clothed to their very summits with timber trees of the largest dimensions. From this lake, a river falls to the westward, into the Pacific, either into Port Essington, or Observatory Inlet, where Vancouver discovered the mouths of two rivers, one in lat. $54^{\circ} 15'$, the other in $54^{\circ} 59'$. In the summer season, it swarms with salmon, from which the natives derive a considerable part of their subsistence. The North-west Company have a post on its borders, in lat. $54^{\circ} 30'$ N. long. 125° W. distant about 180 miles from the 'Observatory Inlet' of Vancouver, the head of which lies in lat. $55^{\circ} 15'$ N

long. 129° 44' W. where, by this time, the United Company of the North-west and Hudson's Bay have, in all probability, formed an establishment, and thus opened a direct communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the whole way by water, with the exception of a very few miles across the high lands, which divide the sources of the rivers and give them opposite directions.

Thus then it is obvious, that, as we have actual possession of the six degrees of coast usurped by Russia, in her recent manifesto, her claim to this part is perfectly nugatory. Indeed, as we before observed, the assumption must have been made in utter ignorance of the fact, which is the less surprizing, as this part of the world remains, as yet, a complete blank on our best and latest charts.

It is not easy to conjecture the precise object of Russia in this intended extension of territory on the continent of North America, unless it be to push along the northern coast as far as Mackenzie's River, which, running at the feet of the Rocky Mountains to the east, would, with the Pacific on the west, afford two excellent barriers to a territory of at least 70,000 square miles, or one-half nearly of all that part of North America in which the fur animals are found; and thus put the Russ-American Company in possession of an almost exclusive monopoly of the trade, as it is well known that, in a few years, the fur-bearing animals will all be destroyed on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. In any other view of the subject, it is utterly incomprehensible that the possession of one-tenth part of the habitable globe should not satisfy the ambition—if ambition could ever be satisfied—of one man.

But, whatever the object of the Russian government may be in its expeditions and its edicts, that of the Voyage we are about to notice was purely the promotion of physical science and geographical discovery. We have more than once had occasion to mention, in terms of admiration, the liberal support which an exalted individual of the Russian empire has always been ready to give to every national scheme for enlarging the sphere of human knowledge; by this munificent patron, the present expedition was fitted out. That it failed in the main point was no fault of him who planned it. The commander was recommended by Capt. Krusenstern, than whom Russia cannot boast an officer more accomplished in every part of his profession; and if, on his return, he met, as we have heard, with a cool reception in the imperial circles of Petersburg, it only proves that, amidst an affectation of disappointment, they were not very sorry for the failure of a private enterprize, which afforded an opportunity of attempting the same thing as a national measure; for the

the two ships we have mentioned, (page 343.) were dispatched almost immediately after the return of Lieutenant Kotzebue.

It had been the intention of Count Romanzoff to equip an expedition to explore the north-west passage by Hudson's Bay or Davis's Strait: but on finding that preparations were making in England to attempt it by that route, he determined on prosecuting the discovery from the eastward. For this purpose he caused a ship of 180 tons to be built of fir, at Abo, to which he gave the name of *Rurick*. Her establishment consisted of Lieut. Kotzebue, Lieut. Schischmareff, two mates, M. A. Von Chamisso, of Berlin, naturalist, Dr. Eschholz, surgeon, M. Choris, painter, and twenty men; and, to the credit of the Commander, it may be mentioned that, after a navigation of three years in very opposite climates, and in so small a vessel, he lost one man only, who left the Baltic in a consumption.

The *Rurick* sailed from Plymouth in October 1815; and on the 28th of March had reached that solitary spot in the midst of the Great Pacific, which bears the name of *Zeapy*, but which is better known as *Easter Island*. Some of the natives swam off to the *Rurick* with yams, taro roots, and bananas, which they gave in exchange for bits of iron hoops. As the boats approached the shore, they began to assemble in great numbers, and though unarmed, and apparently desirous of the strangers landing, they were thought to exhibit a terrific and hostile appearance, having painted their faces red, white, and black, and making all manner of violent gestures, accompanied with a most horrible noise: this was soon ascertained to be the case; and the boats were repelled from the shore by volleys of stones. This conduct, so contrary to their former practice, was afterwards fully explained to Lieut. Kotzebue, when at the Sandwich Islands. An American, who commanded a schooner called the *Nancy*, from New London, having discovered a vast multitude of seals on the little uninhabited island of *Massafuero*, to the west of *Juan Fernandez*, thought it would be an excellent speculation to establish a colony there, in order to carry on the fishery; for this purpose, having but just sufficient hands to navigate his ship, and there being no anchorage off the island, the wretch (base and brutal beyond the ordinary degree of such characters) proceeded to *Easter Island*, and landing at *Cook's Bay*, succeeded in seizing and carrying off twelve men and ten women, to people his new colony. For the first three days they were confined in irons: when fairly out of sight of land, however, they were released; and the first use made by the males of their liberty was to jump overboard, chusing rather to perish in the waves than to be carried away they knew not whither, or for what purpose: the women, who were with difficulty restrained from following them, were

taken to Massafuero. What became of them afterwards, Lieut. Kotzebue does not inform us; and we fear to guess.

On the 16th of April they descried a small island, probably the Dog Island of Schouten, but which, differing twenty-two miles in latitude from that given by him, Kotzebue is pleased to call Doubtful Island; and on the 19th they discovered another small island, covered with majestic cocoa-nut trees, to which he gave the name of Romanzoff. It had no inhabitants; but boats and deserted huts were visible on the shore. This new discovery so delighted our young navigator, that, inconsiderable as he felt it to be, 'I would not (he says) have resigned the pure and heartfelt joy which it gave me for the treasures of the world.' On the 22d they fell in with another island, in $14^{\circ} 41' \text{ S. long. } 144^{\circ} 59' 20' \text{ W.}$ which was also considered as a new discovery; the truth however is, that they all belong to those groups whose numbers are not yet ascertained, but which are known by the name of King George's and Palliser's Islands, discovered by Cook; to which also belong what he is pleased to call Rurick's Chain, and Krusenstern's Island. The sea, in fact, is here covered with innumerable low rocky islets, formed by the coral animals, the discovery of any individual one of which scarcely seems to merit a distinct claim to notice.

On the 19th of May they crossed the chain of Mulgrave's islands, in $8^{\circ} 45' 52'' \text{ N.}$ and on the 21st discovered a group of low coral islands, lying in about 11° N. and long. 190° , and separated by a channel, which, considering it as a new discovery, they named Kutusoff and Suwaroff; 'and I felt myself inexpressibly happy (says Kotzebue) in being the first who had erected an eternal monument in the South Sea to these two men, who had so highly deserved of their country.' Our navigator is somewhat enthusiastic in his language; but we have little doubt that his 'new discovery' forms a part of the group long known as Wallis's islands on the charts.

On the 19th of June they reached Avatscha Bay, in Kamtschatka, which they left on the 15th of July; on the 20th they descried Behring's Islands, and on the 27th were close in with St. Lawrence Island, where they had some communication with the natives, who resembled the people whom Cook found on the shores of Norton Sound, and the Aleutian islands; and were living in tents made of the ribs of whale, and covered with the skin of the morse. Their mode of salutation was somewhat like that of the Esquimaux of Baffin's Bay; 'each of them (says Kotzebue) embraced me, rubbed his nose hard against mine, and ended his caresses by spitting on his hands, and wiping them several times over my face.'

On

On the 30th of July they were on the American shore, between Cape Prince of Wales and Garozdeff's islands, which being found to consist of four instead of three, as laid down on Cook's chart, induced Kotzebue to conjecture, that the fourth must have subsequently risen out of the sea, 'otherwise' (says he) 'Cook or Clarke would have seen it': the more probable supposition is, that the fog prevented them. At all events, he looked on it as a new discovery, and named it after Ratmaroff, who had been Krusenstern's first lieutenant on his voyage to Japan. To the northward of Cape Prince of Wales is a long tract of low land, covered with luxuriant verdure, and apparently well inhabited. On landing they found only dogs in the houses, the people having fled: these houses were not merely temporary abodes, but had mud walls; the interior was cleanly and convenient, and divided into a number of apartments by boarded partitions; the floors, raised three feet from the ground, were also of wood, which is supplied by the vast quantity of drift brought by the north-east current from the mouths of the rivers of America to the southward of Behring's Straits, and thrown on the shores of the straits. Our navigators soon discovered that they were on an island about seven miles long, and a mile across in the widest part: beyond it was a deep inlet, running eastward into the continent. On entering this bay, two boats were observed, of the same kind as those made use of in the Aleutian islands. The appearance of the people in them was extremely filthy and disgusting; their countenances had an expression of fierceness; and all endeavours to induce them to land were unavailing. To this bay, which was not examined, Kotzebue gave the name of his lieutenant, Schischmareff; and to the island, that of Vice-Admiral Saritscheff.

In proceeding northerly they met with two light boats, the people in which were extremely savage, making hideous grimaces, uttering the most piercing cries, and threatening to hurl their lances: pointing muskets at them had no effect; which convinced the Russians that they were wholly unacquainted with fire-arms. The land continued low, and trended more to the eastward, when on the 1st of August the entrance into a broad inlet was discovered, into which the current ran very rapidly. As the interior of this great inlet is the undoubted discovery of Kotzebue, though the opening in the land was before known, it may be proper that the account of it should be given in his own words:—

'I cannot describe the strange sensation which I now experienced, at the idea that I perhaps stood at the entrance of the so long sought north-east passage, and that fate had chosen me to be the discoverer. I felt my heart oppressed; and, at the same time, an impatience which would not let me rest, and was still increased by the perfect calm. To satisfy myself, at least, by going on shore, and clearly observing, from
some

some eminence, the direction of the coast, I had two boats got ready, at which our naturalists were highly delighted. We set out by two o'clock in the afternoon; the depth regularly decreased: half a mile from shore we had still five fathoms. We landed without difficulty near a hill, which I immediately ascended: from the summit I could nowhere perceive land in the strait; the high mountains to the north either formed islands, or were a coast by themselves; for that the two coasts could not be connected together was evident, even from the great difference between this very low and that remarkably high land. From the eminence on which I stood I had a very extensive view into the country, which stretched out in a large plain, here and there interrupted by marshes, small lakes, and a river, which flowed, with numerous windings, and the mouth of which was not far from us. As far as the eye could reach, every thing was green; here and there were flowers in blossom, and no snow was seen but on the tops of the mountains at a great distance; yet one had to dig but half a foot deep to find nothing but frost and ice under this verdant carpet. It was my intention to continue my survey of the coast in the boats; but a number of baydares, coming to us along the coast to the east, withheld me. Five of them, each of them with eight to ten men, all armed with lances and bows, soon landed near us. At the head of each boat was a fox-skin, on a high pole, with which they beckoned to us, uttering, at the same time, the loudest cries. I ordered my crew to be prepared for defence; and went myself, with our gentlemen, to meet the Americans, who on seeing us approach sat down like Turks, in a large circle on the ground, by which they meant to manifest their friendly intentions: two chiefs had seated themselves apart from the rest. We entered this circle well armed, and perceived that they had left most of their arms in their boats, but had long knives concealed in their sleeves. Distrust, curiosity, and astonishment were painted on their countenances; they spoke very much, but unfortunately we did not understand a word. To give them a proof of my friendly sentiments, I distributed tobacco; the two chiefs received a double portion; and they were all evidently delighted at this valuable present. Those who had received tobacco first were cunning enough secretly to change their places, in the hopes of receiving a second portion. They prize tobacco highly, and are as fond of chewing as of smoking it. It was a curious sight to see this savage horde sitting in a circle, smoking out of white stone pipes, with wooden tubes. It is very remarkable that the use of tobacco should already have penetrated into these parts, which no European has ever visited. The Americans receive this, as well as other European goods, from the Tschukutskoi. To the two chiefs I gave knives and scissars; the latter, with which they seemed to be quite unacquainted, gave them particular pleasure, when they remarked that they could cut their hair with them; and immediately they went from hand to hand round the whole circle, each trying their sharpness on his hair. It was probably the first time in their lives that these Americans had seen Europeans, and we reciprocally regarded each other. They are of a middle size, robust make, and healthy appearance; their motions are lively,

lively, and they seemed much inclined to sportiveness; their countenances, which have an expression of wantonness, but not of stupidity, are ugly and dirty, characterized by small eyes and very high cheek-bones; they have holes on each side of the mouth, in which they wear morse-bones, ornamented with blue glass beads, which gives them a most frightful appearance. Their hair hangs down long, but is cut quite short on the crown of the head. Their head and ears are also adorned with beads. Their dresses, which are made of skins, are of the same cut as the Parka in Kamtschatka; only that there it reaches to the feet, and here hardly covers the knee; besides this, they wear pantaloons and small half-boots of seal-skin.—vol. i. p. 207.

The latitude of the ship's anchorage was $66^{\circ} 42' 30''$, long. $164^{\circ} 12' 50''$. Nothing but sea was seen to the eastward, and a strong current ran to the north-east; from which circumstances our navigators still cherished a hope of discovering through this inlet a passage into the frozen ocean. With this view they spent thirteen days in examining the shores of the inlet; but the only passage out of it was on the south-eastern shore, apparently communicating with Norton Sound, and a channel on the western side opening probably into Schischmareff Bay. We do not however exactly comprehend M. Kotzebue, where he says, 'I certainly hope that this Sound may lead to important discoveries next year, and though a north-east passage may not with certainty be depended on, yet I believe I shall be able to penetrate much farther to the east, as the land has very deep indentures.' Does this mean 'farther to the east' within the Sound, or to the northward of the Sound? If the former, it is quite clear that the examination in that direction was not satisfactory to himself; and knowing, as we do, what mistakes have occurred by the overlapping of points of land, when seen only at a distance, we confess that we are not quite satisfied with the examination of the north-east coast to the eastern extremity, when, as appears by the chart, the approach was seldom nearer than ten miles. Our hope, however, of a clear passage does not lie in Kotzebue's inlet.

On a promontory, which juts into the south-eastern part of the bay, the party who had landed made 'a singular discovery':—

'We had climbed much about during our stay, without discovering that we were on real ice-bergs. The doctor, who had extended his excursions, found part of the bank broken down, and saw to his astonishment that the interior of the mountain consisted of pure ice. At this news we all went, provided with shovels and crows, to examine this phenomenon more closely; and soon arrived at a place, where the back rises almost perpendicularly out of the sea, to the height of a hundred feet; and then runs off, rising still higher. We saw masses of the purest ice of the height of a hundred feet, which are under a cover of moss and grass; and could not have been produced but by some terrible

rible revolution. The place which, by some accident, had fallen in, and is now exposed to the sun and air, melts away, and a good deal of water flows into the sea. An indisputable proof that what we saw was real ice, is the quantity of mammoth's teeth and bones, which were exposed to view by the melting, and among which I myself found a very fine tooth. We could not assign any reason for a strong smell, like that of burnt horn, which we perceived in this place. The covering of these mountains, on which the most luxuriant grass grows to a certain height, is only half a foot thick, and consists of a mixture of clay, sand, and earth; below which the ice gradually melts away, the green cover sinks with it, and continues to grow; and thus it may be foreseen, that in a long series of years the mountain will vanish, and a green valley be formed in its stead. By a good observation, we found the latitude of the tongue of land $66^{\circ} 15' 36''$ north.—vol. i. p. 219.

This result of 'a terrible revolution' is considered by M. Chamisso, the naturalist, 'to be similar to the ground-ice, covered with vegetation, at the mouth of the Lena, out of which the mammoth, the skeleton of which is now in St. Petersburg, was thawed.' He makes the height of it to be 'eighty feet at most;' and 'the length of the profile, in which the ice is exposed to sight, about a musket-shot.' We have little doubt that both Kotzebue and Chamisso are mistaken with regard to the formation of this ice-mountain. The terrible revolution of nature is sheer nonsense; and the ground ice of the Lena is cast up from the sea, and afterwards buried by the alluvial soil brought down by the floods, in the same manner as the huge blocks which Captain Parry found on the beach of Melville island; this operation, however, could not take place on the face of the promontory in the tranquil sound of Kotzebue. What they discovered (without suspecting it) was, in fact, a real iceberg, which had been formed in the manner in which we conceive all icebergs are:—a rill of water, falling in a little cascade from a precipitous height, is converted into a sheet of ice, in the course of some severe winter; if such a sheet be not entirely melted in the short summer which follows, its volume will necessarily be increased in the ensuing winter; and thus the projection of the promontory, from year to year, will swell till the immense mass, by its own weight, and probably undermined by the constant dashing of the waves, breaks off, and is floated into the ocean. The thin stratum of soil which, in the present instance, covered the upper surface of the iceberg, might have been carried upon it by the spreading of the original rill, which, if there be any truth in the miserable print annexed, is seen to trickle down the face of the ice in numerous little streamlets, proceeding from under the soil on the top, and which, when united at the base, form a very pretty river, with trees on its banks. All our northern navigators affirm, that stones, moss, and earth, have been observed on the floating icebergs

bergs of Davis's Strait and Baffin's Bay. In like manner may the mammoth's teeth have been carried down by the upper stream, and enclosed within the ice. Chamisso however does not say that these grinders and tusk (which more resemble those of the present race of elephants than such as are usually supposed to belong to the Mammoth) were found within the ice; but near the ground-ice on the point of land where they had bivouacked; adding that 'fossil ivory is found here as in Northern Asia.' How the remains of these huge animals came into these high latitudes, we leave the geologists to settle.

On quitting this inlet, to which was properly given the name of Kotzebue's Sound, (which they did on the 15th of August,) we naturally expected that, with a fine open sea, without the least appearance of ice on the water, or snow on the land, and with the thermometer from 8° to 12° of Reaumur, (50° to 59° of Fahrenheit,) the *Rurick* would have directed her course to the northward, as far at least as Icy Cape, to which a couple of days would have carried her; instead of which she stood directly across for the Asiatic coast, because, says Kotzebue, 'I wished to become acquainted with its inhabitants, and to compare them with the Americans.' This comparison had long before been made, and was certainly no object of the present voyage. Here were no discoveries to be made. He stood however over to East Cape, and having passed the remainder of the month of August among the Tchukutskoi, made the best of his way to Oonalaska.

We cannot help thinking that the Lieutenant committed a great error in judgment by spending a fortnight of the most favourable part of the season, for making discoveries in these latitudes, in Kotzebue's Sound. Had appearances been even more favourable than they were for a communication between this inlet and the polar sea, an enterprising navigator would have pushed forward, without a moment's loss of time, along the shore to the extreme north; as the ascertaining of this point, and the trending of the coast to the eastward, were the grand objects of the expedition; the postponing of which to another year, for the prosecution of one of minor importance, (which might still have been examined before the winter set in,) was, to say the least of it, imprudent. Besides, why did he not winter in Kotzebue's Sound, since it was found to be so perfectly safe, and so much superior to Norton Sound, from which he was instructed to proceed on his discovery the following year? And how are the instructions for wintering in Norton Sound consistent with those which, he afterwards tells us, directed him 'to pass the winter months in the neighbourhood of the imperfectly known Coral Islands, to make discoveries there'? The latter was certainly the more agreeable, and we think he did right in adopting it.

Before

Before we take leave of Behring's Strait, we have a few remarks to offer on the information obtained by Kotzebue as connected with the main object of the expedition, and which alone induced Count Romanzoff to cause it to be undertaken. It may be recollected by some of our readers, that about the time when our ships were fitting out for the Arctic expedition, we were at some pains to assign grounds for the probability of a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, on which alone the practicability of a north-west passage could be maintained; and that one of the arguments in favour of the affirmative was, that a constant current being known to descend the Welcome into Hudson's Bay, seemed to require a constant current on the opposite side of America through Behring's Strait, to afford the necessary supply of water. Every circumstance that we inquired into on the side of the Pacific seemed to warrant this conclusion; the driftwood, the retiring of the ice to the northward, the temperature of the water,—were all in favour of such a current; and this led to another conclusion, that the two continents of Asia and America could not be joined, as had been fancied, on grounds almost too absurd for serious refutation.

The observations of Kotzebue and Chamisso are highly satisfactory as to the perpetual current which sets to the northward through Behring's Strait. They concur in affirming that it is this current which brings such quantities of driftwood, (some of it consisting of the trunks of huge trees,) to the shores of Saratcheff's island and Kotzebue's Sound. M. Chamisso says, that on 'the breaking up of the ice in the sea of Kamschatka, the icebergs and fields of ice do not drift, as in the Atlantic, to the south, nor do they drive to the Aleutian islands, but into the strait to the north;' and Kotzebue asserts, that 'the direction of the current was *always* N.E. in Behring's Strait.' Again he says, 'the current, according to our calculation, had carried us fifty miles to the N.N.E. in twenty-four hours, that is, above two miles an hour.'—When near the Asiatic side of the strait, they find it running with a velocity of not less than three miles an hour; and they confidently state that, even with a fresh north wind, it continued to run equally strong from the south. Now if this happens in the summer season, when the melting of the ice is going on in the polar sea, which some would persuade us was the cause of the currents in Hudson's Bay, we have a right to ask them to explain the setting of the water from this melted ice in a contrary direction through Behring's Strait. M. Kotzebue thus concludes:—

'The constant N.E. direction of the current in Beering's Strait proves that the water meets with no opposition, and consequently a passage must exist, though perhaps not adapted to navigation. Observations have long been made, that the current in Baffin's Bay runs to the south,
and

and thus no doubt can remain that the mass of water which flows into Beering's Strait takes its course round America, and returns through Baffin's Bay into the ocean.'—vol. i. p. 243.

We cannot omit recurring, on the present occasion, to a subject we have frequently noticed, but which, as we think, has never been satisfactorily accounted for; we mean, the vast difference of temperature between the western and the eastern coasts of continents or large islands. Though Humboldt has taken a philosophic view of the subject, and in particular situations, has, to a certain degree, explained the cause, yet his theory will not account for this extraordinary difference between two continents, separated only by a strait scarcely twice the width of that between Calais and Dover, which was felt so sensibly that the crossing of it was like passing from summer into winter. While all is verdure at Cape Prince of Wales, in America, the opposite point of East Cape, in Asia, is covered, as we are told, with 'eternal ice.' 'The vegetation,' says Chamisso, 'in the interior of Kotzebue's Sound, is considerably higher than in the interior of St. Lawrence Bay; the willows are higher, the grasses richer, all vegetation more juicy and stronger.' 'Ice and snow,' says Kotzebue, 'have maintained their rule here (in Asia) since last year, and in this state we find the whole coast; while in America, even the summits of the highest mountains are free from snow: there the navigator sees the coast covered with a green carpet, while here, black, mossy rocks frown upon him, with snow and icicles.' In fact, a few hours sailing directly to the westward sunk the thermometer from 59° to 43° of Fahrenheit. We can readily conceive why, at Melville Island, surrounded with eternal ice, the thermometer should descend to 87° below the freezing point, and still lower on the elevated plains in the interior of North America, where half the surface consists of frozen lakes and swamps;* but we cannot comprehend why the same warmth of the Great Pacific, which tempers the rigorous cold of the Frozen Ocean on the American side of Behring's Strait, should refuse to mitigate the severity of the weather on the side of Asia, more especially as it appears, from repeated observations made on the present voyage, that the current from the south was equally strong on both sides of the strait.

The difference is still greater between the climates of the two shores separated by the Atlantic, but then the sea is much wider. While on the eastern coast of North America, all is desolation and sterility, even so low as the 55th degree of latitude, and ice and snow maintain a perpetual existence at the 60th parallel; we find on the coast of Norway, (10 degrees higher) that all is life

* Captain Franklin observed it as low as 89° below the freezing point in lat. 64° .

and animation and beauty. 'Altengaard,' says the celebrated Von Buch, 'is a surprising place. It is situated in the midst of a forest of Scotch firs, upon a green meadow, with noble views through the trees of the fiord, with its numerous points projecting one beyond the other into the vast sheet of water, and closed by the plains of Leyland and Langfiord. The surrounding woods are so beautiful and so diversified! We perceive through the boughs on the opposite side of the water, the foaming torrent descending from the rocks, and communicating to the saw-mills perpetual motion. It appears, when we enter the wood from the beach, as if we were transported to the park of Berlin.' Yet Altengaard is close upon the 70th parallel of latitude.

M. Chamisso seems to think that he has hit upon a more philosophical theory for this great difference of temperature in the same parallels of latitude, than those of Humboldt, Von Buch and Wallenberg, grounded on the sea and land breezes, the monsoons and trade-winds; but as his ideas appear to us not a little crude, and as he declines to submit his 'new theory to calculations, or try it by the touch-stone of facts,' it will be sufficient to refer our readers to it, (vol. iii. p. 279.) We have more respect for his observations on the sensible objects of the creation, and readily subscribe to the correctness of his views in the following paragraph:

'As, on the one hand, in proportion as you go farther in the land towards the north, the woods become less lofty, the vegetation gradually decreases, animals become scarcer, and, lastly, (as at Nova Zembla,) the rein-deer and the *Ghires* vanish with the last plants, and only birds of prey prowl about the icy streams for their food: so, on the other hand, the sea becomes more and more peopled. The *Algæ*, gigantic species of *Tang*, form inundated woods round the rocky coasts, such as are not met with in the torrid zone. But the waters swarm with animal life, though all aquatic animals seem to remain in a lower scale than their relatives of the same class on land. The *Medusæ* and *Zoophytes*, *Molluscæ* and *Crustacæ*, innumerable species of fish, in incredibly crowded shoals; the gigantic swimming mammalia, whales, physeters, dolphins, morse and seals, fill the sea and its strand; and countless flights of water-fowls rock themselves on the bosom of the ocean, and, in the twilight, resemble floating islands.'—vol. iii. p. 306.

We have little to observe on the manners and character of the people who inhabit the shores of Behring's Strait. They have long been supposed, and are now unquestionably ascertained, to belong to that extraordinary race of men generally known by the name of Eskimaux, and who, commencing at the Kolyma, and probably much farther to the westward of Asia, have settled themselves on the sea-coast and islands of that continent, down to the gulf of Anadyr, the islands of Behring's Strait, the Aleutian islands, the
western

western coast of America from the promontory of Aliaska, the northern coast along the polar sea, the shores and islands of Hudson's Bay, Baffin's Bay, and Davis's Strait, of Old Greenland and Labrador. Every where throughout this vast extent of sea-coast, where the gigantic mammalia above-mentioned abound, and from which their food, raiment, dwellings and utensils are derived, they are to be found. Of the deplorable circumstances which may have driven these people (evidently of Tartar origin) to dwell only among regions of 'thick-ribbed ice' and snow, and to depend for their daily subsistence almost solely on the sea, history is silent; and it would be vain to form any hypothesis on the subject.

Miserable, however, as their condition appears to be, they are contented with it, and always cheerful; living in small independent hordes, and apparently on terms of a perfect equality. Civil and obliging to strangers, they are courteous to one another, and amidst their train-oil and putrid fish, carefully observe the decencies of domestic life. Woman here is not degraded from her rank in society, by that curse which polygamy has entailed on the whole sex where it exists,—whether in savage or half-civilized life. This common feature of Asiatic manners they have happily lost:—what is not a little remarkable, however, they have preserved a language of singular complication in its mechanism, which, with some little variety in the dialect, is spoken from the north-east cape of Asia, to the southern point of Old Greenland. Captain Franklin found that his Eskimaux interpreter from the banks of the Chesterfield inlet, understood the vocabularies composed by the missionaries of Labrador; and Dr. Eschscholtz, surgeon of the Rurick, was fully convinced of the coincidence of the Aleutian language with that of the Eskimaux. How has this community been maintained through ages between tribes, so very widely separated, without any written character, and with little or no intercourse, when among nations, apparently in a much higher state of civilization, the languages are frequently so different, as not to be generally understood? Perhaps the fewness of their wants, and the very limited number of objects of sense by which they are surrounded, (requiring but few words to express them,) may partly explain a phenomenon so unusual in the history of the species.

It could not be expected, that M. Kotzebue should have much new or interesting information to communicate, respecting the Aleutian islands, the coast of California, or the Sandwich islands, at all of which he touched, in his progress towards the tropical islands of the Pacific, where his intention was to pass the winter, and to prepare for a second attempt at northern discovery. On the 1st January 1817, a low woody island was discovered in lat. $10^{\circ} 8' N.$ long. $189^{\circ} 4'$, reckoning from the meridian of Greenwich westerly.

The natives came off and hovered round the ship in canoes; tall and well-shaped, with high foreheads, and aquiline noses, they seemed to differ somewhat from the generality of the South Sea islanders; their hair, neatly tied up, was adorned with wreaths of flowers and coloured shells; and cylinders of green leaves or of tortoise shells, three inches in diameter, hung from their ears. Two or three days afterwards, they fell in with a chain of islands extending from lat. 6° to lat. 14° , long. 187° to long. 193° W. or rather a succession of groups, each consisting of a circular reef of coral rocks, out of which, at irregular distances, rose a number of small flat islands, richly covered with the bread fruit, the pandanus and cocoa-nut trees. Captain Krusenstern claims for Lieutenant Kotzebue the merit of having first discovered these groups; but we can scarcely permit ourselves to doubt that they are the same which were seen by Captain Marshall, in the *Scarborough*, in 1788, and by the *Nautilus*, in 1799, and named on the charts the *Nautilus*, the *Chatham*, and *Calvert's Islands*. We readily admit, however, that 'if Lieutenant Kotzebue be not the first discoverer of these islands, he is, at all events, the first who has made us acquainted with their true position;' and we are disposed to allow him the further merit of having thrown much additional light on the nature and formation of those singular coral groups, which rise out of the Pacific, in circular chains, like *fairy rings* in a meadow, almost through its whole extent from east to west, and from the 30th parallel of northern, to the same parallel of southern latitude.

It has long been known, that the upper surface of these islands, usually known by the general name of Coral Rocks, is composed of calcareous fragments of a great variety of forms, the production of marine animals; and, since the voyages of Cook, Flinders, D'Entrecasteaux, and others, it has been as generally supposed, that these minute creatures began their wonderful fabrics at the very depth of the ocean, building upwards from the bottom, and that each generation, dying in its cells, was succeeded by others, building upon the labours of their predecessors, and thus rising in succession till they reached the surface. This was surmised to be the process, from the circumstance of the sea being found so deep, close to the external side of the reef, as frequently to be unfathomable. It now appears that this is not precisely the case. The facility with which the little vessel of Kotzebue entered through the open spaces in the surrounding reef or dam, into the included lagoon, enabled M. Chamisso to inspect more narrowly the nature of these extraordinary fabrics, and to give a more distinct and intelligible account of their origin and progress. From the circumstance of their being grouped only in certain spots of the Pacific,
and

and always in an united though irregular chain, generally more or less approaching to a circle, he was led to conclude that the coral-animals lay the foundation of their edifices on shoals in the ocean, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, on the summits of those submarine mountains, which advance sufficiently near the surface to afford them as much light and heat as may be necessary for their operations. The extreme depth at which they can perform their functions has not yet been ascertained; but it was found, on the late *Voyage of Discovery*, that in Baffin's Bay, marine animals existed at the depth of one thousand fathoms, and in a temperature below the freezing point. The outer edge of the reef exposed to the surf is the first that shows itself above water, and consists of the largest blocks of coral rock, composed of madrepores mixed with various shells, and the spines of the sea hedge-hog, which break into large tablets, and are so compact, as to sound loudly under the hammer. On the sloping side of the inner ridge or reef, the animals discovered in the act of carrying on their operations, were the tubipora musica, the millepora cœrulea, distichopora, actinias, and various kinds of polypus. The living branches of the lythophytes were generally attached to the dead stems; many of the latter, however, crumbled into sand, which, accumulating on the inner declivity, constitutes a considerable part of the surface of the new islands.

The ridge or reef when once above water on the windward side, extends itself by slow degrees till it has surrounded the whole plateau of the submarine mountain, leaving in the middle an enclosed lake, into which are passages, more or less deep, communicating with the ocean; the islets formed on the reef or wall are smaller or larger, according to accidental circumstances. Chamisso observed, that the smaller species of 'corals' had sought a quiet abode within the lagoon, where they were silently and slowly throwing up banks, which in process of time unite with the islets that surround them, and at length fill up the lagoon, so that what was at first a ring of islands, becomes one connected mass of land. The progress towards a state fit for the habitation of man is thus described by the naturalist.

'As soon as it has reached such a height, that it remains almost dry at low water, at the time of ebb, the corals leave off building higher; sea-shells, fragments of coral, sea hedge-hog shells, and their broken off prickles are united by the burning sun, through the medium of the cementing calcareous sand, which has arisen from the pulverisation of the above-mentioned shells, into one whole or solid stone, which, strengthened by the continual throwing up of new materials, gradually increases in thickness, till it at last becomes so high, that it is covered only during some seasons of the year by the high tides. The heat of

the sun so penetrates the mass of stone when it is dry, that it splits in many places, and breaks off in flakes. These flakes, so separated, are raised one upon another by the waves at the time of high water. The always active surf throws blocks of coral (frequently of a fathom in length, and three or four feet thick) and shells of marine animals between and upon the foundation stones; after this the calcareous sand lies undisturbed, and offers to the seeds of trees and plants cast upon it by the waves, a soil upon which they rapidly grow to overshadow its dazzling white surface. Entire trunks of trees, which are carried by the rivers from other countries and islands, find here, at length, a resting place, after their long wanderings: with these come some small animals, such as lizards and insects, as the first inhabitants. Even before the trees form a wood, the real sea-birds nestle here; strayed land-birds take refuge in the bushes; and at a much later period, when the work has been long since completed, man also appears, builds his hut on the fruitful soil formed by the corruption of the leaves of the trees, and calls himself lord and proprietor of this new creation.'—vol. iii. pp. 331-3.

The reflections of Kotzebue are just and natural :—

'The spot on which I stood filled me with astonishment, and I adored in silent admiration the omnipotence of God, who had given even to these minute animals the power to construct such a work. My thoughts were confounded when I consider the immense series of years that must elapse before such an island can rise from the fathomless abyss of the ocean, and become visible on the surface. At a future period they will assume another shape; all the islands will join, and form a circular slip of earth, with a pond or lake in the circle; and this form will again change, as these animals continue building, till they reach the surface, and then the water will one day vanish, and only one great island be visible. It is a strange feeling to walk about on a living island, where all below is actively at work. And to what corner of the earth can we penetrate where human beings are not already to be found? In the remotest regions of the north, amidst mountains of ice, under the burning sun of the equator, nay, even in the middle of the ocean, on islands which have been formed by animals, they are met with!'—vol. ii. p. 36.

The inhabitants of this group seemed to differ little from those of Polynesia in general. The men were tall, and well made; they wore their black hair neatly knotted upon the head, and decorated with wreaths of flowers, and had cylinders of tortoise-shell, also ornamented with flowers, hanging from the ears. The women were extremely bashful, retiring, and modest. Kotzebue and his associates went through every part of the group of islands, without the least apprehension from the natives, whom they invariably found mild, inoffensive, and obliging. 'I was unarmed, (he says,) for I felt myself quite secure among these kind-hearted children of Nature, who, to amuse me, would play and dance before me.'

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It was evident they had never before seen white men; for, on their first approach, they were dreadfully terrified, and it was some time before they could be prevailed on to visit the ship: the hogs and dogs on board greatly alarmed them, and were considered as huge rats, the only quadrupeds with which they were acquainted.

Among their most useful plants were the cocoa-nut tree, the pandanus, and the bread-fruit, which furnished them with food, raiment, and lodging.

‘The fruit of the pandanus constitutes in Radack the food of the people. The compound fibrous stone-fruits which compose the conical fruit, contain a spicy juice at their basis, the point where they are fixed. To obtain this juice, the fruit is first beaten with a stone, the fibres chewed, and pressed in the mouth. The fruit is also baked in pits, after the manner of the South Sea, not so much to eat it in this state, as to prepare mogan from it, a spicy dry confectionary, which is carefully preserved as a valuable stock for long voyages. To prepare the mogan all the members of one or more families are employed. From the stone-fruits, as they come out of the baking-pit, the condensed juice is expressed by passing them over the edge of a shell, then spread out on a grate, covered with leaves, exposed over a slight charcoal fire to the sun, and dried. The thin slices, as soon as they are sufficiently dried, are rolled up tight, and these rolls then neatly wrapped in the leaves of the tree, and tied up. The kernel of this fruit is well tasted, but difficult to be obtained, and is often neglected. From the leaves of the pandanus the women prepare all sorts of mats, as well the square ones with elegant borders, which serve as aprons, as those which are used as ship’s sails, and the thicker ones for sleeping upon.’—vol. iii. p. 150.

The naturalist seems to think that these children of nature were somewhat restrained from the besetting vice of savages, that of appropriating to themselves the property of others, by a person of the name of Kadu, from the reef of Ulea, (one of the numerous islets forming the great group of the Carolinas, and distant from this place at least fifteen hundred miles,) and who, though he had never seen an European ship, or European man, had heard much of both. This extraordinary character, notwithstanding all the entreaties of his friends, determined to accompany Lieut. Kotzebue; and when they became enabled to understand each other, they learned from him, that having one day left Ulea in a sailing boat, with three of his countrymen, a violent storm arose, and drove them out of their course; that they drifted about the open sea for eight months, according to their reckoning by the moon, making a knot on a cord at every new moon. Being expert fishermen, they subsisted entirely on the produce of the sea; and when the rain fell, laid in as much fresh water as they had vessels to contain it. ‘Kadu, says Kotzebue, who was the best diver, frequently went down to the bottom of the sea, where *it is well known* that the water is not

so salt, with a cocoa-nut (*shell*) with only a small opening.* When these unfortunate men reached the isles of Radack, however, every hope and almost every feeling had died within them; their sail had long been destroyed, their canoc long been the sport of winds and waves; and they were picked up by the inhabitants of Aur, in a state of insensibility. Three or four years had elapsed since their arrival, and Kadu had taken a wife, by whom he had one child; notwithstanding which he came up to Kotzebue, and, with a firm and determined voice and look, said, 'I will remain with you wherever you go.' His friends endeavoured to dissuade him, and even to drag him from the ship; but his resolution was not to be shaken, and when the time of departure arrived, he took an affecting leave of his friends and family, distributed his little property among them, and embarked on board the Rurick.

Before they left the group, however, Kotzebue thought it right to tell him that he had no intention of revisiting the islands of Radack; and that he was about to proceed on a long and fatiguing voyage. 'He threw his arms around me, (says Kotzebue,) vowed to stay with me till death; and nothing remained for me but to keep him, and with a firm determination to provide for him as a father.' M. Chamisso has given several anecdotes illustrative of the mild and amiable character of Kadu, who soon became a great favourite of the officers and men of the Rurick. 'We once only (says the naturalist) saw this mild man angry;' and this was occasioned by some of the crew having removed a little collection of stones which he had formed, to a place where he could not find them. He continued during the voyage to conduct himself with great propriety; but on the return of the ship to the same group, he as suddenly changed his mind of continuing with Kotzebue as he had previously formed that resolution, and determined to abide with his friends:—the account which he received of the melancholy state of his little daughter after his departure, was supposed to be the motive of this change; the reason assigned by himself, however, was, that he wished to superintend the new plants and animals which had been collected for the use of the natives, at the Sandwich Islands, and other places visited by the Rurick.

The Rurick sailed about the middle of March to renew her northern discovery; and on the 13th of April had reached the lat. 44° 30',—'a frightful day, (says Kotzebue,) which *blasted* all my fairest hopes.' A tremendous storm had nearly overwhelmed his little vessel; and he was thrown with such violence against a projecting corner of his cabin, that he was obliged to keep his bed for several days. On the 24th the ship reached Oonalashka, and on

* Chamisso states this circumstance more cautiously; he brought up *cooler* water, (he says) which, 'according to their opinion,' was likewise less salt.

the 29th of June, having received on board fifteen Aleutians, proceeded to the northward. On the 10th of July they came in sight of St. Lawrence Island. Here Kotzebue inquired of the natives whether the ice had long left their shores? The answer was, 'only within the last three days.' 'My hope, therefore, (he observes,) of penetrating Behring's Straits was blasted,' (the lieutenant, or his translator, has no great choice of words,) 'as I could not expect that the sea would be cleared of ice for fourteen days.' He stood however to the northward; and at midnight 'perceived (he says) to their terror firm ice, which extended as far as the eye could see to the north-east, and then to the north, covering the whole surface of the ocean.' Here he made up his mind, if that had not already been done, to lay aside all further attempt at discovery, and return to the more agreeable groups of coral islands. He thus states his case:—

'My melancholy situation, which had daily grown worse since we had left Oonalashka, received here the last blow. The cold air so affected my lungs, that I lost my breath, and at last spasms in the chest, faintings, and spitting of blood ensued. I now for the first time perceived that my situation was worse than I would hitherto believe; and the physician seriously declared to me that I could not remain near the ice. It cost me a long and severe contest; more than once I resolved to brave death, and accomplish my undertaking; but when I reflected that we had a difficult voyage to our own country still before us, and perhaps the preservation of the Rurick, and the lives of my companions depended on mine, I then felt that I must suppress my ambition. The only thing which supported me in this contest was the conscientious assurance of having strictly fulfilled my duty. I signified to the crew, in writing, that my ill health obliged me to return to Oonalashka. The moment I signed the paper was the most painful in my life, for with this stroke of the pen I gave up the ardent and long-cherished wish of my heart.'—vol. ii. p. 176.

We have little more to offer on this unsuccessful voyage; but it appears to us that its abrupt abandonment was hardly justified under the circumstances stated. It would not be tolerated in England, that the ill-health of the commanding officer should be urged as a plea for giving up an enterprize of moment, while there remained another officer on board fit to succeed him. But the great error, in our opinion, was committed in the first attempt. Had Kotzebue fortunately pushed on to the northward the preceding year, when the sea was perfectly open, and before his people had tasted the soft luxuries of the coral islands, he would unquestionably have succeeded in solving the problem as to the extreme north-west point of America, as Baron Wrangel has done that of the north-east point of Asia; and this would have been something: but we rather suspect that when the physician

warned him against approaching the ice, the caution was not wholly disinterested on his part, and that the officers and men, like the successors of the immortal Cook, had come to the conclusion that 'the longest way about was the nearest way home.'

We cannot close this article without animadverting on the careless manner in which the 'Voyage' has been 'done into English.' The naturalist, Chamisso, in seeming anticipation of what would happen, has entered his caveat against 'translations of which he cannot judge,' and 'recognizes only the German text.' In truth, he will find here more than enough to justify his precautions. The present translator joins to a style at once bald and incorrect, a deplorable ignorance of his subject; hence the volume abounds in errors of the grossest kind. Many of them may unquestionably be attributed to the undue haste with which the work was produced:—but, surely, it can never be worth the while of any respectable publisher to run a race with the Bridge-street press, the monthly crudities of which, though they may precede, cannot possibly supersede translations made by competent persons, and brought out in a manner correspondent to the merit of the original works.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of a Life chiefly passed in Pennsylvania within the last Sixty Years.* Edinburgh. 1822. pp. 431.

MR. GALT, to whom we are indebted for the present volume, is a person, to say the best of it, of a very uncertain taste. He has published a life of Cardinal Wolsey rather above mediocrity; and the '*Annals of the Parish*,' (favourably noticed in a former Number,) and '*the Ayrshire Legatees*,' a work of the same cast, and, at least, of equal merit, are also attributed to his pen. On the other hand, the '*Earthquake*,' said to be his, is a romance ridiculous even among romances; and he now appears as the editor and eulogist of these *Memoirs*, which,—notwithstanding his high and solemn praise, both of their matter and manner,—we venture to pronounce to be in matter almost worthless, and in manner wholly contemptible.

Mr. Galt's dedication of the republished volume, to his Excellency Richard Rush, Esq. the American ambassador, acquaints us with all that he is pleased to tell of the author, or to advance in support of his favourable opinion of the work; and even this information, short and meagre as it is, is not without a tincture of absurdity. 'He thanks his Excellency for his attention to his inquiries respecting the *author*.' Of course we should infer, that inquiries so gratefully acknowledged produced an answer.

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If they did, he has kept the information to himself. If Mr. Rush could tell Mr. Galt nothing about the author, he hardly deserved such ostentatious gratitude; and if he did, it seems a little hard that the reader should be deprived of such valuable, and indeed necessary information; for we suppose it will be admitted that, in estimating private memoirs and a personal narrative, the *name* and *character* of the writer are of main importance.

This critical dedication next proceeds to state, 'that it is remarkable that a production so rich in the various excellencies of *STYLE, DESCRIPTION, and IMPARTIALITY*, should not have been known in this country, especially as it is perhaps the best personal narrative which has yet appeared relative to the history of that great conflict which terminated in establishing the independence of the United States.' This is lofty praise; and we cannot therefore wonder at the editor's conclusion, that such a work 'will be a valuable addition to the stock of *general knowledge*, and obtain no mean place for the author among those who have added *PERMANENT LUSTRE* to the *English language*.' In fact, it is this which has induced us to trouble our readers with an account of the book. In our examination, we shall follow the editor's own line of criticism.

And first, of this admirable *STYLE*, which is to 'place the writer among the great luminaries of the English language.' If we were merely to say that it is of that kind which the French so expressively call *lâche*, and which we should denominate loose and mean, we might possibly be suspected of prejudice; we shall therefore support our opinion with a specimen or two taken at random.

Having occasion to state that an American officer had been the dupe of a false alarm, he informs us that—

'Another *emanation* from the military *defect* of vision, was the curious order that every householder in Market-street should *affix* one or more candles at his door before daylight, on the morning of the day on which, *from some sufficient reason* no doubt, *it had been elicited* that the enemy would full surely make his attack.'—p. 41.

We confess that the order appears to us more intelligible than the observations on it.

The author's mother, it seems, kept a boarding-house in Philadelphia, and the following is the manner in which, with a style and taste that are 'to add permanent lustre to our language,' he bespeaks the respect of the reader for the heretofore ill-appreciated calling of mistress of a boarding-house.

'Those who have seen better days, but have been compelled, by hard necessity, to submit to a way of life, which, to a feeling mind, whoever may be the guests, is sufficiently humiliating, are much indebted

debted to Mr. Gibbon for the handsome manner in which he speaks of the hostess of a boarding-house at Lausanne. With the delicacy of a gentleman, and the discernment of a man of the world, the historian dares to recognize that worth and refinement are not confined to opulence or station; and that although, in the keeper of a house of public entertainment, these qualities are not much to be looked for, yet, when they do occur, the paying for the comforts and attentions we receive does not exempt us from the courtesy of an apparent equality and obligation. An equally *liberal way of thinking is adopted* by Mr. Cumberland, who tells us, in his Memoirs, that the British Coffeehouse was kept by a Mrs. Anderson, a person of great respectability.—p. 57.

The pressing poor Gibbon and Cumberland into the service of his mother's *table d'hôte*, and investing the good lady with the various merits of Madame Mesery and Mrs. Anderson, is admirable; and the manner in which it is accomplished enables us to pronounce that the writer did not listen to the conversation at it without profit.

This polite table-society, however, did not long dispense civilization and good manners amongst the inhabitants of Philadelphia, *although* 'Major George Etherington, of the Royal Americans, was an occasional inmate of the house, from its first establishment on a large scale, until the time of its being *laid down* about the year 1774.' Major Etherington, no doubt, would have done honour to any company.

'He seemed to be always employed in the recruiting service, in the performance of which he had a snug economical method of his own. He generally dispensed with the noisy ceremony of a recruiting coterie; for having, as it was said, and I believe truly, passed through the principal grades in its composition, namely, those of drummer and serjeant, he was a perfect master of the inveigling arts which are practised *on the occasion*, and could fulfil, at a pinch, all the duties himself. The major's *forte* was a knowledge of mankind, *of low life especially*; and he seldom scented a subject that he did not, in the end, make his prey. He knew his man, and could immediately discover a fish that would bite: Hence he wasted no time in angling in wrong waters.'—p. 63.

This gentleman, himself so highly civilized, did our author the inestimable favour of superintending a portion of his education, which 'the family' had, it seems, neglected—namely *the Graces*; and, with 'the inveigling arts' so familiar to him, he 'entrapped' the young recruit into a room, where a dancing-master had been previously secreted: the horror of such 'a degradation to manhood' as learning to dance, was soon overcome by the persuasions of the all-accomplished Major, and the reformed and elegant Cato 'became' (as he proudly tells us) 'qualified for the enjoyment of female society in *one* of its most captivating forms.'—p. 65.

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His easy acquirement of this polite art did not prevent his grandfather from intending to make him, what the old gentleman, with a near approach to correctness, called, a *bannister-at-law*, and, 'like too many others, (says the author) I was destined in vain,

D'une robe à longs plis balayer le barreau.'

This line,—to show his skill in French,—he beautifully translates,

'To sweep, with full-sleeved robe, the dusty bar.'

though, as he candidly admits, '*the quotation would apply BETTER, or at least more LITERALLY—IF—gowns had been worn at our bar!*'—p. 73. We think so too.

His female acquaintance were not beneath the egregious Major Etherington in rank and accomplishments, and he celebrates them in a corresponding style. 'He cannot fail to recollect the sprightly and engaging Mrs. E—:' but, almost as discreet as his editor, he does not entrust us with more than the initial of this charming woman's name. Mrs. E— makes quite a figure through the whole of the 105th page, and a sly hint is thrown out that our author 'might have given that worthy man (Mr. E—) some cause of uneasiness.' We had really begun to feel some interest in what we thought an affair of the heart, when, on turning the leaf, we came to a *denouement*, so totally unlike all our anticipations, that the volume almost dropped from our hands.

'The master of the house, though much less *brilliant* than the mistress, was always good natured and kind—and as they kept a *small *store*,' (heaven and earth, a small store!) 'I repaid, as well as I could, the hospitality of a frequent dish of tea, by—purchasing of them what articles I wanted.'—p. 106.

How delicate and generous a gallantry! and what a fascinating style of expression!

The description of the general officer, under whom he served at the commencement of hostilities—for he was a soldier as well as a scholar, and truly, tam Marti quam Mercurio—is almost a pendant for that of 'the sprightly and engaging' Mrs. E—, 'Whatever may have been Mifflin's deficiencies, he had many qualifications for *his* station that too many others, placed in *higher ones*, wanted'—It seems, let us in candour observe, no great imputation against the '*others in higher stations*,' if they only wanted qualifications which were fit for the lower *ones*.—He proceeds—

'Mifflin was a man of education, ready apprehension, and *brilliancy*,—he had spent some time in Europe, particularly in France; and was very easy of access, with the manners of genteel life, though occasionally evolving those of a Quaker!'—p. 151.

We need not, we trust, solicit the admiration of our polite

* Shop.

readers for a portrait in which '*genteel brilliancy occasionally evolves the manners of a Quaker*;' but we fear, that if this work should reach the recesses of the parish of Dalmailing, the Rev. Mr. Balwhidder, and even his fourth wife, though more versed in the refinements of modern languages than his Reverence, will find some difficulty in comprehending exactly what manner of man this General Mifflin was.

We close the chapter of *style* with the author's description of an English officer of the name of Becket, who won his heart by giving him a good breakfast.

'Mr. Becket's figure was pleasing; rather manly than elegant; tall, and, though not corpulent, *indicative of a temperament inclining to fullness*; and so far as I could judge of him, from *the acquaintance of a day*, possessed the qualities, which, with equal power, would have made him a *TITUS*, and have given him a legitimate claim to the designation of *Deliciæ humani generis*!'

In one respect, however, the similitude fails. Mr. Becket, it seems, did NOT *lose a day*; for in twelve hours he played his cards so well, that our classical author has exalted, in the admiring eyes of all posterity, a lieutenant in his Majesty's 27th regiment of foot, 'to the imperial throne of the Cæsars.'—p. 252.

The merit next in order, is—the author's talent for DESCRIPTION: we choose the following specimen of it as one of the most delightful—the length of the extract will be fully compensated by the vigour of the delineation and the classical interest of the objects.

'My mother being thus established, I left my grandfather's for her house; and, by this change of residence, bid adieu to the old route, which for about two years I had traversed, in going to and returning from school, in the winter four times, and in the summer six times a-day. I had my choice, indeed, of different streets, and sometimes varied my course; but it generally led me through what is now called Dock Street, then a filthy uncovered sewer, bordered on either side by shabby stables and tan-yards. To these succeeded the more agreeable object of Israel Pemberton's garden, (now covered in part by the Bank of the United States,) laid out in the old fashioned style of uniformity, with walks and alleys nodding to their brothers, and decorated with a number of evergreens, carefully clipped into pyramidal and conical forms. Here the amenity of the view usually detained me for a few minutes. Thence, turning Chesnut Street corner to the left, and passing a row of dingy two-storey houses, I came to the Whalebones, which gave name to the alley at the corner of which they stood. These never ceased to be occasionally an object of some curiosity, and might be called my second stage, beyond which there was but one more general object of attention, and this was to get a peep at the race-horses, which, in sporting seasons, were kept in the Widow Nichols's stables, which,
from

from her house, (the Indian Queen, at the corner of Market Street,) extended perhaps two-thirds, or more, of the way to Chesnut Street. In fact, throughout the whole of my route, the intervals took up as much ground as the buildings; and, with the exception of here and there a straggling house, Fifth Street might have been called the western extremity of the city.'—p. 35.

The following account of an accidental explosion in the American lines at Long Island, though not quite so rich in particulars, shows at once the talent of a great writer, and the nerves and judgment of a practical soldier.

'There was a deep murmur in the camp which indicated some movement; and the direction of the decaying sounds was evidently towards the river. About two o'clock *a cannon went off*, apparently from one of our redoubts, "piercing the night's dull ear," with a *tremendous* roar. If the explosion was within our lines, the gun was probably discharged in the act of spiking it; and it could have been no less a matter of speculation to the enemy than to ourselves. I never heard the cause of it; but whatever it was, the effect was at once *alarming* and *sublime*; and what with the greatness of the stake, the darkness of the night, the uncertainty of the design, and extreme hazard of the issue, whatever might be the object, it would be difficult to conceive a more deeply solemn and interesting scene. It never recurs to my mind, but in the strong imagery of the chorus of Shakspeare's Henry the Fifth, in which is arrayed, in appropriate gloom, a similar interval of dread suspense and awful expectation.'—p. 164.

Give an ordinary writer the thunder of innumerable artillery, or the explosion of an entire magazine, he perhaps may make something of it: but who, like our Pennsylvanian Captain, could make so much of the report of a single gun? We honestly confess that we *guessed*, from the wonderful vivacity of this description, that it not only was the first gun he had ever heard, but probably would be the last; and so, or nearly so, it seems it was; for he was made prisoner a few days after, while *taking a walk* with his lieutenant, *during* the action at Fort Washington:—

We now arrive at the claim of IMPARTIALITY which Mr. Galt makes for his gifted friend; and which shows itself by his judging of every thing exactly according to his own feeling or his own interest.—Let not the reader imagine that we blame him for this mode of being impartial—heaven forbid—most great men, we believe, decide on such principles; but then it is right to understand what Mr. Galt means by impartiality.

And first, with regard to *persons*: for those who happened to offend him, and particularly for English officers, our impartial historian has no softer epithets than 'insolent, brutal, and ruffian,' p. 69; 'ill-looking, low-bred fellows,' p. 210—'genuine scoundrels'

drels in red,' p. 321; 'ferocious caitiffs to be viewed with greater abhorrence than caged wild-beasts,' p. 208,—though why a caged wild-beast should be viewed with abhorrence we do not see. If, when a prisoner, he is somewhat restrained in his motions, and not quite pampered in his appetites, he talks of 'cowardly oppression,' and the 'indignity of being ordered about by such contemptible whipsters (as the officers of the British army,) for a moment unmanned him, and he was obliged to apply his handkerchief to his eyes.' p. 209. With all our admiration of Mr. Galt's friend, we must venture to doubt whether it be very politic to call persons who had just conquered him, 'contemptible whipsters;' and we had rather—we may be wrong, but—we had rather that he had not fallen a *crying* just at this particular moment of his life; but *ubi plura nitent*—

The provost marshal, to whose care the hero and his fellow prisoners were confided, was named Conyngham, and it is thus that *impartiality* speaks of him :—'By the *concurrence* of all who had been under his dominion, he was a fellow that would not have *disgraced the imperial throne of the Cæsars* in the darkest days of Roman tyranny, nor the republic of France at the most refulgent era of jacobinism.' Conyngham, however, was an angel of beneficence compared with a gentleman of the name of Loring. Our author wants words to express his horror of this person, and he therefore borrows—with becoming gratitude—the indignant rhetoric of a friend and fellow-soldier.

'Colonel Ethen Allen, in the *Narrative of his Captivity*, says, that "Conyngham was as great a rascal as the army could boast of," with the single exception of Joshua Loring, the commissary of prisoners; and he winds up a most violent, and possibly not ill-deserved, invective against the commissary in the following *energetic* and *characteristic strain of ELOQUENCE*. "He (meaning Loring) is the most mean-spirited, cowardly, deceitful, and destructive animal in God's creation below; and legions of infernal devils, with all their tremendous horrors, are impatiently ready to receive Howe and him, with all their detestable accomplices, into the most exquisite agonies of the hottest regions of hell-fire."—p. 282.

Amongst his own countrymen his impartiality is exactly of the same kind—discriminating, candid and well-bred; but we need not load our pages with examples of his candour towards individuals, as it is probably on the subject of *general politics* that Mr. Galt most admires his calm and luminous impartiality.

Here again, however, we must distinguish what is meant by *impartiality*; it is sometimes understood to mean belonging to *no* party, but in the nobler sense in which Mr. Galt applies it to his author, it must mean having belonged to *every party*, and, in turns, abused

abused them all. The praise of this species of impartiality our author most certainly deserves. No man could be more virulent in the early part of his story against every thing British:—the occasions are trivial and the matters small; but the stupid spite and blundering malice are as obvious and as obtrusive as even Colonel Ethen Allen's could be. He takes the field against the royalists at the commencement of the contest with great spirit, becomes a captain in the insurgent army, and breathes on every occasion the patriot indignation of a republican hero. Unfortunately in the very first action in which he finds himself, he happens to be taken prisoner without receiving a scratch or striking a blow; nay, this little accident occurs after he had sent his men *one way*, and walked with his lieutenant *another*, which led him quietly and safely to the custody of Provost-Marshal Conyngham. On his parole behind the British lines he was permitted (by the neglect of the American commander) to remain till released through the intercession of his mother with Sir William Howe, who seems to have estimated his hostility pretty nearly at the same rate that his own general did his services. He never again ventured to meddle with warlike affairs, except in these his *impartial* memoirs, where he complains through many a doleful page of the slights which he and the other heroes of Fort Washington suffered, and the injustice of which history is guilty in slurring over their magnanimous deeds in that portentous fight.

'The affair of Fort Washington had an effect not unlike that of entering into a monastery in England, in days of yore: as in the one case a man was said to be *civilly* dead, so in the other he was *militarily* so; and although as much alive as ever to corporeal wants and necessities, yet was he *dead* as an antediluvian as to all purposes of WORLDLY ADVANTAGE. Nor was it the garrison alone, but the very event itself, that was offensive to remembrance; and it has grown into a sort of fashion, among our annalists, to pass lightly over this inauspicious transaction.'—p. 327.

From this time his rage against the English is wonderfully mitigated; he criticises General Washington; sneers at General Green; ridicules General Putnam; and censures very roundly General Lee, whom, a little before, he was suspected of preferring to General Washington himself. In short, the confusion of the author's style and narrative is hardly greater or more perplexing than the inconsistency of his opinions: in two points only he is invariable—the value of his own services, and the want of merit in all the rest of mankind.

So much for his impartiality on military topics: his impartiality in civil matters 'is of the same batch.'

In the year 1785, there happened to be a strong contest for the appointment

appointment of a prothonotary in Dauphine County between two parties, then called constitutionalists and republicans, and since known as federalists and democrats—‘upon this occasion,’ says the author, ‘the *negative* character of my politics probably gave me the advantage.’

‘To keep out Atlee, the constitutionalists were disposed to give their votes to any one of his competitors. Of course I had all their strength; and by adding to it two or three republican votes, I acquired a greater number than any in nomination. As the mode was to vote for the candidates individually, there was no physical, or perhaps moral impediment, to each of them receiving the vote of every member. A promise to one was not broken by voting also for another, unless it was exclusively made. The President had probably given a promise to Colonel Atlee, as well as to myself; and considering me, perhaps, as too weak to endanger his success, thought he might safely gratify my friend, who pinned him to the vote; which, on coming to the box, he seemed half inclined to withhold. Or where was his crime, if he really thought our pretensions equal, and therefore determined not to decide between us? Such were the accidents which procured my unlooked for appointment.’—p. 352.

This success, obtained by this candid and honourable conduct on the part of the President, seems to have put the author quite at his ease in pecuniary affairs; it gave him also that rank in society, whatever it be, which belongs to a prothonotary in Pennsylvania; and although the whigs charged him with *apostatizing*, yet all went on delightfully, and nothing could be so good humoured and impartial as our worthy placeman, till the overthrow of his party by the election of Mr. Jefferson: he was then (he says) ‘loaded with reproach, and *detruded from office* as one unworthy to partake the honours or even to *eat the bread* of their country.’ Hinc illæ lacrymæ:—hence the violent invective against Jefferson and the democrats, which Mr. Galt may, if he pleases, call *impartiality*, but which to us looks wonderfully like the spleen and bitterness of a dismissed prothonotary. Indeed, he gives us, in one of his concluding sentences, so easy a key to his whole work, that we really wonder it did not open the eyes and understanding of Mr. Galt himself.

‘It has twice been my lot to smart under the hand of oppression. I have been exposed to the fury both of royal and republican vengeance; and, unless I may be misled by the greater recency of the latter, I am compelled to say, that the first, though bad, was most mitigated by instances of generosity.’—p. 417.

In short, the last offence was to him the greatest; the first only touched his feelings, the last invaded his purse, and therefore he hates the democrats even worse than the English.

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With respect to the *general knowledge* and *historical information* displayed, as Mr. Galt thinks, by the author of this work, we will venture to assert that more general ignorance and a more complete obscurity as to the events of his time were never brought together in one volume. Instead of reading him to elucidate history, history must be read to comprehend him; and even in the kind of information which one might suppose him best able to give, namely, on the private manners and social character of Old America, we find him trifling without gaiety and tedious without matter; all we can gather from his statements is, that the society in which he describes himself to have lived was low in intellect and vulgar in manners; and indeed his general representations do as little credit to the American character, as his writings do to English literature.

He no doubt considered himself (and may be forgiven, since Mr. Galt has fallen into the same mistake) as a very learned personage; and indeed he shows his proficiency in the belles-lettres, by sundry elaborate and recondite quotations from our poets, which he sometimes alters with the most classical felicity to suit the topic he may have in hand. In his 'various readings' of the Latin poets he is not altogether so happy: we doubt, with all our complaisance for his attainments, whether '*quadrupedante sonitu—ungula domum*'—*haud ignarus mali*, &c. be greatly improved either in euphony or metre; and we think that—'*miros audire Trajedos*' might, without much peril to orthography, have been left as the critic found it.

In the matter of the French tongue, too, in which the author deals largely, we are sorry to be obliged occasionally to differ from him; and indeed Mr. Galt does not assert that he *illustrates* that language. We hesitate to admit that the Duke de la Rochefoucault, or any other '*good Frenchman*,' would cry, '*Vive le nation et sa gloire*;' nor can we well believe that Mr. Talon, an eloquent French advocate, would exclaim—'*Ce n'est pas lui, c'est le vin que parle*.' We have even some doubt whether a black boy, domesticated in a family, can be properly called '*enfant de maison*.' p. 259.

But these are trifles; which would not have deserved notice, if the general knowledge of the author were not so loudly insisted upon, and if he were not himself so nice a verbal critic as to discover that Sir William Howe's expression, of '*General Washington's dispatches being badly compiled*' was not *English*. We apprehend that it *is* English, and might, moreover, have had a little satirical meaning at bottom.

In conclusion;—the author's hatred of France, and his newborn respect for England,—his tardy admiration of Washington, and

disquisition to prove this to be the birth-place and burial-place of the Prophet Samuel. Now, so far as the site of any place in scripture geography is identified, the Ramah of Samuel is, and has always been, perfectly well known. It lies almost as wide from this place as Jerusalem itself does, being on the left hand of the road from the holy city into Samaria, and standing so conspicuously on an eminence, that any one of the monks ('ignorant' as he represents them to be) could have pointed it out from the convent at Jerusalem. The prophet's tomb is there shown in a mosque, and held in veneration by both Christians and Mahomedans. All this he might have found in Quaresimus: he might have found it, too, at some length in Pococke, whose name he frequently introduces without the slightest acquaintance with his work, unless perhaps with his margin and his index; and the reason that these have been of no avail to him in the present instance, is, that the place in question is not now called Ramah, but simply Samuele. An error in name is fatal to one who relies on an index, but not to one who peruses an author.

Mr. Buckingham does not appear to be very scrupulous in examining the sense of his extracts, since we frequently find him setting down a passage in his note that makes directly against some sagacious conclusion in his text, as p. 335, where, anxious to identify a village called Boorza, with the Bosor of the Maccabees, he subjoins a Latin sentence, in which *Bosor* is termed a *city of the Moubites*, whereas he has just told us that he was now in the land of *Bashan*. At p. 323. he and his own witness are at issue upon a point of a similar nature: thus he either convicts his authorities of error, or himself, and we shall hardly be disposed to balance long between them. In order to establish that Emmaus was near to Gamala, he brings forward (p. 434.) a passage from Josephus, which neither says nor implies any such thing; and we can venture to assure him that Vespasian, in passing from one to the other, must have marched round nearly one half of the lake of Tiberias, (the two places lying on opposite sides of it,) and that the hot springs, in favour of which this notable extract is introduced, have no more relation to Emmaus, than the city, at whose feet they lie, has to Gamala. The complicated ignorance and absurdity of the following illustration will not easily be matched. Good *wine* from Libanus was, it seems, set before him at Naza-

stances correspond with that place now pointed out, (as well as his interpretation of Ramah in Hebrew, i. e. *high*;) but not one will tally with Ramlah (Arimathea,) which is three or four times farther from Jerusalem, is not in Benjamin, nor near to Bethel, and stands low. The passage is in St. Jerome's Commentary on Hosea.

The meaning of the word Ramlah, Mr. Buckingham's Asiatic scholarship should have taught him, is not '*high*' but '*sand*.'

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reth. This simple fact provokes the following gratuitous information:—

‘It seems to have been peculiar to the NAZARITES to suffer their hair to grow long, and to abstain from the use of *wine*, on making a sacred vow: and the story of Delilah, and Samson, who *was a NAZARITE, is familiar to all.*’

Nazarite, this critical inquirer takes for granted, must mean a native of Nazareth! but there is yet no danger of his reader being deceived, since he makes, as usual, his appeal to a testimony that contradicts him: for *all* to whom the story of Samson is *familiar*, well know that he was of Zorah, and had no connection whatever with Nazareth; and that consequently a Nazarite is not a Nazarean. This mode of producing evidence against himself really spares us so much trouble, that we cannot feel too grateful for it.

His field of compilation is not, however, confined to the writers of antiquity—‘as the storm drives at any door he knocks.’ Nearly six pages (367—373.) are allotted to a paper ‘by an anonymous author in the Gentleman’s Magazine;’ and we know not whether we owe it to the ignorance of ‘*Mr. Urban’s ingenious correspondent*, or to his own, or to both, that he writes ‘*Arena*,’ for *Podium*, in his details of a theatre; and *Piræum* more than once for the *Piræus of Athens*.

We shall not be accused of bestowing an undue share of attention on the examination of the nature of Mr. Buckingham’s citations, when we inform the reader that they occupy the full half of the volume. The day, however, is happily gone by when such a mode of book-making could pass upon the world for learning. *Pedantry* is not the name for it, because *that* seems to imply something, at least, of erudition and research; whereas this is that sort of fitting *on* of ready-made extracts from indexes and margins, and gazetteers, and magazines, which is the legitimate resource of provincial guide-books, and tours to Lakes and Watering-places, where it is easy to gain a few pages by setting out from ‘*the Druids, and the Ancient Britons, and Boadicea.*’ This class of literature, it fortunately does not fall within our province to notice; but we can hardly suppress our disgust when we find this beggarly process introduced into the classic and holy regions of the East, and obtruded upon our notice in the pages of a quarto volume.

There is yet a charge of a more serious nature which lies against this work, and which we will simply preface with an extract from the author’s introductory observations:—

‘At every step of a traveller’s progress through Palestine, his indignation is so roused by attempted impositions on his judgment, and

sometimes even on his senses, that his warm expression of it, in pouring forth epithets of contempt for such absurdities, may sometimes be conceived to display a contempt for religion itself. *Whenever the reader meets with such passages, he is entreated, in the true spirit of that Christian charity "which is not easily provoked, which thinketh no evil, which heareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, crediteth all things," to put the most favourable construction on the passage that it will bear; AND IF THE BEST OF THESE IS BAD, TO PASS IT BY.*

'There are some anecdotes detailed, more particularly those witnessed at Jerusalem, which may be thought also unfit for the public eye, but they are too descriptive of the state of manners there, to be wholly omitted. *If I have given a colouring to these, which is not in conformity with the reigning taste, I request the reader to pass them over in silence also, and attribute both these defects rather to my ignorance of the state of public feeling on these subjects, among my own countrymen, from having mixed much more with foreigners, than to any wish to shock the prejudices of the one class, or the delicacy of the other.*'—p. xviii.

Decency and piety, then, are conceived by Mr. Buckingham to be mere matters of local fashion and convention; and should the reigning taste not revolt at it, he holds an author fully justified in disregarding both! He does, indeed, (in a wanton profanation of one of the most tender and beautiful passages of Scripture,) obligingly invite us 'to pass over such pages as offend.' As readers, we possibly might; as reviewers, we cannot: and we have found accordingly, as he had led us to expect, a sneering and irreverent tone, in almost every paragraph where matters connected with sacred history are spoken of, and this upon those spots the most calculated to inspire very opposite sentiments in a well-regulated mind. Not unfrequently we detect him covertly aiming a side-blow at the miracles of the gospel.

'This lake (of Tiberias,) *like the Dead Sea, with which it communicates, is, for the same reason, never violently agitated for any length of time. The same local features, however, render it occasionally subject to whirlwinds, squalls, and sudden gusts from the hollow of the mountains, which, as in every other similar basin, are of momentary duration, and the most furious gust is instantly succeeded BY A CALM.*'—p. 468. (Note) 'And they launched forth: but as they sailed, Jesus fell asleep, and there came down a storm of wind on the lake, and they were filled with water, and were in jeopardy, and they came to him and awoke him, and said, Master, Master; we perish: and he rebuked the wind, and the raging of the sea, AND THERE WAS A CALM.'—Luke, chap. viii.'

The drift and intention of this commentary cannot be mistaken, but *the assertion itself is untrue*; since, first of all, there are not the same causes of stillness in the waters of this lake as in that of the Dead Sea, whose specific gravity is so much greater that it has been proved by recent experiment, that persons unable to swim elsewhere, will actually float upon their surface; the ridges of

of mountains, also, that border the Dead Sea, are higher, and more continuous, and nearer to the margin; so that there are fewer directions in which the winds can act upon it; while the effects from the snows on Libanus and Antilibanus, which are so near as to be sensibly felt at Tiberias, are too remote to extend to the other. These constitute very broad lines of distinction; and the fact is, that the lake of Tiberias is *as subject as other* lakes to violent and continued agitation, especially by winds blowing from the snowy summits to the northward; and whoever has seen the waves of the Lago di Garda, or even of Como, under such circumstances, will not talk slightly either of the force or duration of a fresh-water tempest.

We have not room to comment upon the traveller's very tender and pathetic parting from his 'tried and well loved' friends at Alexandria, which he terms '*the most painful of all GUILTLESS feelings*,' nor upon the thirty-two succeeding pages, which are consumed in a passage by sea, from Egypt to Syria, enlivened, as they are, with the customary ingredient of a storm; and shall therefore pass at once to the middle of the volume, where we first find him attached to Mr. Bankes's expedition. All that precedes, is drawn from Maundrel, Le Bruyn, Dr. Clarke, or the Gazetteer, with the exception of a few embellishments and errors, which are the writer's own.

We have early opportunities of remarking a rare degree of architectural and antiquarian sagacity. At Tyre, an aqueduct *upon arches* is ascribed to the time of the *Macedonian conquest*! it is, indeed, modestly termed—

'*Merely a conjecture*, that both the fountain and the aqueduct are the work of the same lofty and magnificent genius, who connected the Island of Tyre, like that of Clazomenæ, in the Gulph of Smyrna, to the Continent, and whose works of grandeur, made subservient to public utility, soften, in some degree, the darker shades of his all conquering character.'

He is still more fortunate in his discovery of '*Canaanitish remains in the ditch at Acre*.' Whether it was the circumstance, *alone*, of their being in the 'ditch,' which led to this conclusion, he has not given us the means of knowing, and has thus left us with a painful misgiving upon our minds, that we may possibly, ourselves, have occasionally seen such '*Canaanitish remains*,' without once suspecting it. Our faith, however, in his antiquarian references is somewhat shaken by observing how short a time he adheres to them himself. He says (p. 137.) of Cæsarea, 'the fort itself, as it stands, is EVIDENTLY *a work of the Crusaders*,'—two pages afterwards, describing a ruin at El Mukhelid, (Antipatris,) he tells us that it 'showed equally good masonry

with that of the FORT OF CÆSAREA, THE STYLE OF WHICH IT RESEMBLED; and then goes on to enlarge upon a tower called 'Aphek,' by Josephus, (misconceiving this to have stood at Antipatris,)* and concludes that 'the portion of the fortified building which still exists here, may be the remains of the identical building.' Thus of two structures, the style of which he himself observed to be similar, he would ascribe the one to the Crusaders, and the other to we know not whom, before the reign of Nero! Whatever objections there may be, however, to his inductions, two grand architectural discoveries in two buildings, which we had conceived to be sufficiently well-known, are enough to establish his reputation. The dome of St. Paul's is said to be of the same form with that of the great mosque at Jerusalem, that is to say, it contracts and curves inwards towards the bottom, a fact of which Sir Christopher Wren was not, we believe, aware: and 'a pair of stone doors (he assures us) are still hanging in the Pantheon at Rome' †

As he seems to have had no suspicion that the existing walls at Cæsarea do not coincide with those of the Roman city, we are not surprised to find him asserting that the 'forum, theatre, &c.' are not 'distinguishable;' whereas, had he strayed but a few paces beyond their circuit, to the southward, (if he knows the form of a Roman theatre at all,) he would very plainly have distinguished one. But we should weary the reader were we to enter into the wide field of all that he *did not see*, and *did not inquire for*. Neither have his inquiries (when he did make them) led to very accurate information. He says, (p. 90.) that 'the very ruins which remained of the house of St. Anna (at Sepphoury), had been entirely demolished:' whereas they then were, and probably still are, in precisely the same state as when visited by Dr. Clarke.

Our author would have us believe (p. 213.) that he *understood and spoke Arabic better than Mr. Bankes's interpreter*, who, he himself tells us, had made the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina, and who, we happen to know, had been resident several years at Cairo, and married to a wife there who spoke Arabic only. So high a degree of proficiency must (one would have supposed) have ensured great accuracy in all that he tells us of the local customs of the country. Did he then, at Caypha, make no in-

* This Aphek was (from the context of the passage in Josephus) a place quite distinct from Antipatris, and apparently in the road from thence to Lydda. The King of Aphek is enumerated among those whom Joshua smote, (Josh. xii. 18.) and Apheca is spoken of, Joshua xv. 53. as allotted to the tribe of Judah. Πύργος should be rendered here, therefore, (not a tower) but a fortress, or strong hold. It is probably in the same acceptation of the word, that Στρατιώτης πύργος was the name of the place, upon whose site Cæsarea was afterwards founded.

† These two curious particulars will be found in pages 205 and 208.

quiries? or did his Arabic scholarship extend no farther than a few stammering names, for the mere necessities of life? The population of Caypha (he says, p. 115.) being made up of Mahomedans, Christians, and Druses, the women of the last-named sect are distinguishable from both the others by a horn worn upon their heads, and from those also of their own persuasion upon Mount Libanus, by the fashion of pointing it backwards instead of forward. Now, as far as accuracy is of any value in such trifling details, here are at least three false statements. First, though Druses do frequent the markets, both of Acre and Caypha, they form no part of the population of either, and any women seen there wearing the horn, were most certainly not natives of the place: secondly, this could not serve to distinguish the Druse women from the Christians; since in every village where the two sects are intermixed, (and there are very few on mount Libanus, where they are not,) this form of head-dress obtains equally with those of both religions: and thirdly, in the different districts of Libanus, the horn is worn in every direction in which it is possible to protrude it; to the front, to the back, to the right side, to the left, and in every fanciful variation of obliquity.

Our accomplished traveller (designated, as he tells us he was, by the prior of Narazeth, as ‘*Milord Inglese, richissimo, affabilissimo, ed anche dottissimo*’) repays the compliment of the fathers to his learning, by continually harping upon their lamentable ignorance. We must remind him, however, that, ignorant as those monks may be, there are many points upon which it is not probable, and some upon which it is not even possible, that they can be so ill informed as himself. For instance, when he is willing at Jerusalem, to bring before us no very decorous picture of their manners and morals, he introduces us to the cook of the convent, not at all aware that the said *cook* was (and is always) *simply a servant* of the society, and a *layman, wearing the habit*: so that it is just as judicious in him to give us the details of this cook (even supposing them to be true) as a sample of the lives of the friars, as it would be in a foreigner to cite as a picture of an Oxford education, the incidental view of a scout tippling in an ale-house!

Whilst we remark so much ignorance as to the internal economy of the convents where he resided, we give full credit to the penetration manifested, in discovering among its external dependencies, what is delicately termed, (p. 245.) ‘*the brothel of the Catholic monks*’—an establishment of which, we are assured that travellers who have been often at Jerusalem, and long resident there, had never the good fortune to hear before. On his amour with the Abyssinian lady, ‘which was so conducted that,

as the fortunate object of her passion himself tells us, (and as we are inclined to believe,) it could not be perceived even by those who were in the same room at the time,* we should have made no comment, had it not given occasion for his speaking in terms of disparagement of poor Nathaniel Pearce, whom he represents as 'a common sailor, who could hardly read.' That Pearce had been a *common sailor* is true; but he was very far from being a *common man*; and not only could he read, and that in French as well as in English, but he wrote a very beautiful hand. He has left behind him journals of all that passed during his long residence in Abyssinia, which, when given to the press, as we trust they will be, by Mr. Salt, to whose care he bequeathed them, will, perhaps, throw more light upon the actual state of that singular country, than any other work that has been written. Gladly would we exchange ten such quartos as this, *got up* by this 'member of so many flourishing literary societies,' for a few pages from this '*common sailor, who could hardly read.*'

The charge of 'low origin and ignorance' (with however odd a grace it may come from such a quarter) is not restricted to Nathaniel Pearce: two respectable Germans, who seem to have committed no other offence than that of having been assisted by Mr. Bankes, in the very same manner as the writer himself was almost immediately afterwards, are described as '*young men, who were evidently persons of low origin and confined education, and their manners were decidedly vulgar.*' 'Although travelling (he indignantly adds) without any professed object beyond their own pleasure, they were both so poor and destitute, as to SUFFER Mr. Bankes to pay their expenses.' It is to be hoped, that Mr. Buckingham does not intend to upbraid them, in this place, with a degree of SUFFERANCE, which he soon found it convenient to imitate; more especially as we have the best assurances, that these young men neither violated the confidence of any employers to whom they were responsible,* nor abused the indulgence

* Mr. Buckingham had undertaken to carry letters, for a mercantile house, to India, over land, by the most direct and expeditious route, and with all attention to economy, the firm agreeing, on their part, to bear his expenses. From the first moment, however, of his setting foot in Asia, we find him acting as if both his time and funds were his own. How he may have since arranged matters with his '*tried and well-loved friends*' at Alexandria, we know not; but this we *do know*, that so soon as his conduct reached their ears, Mr. Barker, the British Consul at Aleppo, was authorized to take from him the dispatches, and to dismiss him; and that he being now already on his way to Bagdat, a Tartar was sent expressly after him for his recall, but died accidentally upon the road! So that it is to the timely death of this Tartar that 'the Asiatic Societies at Calcutta, and the Literary Societies at Madras and Bombay,' are indebted for their distinguished member!

His transactions with Mr. Bankes seem to have been an episode in his plan; we have not only the statement of that gentleman with respect to them, but have seen also the deposition,

indulgence of their benefactor, by procuring tracings from his papers, in order to turn them afterwards to account.

On entering upon the journey beyond Jordan, to which we have more than once referred, it may not be amiss to premise, that the term *we*, which, up to this place, must be shared between the writer, his muleteer, and an old man from Tocat, henceforward signifies himself and Mr. Banks, he having generously allowed that gentleman to become the associate of his labours. We acquit him, however, of deriving any material benefit from such assistance; since whatever he may have drawn from that source, he has made his own by such a felicity of misapprehension, and overlaid with such a cumbrous drapery of fustian and common-place citation, that we believe it would be very hard for his companion to recognize much of his own, excepting the ground works of what he has given as his plans, which have also undergone their full share of embellishment for effect.

Our travellers, having crossed the Jordan, found themselves, on the fourth day, among the ruins of Jerash, which Mr. Buckingham assumes (upon no other grounds, than the resemblance of name) to be those of Geraza; and turning to his geographical dictionary, pours out upon us all that he can find there about that obscure city: this dictionary, unfortunately, did not furnish him with the only passage that gives any colour to the supposition that it really was Geraza.

In the mean time, many concurring circumstances might appear rather to fix Pella at this spot. First, that city being much oftener mentioned in history than Geraza, it seems reasonable to presume that it was more considerable. The geographical position would correspond sufficiently well. Pella was termed '*civitas aquarum.*' The fine spring rising in the heart of these splendid ruins (no ordinary appendage in those climates) accords well with such a designation; but, above all, a feature in the remains there, which Mr. Buckingham (inconceivable as it is) has totally overlooked, gives a very strong presumption upon that side. There exist the ruins of seven or eight Christian churches, more or less preserved, some with crosses and legendary inscriptions on them. It was to Pella that the Christians retired, when the holy city was besieged by Titus; and they established themselves there, and called it the New Jerusalem. No such thing is recorded of Ge-

deposition, upon oath, of his servants, (the same who are spoken of in this work,) that Mr. Buckingham bore no part whatever either in the dispositions or the expenses of the journey beyond Jordan, &c.; that he never made a single sketch during this time, nor had materials for doing so, and has, moreover, been heard to lament his inability; that the plan, which is the ground-work of that here given of Djerash, was made by Mr. Banks, and traced, by his permission, at a window of the convent of Nazareth, by Mr. Buckingham, upon a direct promise that it should not be published!

raza;

raza; and so great a number of considerable Christian edifices seems to offer additional ground for placing Pella here.

That Pella and Geraza were places distinct from each other, there are abundant passages to prove. We have stated the pretensions of Pella. Upon the side of Geraza, we know but of one passage that makes it at all probable that these are its remains. It is that in which Ammianus Marcellinus praises the walls of Geraza, coupling them with those of Bostra. It is surprizing that Mr. Buckingham should have missed this passage, since it might be found in the *index* to Gibbon. To have been coupled at all with Bostra, proves Geraza to have been a place of some consequence. The walls remaining at Jerash are worthy of the commendation bestowed on those of Geraza; and as there are no others at all comparable to them, within that district of the Decapolis, which must certainly have included this city, this may, perhaps, strike the balance upon that side, especially as it is doubtful whether Pella was walled. Should this evidence, coupled with the similarity of name, be deemed decisive, we are left in full possession of the surprise which it must occasion, to find ruins of an extent and multiplicity almost without parallel, at a place of which history has recorded so little beyond its bare existence.

Let us now see how our traveller acquits himself, in the description of those extraordinary remains. At the outset, (page 343.) in his notices on the triumphal arch, we find him retailing an observation, which it is fair to suppose not his own, as it is very evident that he does not understand it. 'This bore (he says) a striking resemblance to the work seen in the ruined city of Antinoë, in Upper Egypt.' He does not inform us, *by whom* it was seen, or what was the nature of the work. This is very guarded, we must allow: but the fact is, that the resemblance which he *heard cited*, was not in the 'work;' it was in that peculiar and florid taste only, of decorating the lower part of the shafts of Corinthian columns with foliage, of which there are a few very large and striking examples at Antinoë, which, if our author had ever walked through those ruins, he must have seen and remembered.

We cannot refrain from noticing, in passing, the audacious imposition attempted upon the reader, in referring him to '*the vignette at the head of the chapter*,' as to a view of this triumphal arch. We have not ascertained from what obsolete work this pretended view is purloined; (it is not among Le Bruyn's, to whom we have traced almost all the others;) but we have only to confront the print with his own description, and the ground-plan given, to be satisfied that Mr. Buckingham is *not in possession of any* sketch whatever, made on the spot, and of the impossibility of its having any resemblance. Over each of the 'side arches for foot
passengers,'

passengers,' he says, was 'an open square window,' and that '*as all the columns were broken near their tops, the crowning capitals were not seen;*' and he adds, that 'the frieze was destroyed.' Upon turning to the vignette, we find two out of four of the 'crowning capitals' (as he terms them) still in their places: there is nothing that the most ignorant could possibly describe as 'an open square window over the side arches;' and the frieze is very entire! The next point to which he comes, he calls a naumachia, because he found that word marked upon the plan from which he traced. The form itself was sufficient to denote it for a stadium, and it was only necessary, upon so hasty a draught as this seems to have been, to note down the peculiarity of its being occasionally floated for aquatic exhibitions: but our unfortunate friend had no notion that a naumachia might, possibly, be exhibited in a circus.* Be this, however, as it may, it is clear that he never looked at it on the spot; since, he says, (358.) 'there are no appearances of seats or benches for the spectators:' whereas, we believe, that there is no other circus known, (excepting, perhaps, one at Laodicea,) where the seats are so well preserved as they are in this. 'Nor (as he confidently assures us) are there any conclusive appearances of there having been any other than these two entrances to the city.' We venture, in all humility, to suggest that there are *four*, all principal gates. Again, '*in the centre, or nearly so, of this central space, was a noble PALACE, probably the residence of the governor.*' This it is to be in luck! The edifice of which he is speaking, is the great propylæum to the temple on the hill, probably the most entire example of that kind of structure extant. He describes, (356.) '*an aqueduct that crossed the stream upon arches.*' There is not any such thing, nor any necessity for one: what he mistook for it, is a tall bridge, over which passes the great transverse street of the city.

On what he terms 'the most imposing edifice among all the ruins, *for size*, (which it is not,)' we have the following passage:

'The impression which the noble aspect of this building made on us, as we beheld it from every quarter of the city, was such, that we BOTH constantly called it the temple of "Jupiter," in *our* conversation and in *our* notes. This was done without *our* ever suggesting the propriety of the title to each other, without *our* having sought for any reason to justify its adoption, or at all arguing the claim in *our* minds.' (382.)

All this may be very true, so far as respects Mr. Buckingham, who appears to have echoed what he heard, without knowing why or wherefore. But we may very safely take upon ourselves to hint to him, what his companion's reason was. Vitru-

* Calpurnius mentions, that he had seen such exhibitions in the Circus Maximus, at Rome.

vius assigns such elevated situations as command a view of nearly the whole circuit of the walls, to the temples of the tutelary deities, and of these he enumerates Jupiter as the first; whilst of temples contiguous to theatres, he says, that they should be dedicated to Apollo or Bacchus. There are but two principal temples at Jerash; the one almost abutting on a theatre; the other (of which he is speaking) detached and central, and on such an eminence, as to command an uninterrupted view of the whole walls: it was natural in any one, conversant with this passage, and wanting names on the spot to distinguish the one from the other, in speaking of them, to term this the temple of Jupiter; though we cannot conceive, that Mr. Banks could have had the ill taste, to assume his conjecture for a fact, and boldly give it this title upon two ground-plans. But there is nothing so positive as ignorance! We have to remark, on the pretended ground-plan of this temple, (p. 382.) first, that, there are no doors (as there given) opening from the exterior to the back of the cella, either in this or in any other temple; secondly, that there is not the least appearance of there having been any peristyle; and thirdly, we must suggest, that it is one of the 'curious felicities' of our author's mode of observation, that he uniformly, in describing it, represents this as much the largest of the temples, whereas it happens not to be so in any one respect, but inferior to that near the theatre, in every proportion, by at least a third.

He has also mistaken a portion of the city wall for a military guard-house, and a Christian church in the valley for a Corinthian temple!—but all the stores of his learning are lavished on the details of the theatre. He has astonished us with a discovery, that '*the Theatre of Bacchus at Athens was called Hecatompodon*' (367.) We were taught, or, as it now appears, mistaught, at school, that this designation belonged not to the Theatre of Bacchus, but the Temple of Minerva. With such exactness does he give us the dimensions of the seats, and other minutiae of the '*Hecatompodon*' Theatre at Athens, that it may be some disappointment to him to learn, that no such edifice exists, nor did exist there 'upwards of two centuries ago,' when he tells us that it was measured. A smooth turf then covered, as it does now, the site of the Theatre of Bacchus; and the only theatre existing there (that of Herodes Atticus) had not seats in it, when Spon and Wheeler saw it, any more than it has now: so that neither will *that* serve his turn. He however balances his accounts with theatres; for while he ascribes to one at Athens what it has not, he suppresses in one at Jerash what it has,—both describing and engraving one of those there without any proscenium!

Besides quoting 'the two ingenious anonymous writers in the
Gentleman's

Gentleman's Magazine,' (one of whom treats, by-the-bye, not of theatres, but of an amphitheatre, and measures the seats at Nismes, where there are not any,) he has the courage to extract very largely from De la Guilletierre's Travels. He could not possibly have made a more appropriate choice. We know of no book of travels to which we can so well compare his own as to this of De la Guilletierre. Dr. Spon published, so long ago as 1679, a catalogue of 112 errors in that little volume, replete as it is with disquisitions and learning, after the manner of Mr. Buckingham. One broad line of distinction we must indeed admit, and that is, that on the one hand it has been pretty satisfactorily made out that no such person as this De la Guilletierre ever existed; whereas the house of Briggs, at Alexandria, we believe, and Mr. Bankes, could furnish evidence of the reality of Mr. Buckingham.*

The ground-plan given of Jerash is founded on a tracing obtained from Mr. Bankes at Nazareth;† but so little did the borrower comprehend what he copied, that, hasty and incorrect as the original necessarily was, its errors are multiplied tenfold, both on the general plate, and in those of separate edifices, which are only enlarged from it. There is a zeal for deception in this altogether extraordinary, for the alteration is systematic, and not accidental. In this general plan, when reduced to the size of a quarto page, it was found that the individual buildings would make but little figure if kept to their proportions, and perhaps disappoint expectation. The precaution has therefore been taken of exaggerating all in a twofold and threefold, and some even in a sixfold proportion, and upwards. He has himself given us a scale for detecting this, by telling us that the length of the city is about 5000 feet. If what he is pleased to call the greatest temple (which is, in reality, the second only) be compared with this scale, it will ap-

* It may possibly have been the adroit manner in which the 'supposed traveller' represents himself to have made use of some Englishman whom he met, and joined company with, that has so charmed our author as to make him almost identify him with himself during several pages. 'My fellow-travellers supplied me, and all things went on very well, and very honourably for me:—' however I would needs have it thought that I borrowed it only, though perhaps they might have given it as well.'—*Athens, Ancient and Modern*, by M. de la Guilletierre, p. 6.

† Of his plate of inscriptions he says, 'these inscriptions were given by Mr. Burckhardt to Mr. Bankes, as well as to myself.' This we know to be totally false, so far as respects himself, and that he obtained them only from a transcript in the margin of Mr. Bankes's ground-plan, who, not wishing to hazard the loss of the originals in a dangerous journey, had copied them on that paper for the purpose of collating them on the spot. It happened (as we also know) that, from many inscriptions belonging to Jerash, given to him by Mr. Burckhardt, Mr. Bankes extracted four or five only, and these are the very same that are here given; whilst of the remainder, which equally belong to Jerash, and were equally communicated by Mr. Burckhardt, not one makes its appearance.

pear to be of larger dimensions than any existing temple in the world; and some of the arched vaultings in the bath would prove, by the same proportion, to be at least *one hundred and fifty feet* in the span. And yet this writer seriously tells us, in his preface, that he is sure that Mr. Bankes's 'liberality' would have 'admitted of' his drawings being brought before the public in such a work as this!*

We now proceed towards the site of another great mass of ruins, called at present Oomkais. In the way thither we are told of a place named Abil; this, it was suggested to Mr. Buckingham, might be Abile, and he, having never before heard of any other Abile but that of Lysanias, mentioned by St. Luke, concludes, of course, that the Abilene was hereabouts. His proofs of this are most unfortunate, for he himself cites a passage which places Chalchis in the Abilene: now Chalchis, we know, was in the Hollow Syria, under Mount Libanus. But there is not, in fact, any position more certainly ascertained than that of Abila of Lysanias. It stood upon the river Barrady, on the road between Damascus and Baalbec, where its tombs are still to be seen; and Mr. Bankes has brought home a long inscription, (not observed by former travellers,) copied from the face of the rock there, in which the Abilenians record the making of a new road to their city. The very circumstance of its being termed Abila 'of Lysanias' might have awakened a suspicion that there were two of the same name. The other was the Abila of the Decapolis; (so styled in a curious inscription in Greek and Palmyrene, in Lord Bessborough's collection;) it is enumerated in Pliny's list of the ten cities, and there can be little doubt that the Abil, upon which all the common-places belonging to another city are thrown away, is really that Abila. We believe that our author is only retailing a conjecture of Dr. Seetzen, when he suggests that the district now called Adjeloon may probably answer to the Gaulonitis of the Romans. He is unlucky in what he borrows; for we apprehend this to be a mistake: Adjeloon is probably within the ancient Batanea; Gaulonitis, we conceive, lay farther to the north; and that the modern district of Jolan, which is extensive, and includes some pretty considerable places, is more likely to represent it.

* Mr. Bankes made, we understand, three subsequent visits at different times to Jerash, during one of which he was enabled to continue there during several days; and, with the co-operation of Captains Irby and Mangles, R. N. who were with him, and indefatigable in their desire of rendering him assistance, was enabled to lay down very accurate and detailed plans of every part of the ruins, so as to supersede what was hastily done in his first expedition.—But without this, we must be permitted to say, that the work of Mr. Buckingham pleads strongly for the publication of this gentleman's papers and researches upon these interesting provinces, in order that such wretched and surreptitious substitutes as those before us may be done away.

We now reach the consummation of Mr. Buckingham's blunders. The ruins of Oomkais he gives us for those of Gamala. What obliquity of intellect could have led him to such a conclusion, when Dr. Seetzen had already given the place its right name, it is impossible even to conjecture. He cites a number of second-hand passages, and they every one make against him! The case is so clear, that it is hardly worth stating the grounds of it as a question. Gadara stood high, the Hieromax ran below it, and at its feet were hot baths, so celebrated as to be considered second to none, excepting to those of Baiaë: its remains were likely to exhibit traces of magnificence, since it was restored by Pompey the Great in honour of one of his freed-men. It is not possible for any remains to answer all these conditions more exactly than those at Oomkais do: two theatres are in the body of the city, and one below, near the bath, which Mr. Buckingham contrived not to see.

Gamala was situated on the lake of Gennazareth, and on the opposite side of it from Tarichea. The Hieromax cannot, therefore, have flowed near it, nor are hot springs any where spoken of as connected with it: we read little of any other edifices there except its walls. The vestiges of Gamala might be expected therefore to offer little besides a steep and fortified site. Such Mr. Bankes found them in one of his subsequent journeys, (not at Phik, where Dr. Seetzen had conjectured them to be, but) at El Hossn, a remarkable but abandoned position on the east side of the lake. The remains are considerable, but not splendid.

We cannot help feeling a sort of pity for a traveller who can have wandered through the singular sepulchres of Oomkais, and have bathed in its hot waters, unconscious that those were the *Tombs*, and this the *Bath of Gadara*. For doubtless it was among these very tombs that the Demoniac of the Gospel resided, and that our Lord performed his miracle; and in this very bath it is that the strange scene of incantation is laid in the *Life of Iamblicus*, by which he is said to have called up the spirits of Eros and Anteros; a circumstance which our traveller is so far from knowing, that he gravely asserts his own belief that baths near to Gadara are not mentioned by any author. (p. 434.) Had he but looked into one half of those whom he cites, without going any farther, he must have known better. Oomkais becomes thus a field of most interesting and varied associations; adorned by the rival of Cæsar, and, by a strange coincidence, the scene of one of the most remarkable miracles which the Gospel attests, and of one of the latest which paganism in its *dotage* pretended to. But all this was lost on Mr. Buckingham: for he, forsooth, supposed himself at Gamala! We might here safely have dismissed him,

did he not seek out one more opportunity for a blunder before he recrosses the Jordan, in boldly assuring us that Sumuk (Samek) is Tarichea. Tarichea it cannot possibly be, as it stands on the wrong part of the lake, and on the wrong side of the river,—for we must warn the reader that Samek is improperly placed on the map; it really lying a considerable distance EASTWARD from the issue of the river out of the lake, upon the very centre of the southern shore. It is a small modern village.

The real site of Tarichea Mr. Bankes both visited and mapped in another of his excursions; it lies as described by Josephus, both with respect to Tiberias and Gamala, and has now no inhabitants. It is a highly interesting fact with regard to it, that the trench which the Jewish general and historian dug, and has described, in order to insulate the city, can still be clearly traced, and is filled with the waters of the Jordan to this day when they rise. Other parts of Josephus's details of the Jewish war, Mr. Bankes was lucky enough to discover to be surprizingly illustrated at Tiberias; the walls built there by the historian remain, excepting precisely that part which we are told was razed at the back of the camp of Vespasian, which was near the hot springs of Emmaus:—But we are wandering from the matter before us; for it was not in this expedition that Mr. Bankes ascertained those points, and consequently Mr. Buckingham remained as ignorant of them as his precursors; had it been otherwise, all this would, doubtless, have made a part of Mr. Buckingham's pretensions to 'contribute (as he terms it) to the *common fund* of human knowledge.'

One word more upon Mr. Buckingham's plates, and we have done with him. The paragraph in which he announces them in his Preface is most warily drawn up. '*MANY of the vignettes are from original drawings made after sketches taken on the spot.*' (p. xx.) He carefully abstains from stating which of them, by whom made, and when: thus if his reader be deceived, the author has provided a retreat for his conscience, in not having hazarded the 'lie direct.' In a subsequent page we find the following burst of 'honest indignation' in his animadversions on the plates in an edition of Maundrel's journal. '*Some well-meaning friend, or some interested booksellers, subsequently caused these drawings to be composed from the printed descriptions and charts of the places they profess to represent, and thus embellished, they thought, while they really disgraced the book. This is the more probable, as no name is given either of the painter or engraver. Such a practice, however, cannot be too severely reprehended; as these plates only give false impressions, which are avowedly worse than none at all.*' Who would suppose it possible, after this, that

that 'no name should be given either of the painter or engraver' on any one of the plates in Mr. Buckingham's volume!—Yet so it is. As 'the practice,' however, is so 'reprehensible,' we will do him the kindness to mention that most of them are copies from the prints in Le Bruyn's *Travels*, published more than a century ago. These, then, are the vignettes *from original drawings, made after sketches taken on the spot*—whether by Mr. Buckingham in 1815, or by Le Bruyn in 1681, matters not, of course. It is true that this confusion of widely distant periods may lead to a few 'false impressions,' as, for instance, where Tyre (chap. ii.) is presented to us as a mere heap of ruins, (which it was when Le Bruyn visited it,) though it is now a flourishing place; or where Jaffa appears (p. 144.) as it then was, an open scattered village, though it is now a walled city; still, however, as it is probable that Le Bruyn's sketches were really made on the spot, Mr. Buckingham's word is saved! As to all the remaining views (which do not exceed three or four,) it is quite certain that *not one* of them was made upon the spot; though whether taken out of other books, or 'composed' in the manner the 'interested booksellers' (greatly to the scandal of our author) treated poor Mr. Maundrell, we cannot determine: the fraud, however, is as clumsy as it is gross, for had we never met with Le Bruyn, nor suspected our author to be no draughtsman, his own descriptions would have enabled us to pronounce that the views do not belong to his work.*

The map is D'Anville's, with all its errors; for it is one of the least correct of the productions of that extraordinary genius: and the ground-plans of Jerusalem are taken out of a translation of Josephus. Upon the whole, we are compelled to say of this dull and tiresome volume, which we have gone through with more care than it deserved, that the plates are worthy of the letter-press, and both of them, we verily believe, of the author.

'So much for Buckingham!'

ART. VI.—*The Art of instructing the Infant Deaf and Dumb.*

By John Pouncefort Arrowsmith. 8vo. London.

IT is difficult, if not impossible, at this time, to decide with certainty when or where the first experiment was made to instruct the deaf and dumb to utter articulate sounds. We may

* The very first vignette offers an amusing instance of this. In describing the vessel in which he had embarked, he says, 'small as it was, it HAD THREE masts;' he then enlarges upon the rigging and appearance of them, and boldly subjoins, 'See the vignette at the head of this chapter.'—p. 3. We accordingly turned to it, and found two vessels represented there, of which the *one* has *one mast only*, and the *other two*! It would be hard however to blame M. Le Bruyn for not having represented Mr. Buckingham's boat with fidelity.

believe, with the Abbé de l'Epée, that 'Amman invented this art in Holland, Bonnet in Spain, Wallis in England, and other learned and ingenious men in other countries, without having seen one another's works; and even further, that every skilful anatomist might, in his turn, become the inventor.'

But whoever is entitled to the credit of having first taught the art, there can be little or no doubt that the plan of communicating with the deaf and dumb through the medium of signs must have been of much earlier origin; since it is scarcely possible but that the use of manual and mimic symbols to express ideas must have occurred to the members of every family connected with them.

Whatever insulated or unconnected efforts, however, might have been previously made, to the late humane and ingenious Abbé de l'Epée must be ascribed the merit of having put in practice, to any beneficial extent, the first plan organized upon scientific principles. Without protection and without assistance he conceived the benevolent idea of founding an establishment for the purpose of instructing the deaf and dumb; and with the remnant which frugality and economy, pushed to the highest point of self-denial, enabled him to save from a very slender income, he overcame every obstacle. With 'a tenacity of purpose' which nothing could bend, he laid the foundation of an institution which will remain a lasting monument of his worth. It is, therefore, with feelings of unqualified displeasure we observe that pains have been taken to misrepresent the nature and object of the plan which he pursued, and to rob him of his well deserved applause.

The plan of the Abbé has been long before the public; but as the work in which it was detailed had become scarce, it is now republished, and forms by much the largest portion of the little volume before us. About one third of the book is occupied with a detail of the method pursued in educating Mr. Arrowsmith's brother who was born deaf and dumb. This account, highly interesting in itself, will, we trust, prove useful; and tend to dissipate the absurd and unfounded notions which have hitherto prevented any attempt to extend the benefits of regular instruction to deaf and dumb infants who have not the means of obtaining admission into the public institutions established for that purpose. It will convince the most prejudiced that a very competent share of instruction may be imparted to a deaf and dumb pupil by any teacher who undertakes the task with the talents and temper of an ordinary schoolmaster.

The editor's brother, now an artist of considerable merit, was at an early age sent, like other boys, to a common school; with a request, on the part of his mother, that he might be treated, in every respect, like the other children. The good old dame to whom

whom he was sent, exclaimed, 'How can he be taught his letters? He cannot hear.' 'True,' replied his mother, 'he cannot hear, but he can see. As you can do nothing with the ear, try what can be done with the eye. If he cannot make out the difference between the sound of *a* and that of *b*, you will acknowledge that he is as competent as any other child to distinguish the form of one from that of the other.' And this expectation was soon proved to be correct, to the astonishment of those who ridiculed the idea; 'for in a very little time, he knew the twenty-six letters, large and small, as well as any child in the school.' Then vanished all the difficulty; the dame and her wondering neighbours began to see, as his mother had predicted, that he would 'learn by the window his eyes, as well as any other child could by the door his ears.' 'At this school,' proceeds Mr. Arrowsmith, 'every child went up to his governess twice in the morning and afternoon. By constantly going up in the same manner, to look at the letters, he soon observed the difference between himself and the other children, by taking notice of their mouths; so that, at length, when the letters were pointed out to him for observation, he looked up to the governess, as much as to say, what is it? She endeavoured to gratify his curiosity and called the letters by their names as she pointed to them; and in a few months he learnt to pronounce the alphabet, in his own way, which he does to this day.'

'The moment he convinced his mother that he knew every letter, she got several sets of alphabetical counters, large and small, with which he was exercised, and taught the name of every thing he could see at home and at school. By these means he constantly gained information from his school-fellows without the knowledge of his mistress.'

To know the letters of the alphabet and to be able to articulate their names are, evidently, two very distinct acquisitions. Were we required to observe the features of twenty-six individuals, whom we had never seen before, we should soon be able to distinguish them one from the other, although we might continue still ignorant of their names. The same observation will hold good when applied to written characters. Children who hear and speak may be taught to utter the names of the letters in the alphabet without knowing them by sight. In the same manner children who are destitute of the sense of hearing may be instructed to know and discriminate them without being able to articulate their names. It is, therefore, perfectly clear that if the editor's brother had not learnt to utter the names of the letters, as he is said to have done, 'in his own way,' it could not have rendered his instruction either more difficult or more tedious: for it is by no means easy to understand how the utterance of their names could have facilitated

his subsequent improvement. As he was afterwards taught, it was an acquisition which could not have been, in any way, useful to him, since he never acquired, nor did he ever endeavour to acquire, the power of articulating many words or syllables.

It is impossible to believe that the mere capacity of uttering articulate sounds has any tendency, in itself, to promote the cultivation of the mental faculties of the deaf and dumb. The ideas of others can be communicated to them solely by the eye, and their endeavours to make themselves intelligible should, naturally, be directed towards that organ. Even by its warmest advocates the utterance of the deaf and dumb is recommended, principally, if not solely, as a desirable medium to enable them to convey their ideas to the minds of those who hear: but the use of signs and written characters, which they acquire with singular ease and dispatch, is a method of communication more satisfactory to themselves and much more agreeable to those who associate with them.

That the deaf and dumb who have never been taught to utter articulate sounds may acquire a perfect command of a system of written and manual signs is certain. The progress made by Mr. Arrowsmith places the fact beyond the reach of cavil: and the quickness and intelligence displayed by the pupils who accompanied the Abbé Sicard to England in 1815, must remove the doubts of the most sceptical. One of these pupils, Clerc, being asked by a lady, 'why young Godard was not so well instructed as he and his fellow-pupil Massieu,' instantly wrote down,

'Godard is still very young and his mind has not yet acquired a sufficient degree of maturity. Besides, it is not in so short a time that one can hope to reach a high degree of perfection. With patience and application, you will see him, one day I hope, capable of answering any questions you may be pleased to ask him.'

Massieu, another of these pupils, being asked by the same querist 'what a spoiled child meant,' answered thus:

'A spoiled child is a child whom his father and mother are fondling upon, instead of chastising him when he is deserving of it. Their ill understood fondness prevents him from receiving a good education, and he becomes a good-for-nothing fellow, often capable of being troublesome to society: Godard, for instance, has been a spoiled child. His parents entrusted him to my care, when he was yet young. As he was indolent and giddy, I wished to give him a little paternal correction, but they forbid my striking him. Seeing, however, that he was abusing their goodness, they became at length a little more severe, and since then Godard is grown with years a little wiser, and more reasonable, although he be, occasionally, a little lazy.'

These answers (not to questions previously suggested by the Abbé Sicard, but casual interrogatories put by one of the company) evidently

evidently show that, when properly attended to, the minds of the deaf and dumb may acquire a high degree of cultivation; for they exhibit an example of precision in the thinking faculty which would reflect no discredit on a boy who can both hear and speak, and who has enjoyed all the advantages of a liberal education. These pupils, it should be further remarked, had been educated at an establishment where the acquisition of utterance had been long laid aside as useless.

On this branch of instruction the sentiments and practice of the late Abbé de l'Épée were completely at variance with the system now pursued by those engaged in the tuition of the deaf and dumb. True it is, that in the early part of his undertaking, he was induced to employ considerable pains in endeavouring to teach them utterance; and his success, in this department, was not inferior to that of any of his more modern imitators. Experience, however, soon convinced him that the object gained by enabling them to utter articulate sounds was by no means an equivalent for the difficult and disagreeable nature of the task: he therefore relinquished entirely this part of his original plan, as adapted merely to amuse or astonish the ignorant.

We feel no hesitation in declaring that our sentiments upon this point perfectly coincide with those of the Abbé. We consider the pains taken in teaching the deaf and dumb the utterance of articulate sounds an absolute misapplication of the labour and patience of the instructor, and an unnecessary waste of the time and attention of the pupil. It is, therefore, with no ordinary degree of surprize we have learnt that the Abbé Sicard, (after long and successfully following the footsteps of his benevolent precursor,) has been persuaded to re-commence a process which he had discarded as useless. We are utterly at a loss for the motives which prevailed upon him to add this foolish branch to the system already pursued with so much advantage, in the establishment over which he presides. He may, perhaps, have been influenced by his visit to this island in 1815. We know, at least, that utterance is in high favour with the 'English school,' for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and that the change, to which we allude, did not take place in the French institution previously to the Abbé's return to his charge in the year above mentioned. But whatever motives may have produced an alteration, of which we cannot approve, we would earnestly request him to re-consider the subject. Let him endeavour to ascertain whether, within the space of time which has elapsed since this branch of instruction has been resumed, the progress of his pupils, in the acquisition of general information, has equalled their improvement within a period of equal length before this addition was made. If this inquiry be impartially conducted, we shall be greatly mis-

taken if the result be not a conviction that he has been misled by the sophistry of the Edinburgh school.

We are fully aware that, on this tender ground, we are at issue with the whole corps, both foreign and domestic, of those who are at present engaged in educating the deaf and dumb. If the question to be decided were the best and most efficient *mode* of instructing the deaf and dumb to utter articulate sounds, we would readily submit to the opinions of men more conversant than ourselves with the practical detail of tuition. But the point at issue is not, the manner in which the deaf and dumb may be best taught to articulate; but whether they should be taught to articulate at all—to the discussion of which we consider ourselves fully as competent, as the most experienced of those who are actually engaged in it.

There are many individuals who hear and speak, whose tones are so harsh and dissonant that, in our communications with them, we should scarcely lament the necessity of confining ourselves to the use of signs and written characters; and there is not one among the deaf and dumb who, by any degree of care and length of practice, acquires a melody and intonation of voice which can render his enunciation even tolerable. Their utterance is found, by experience, to be so disagreeable that it is seldom or never used out of the precincts of the establishments in which it is taught; add to this, that the contorsions of countenance with which it is accompanied, are of the most unpleasant kind: in many cases they completely mould the features to a peculiar cast; and the unnatural contour of face thus produced cannot fail to augment the pain already excited by the jarring and monotonous sound of the voice. For the truth of this we appeal, with confidence, to the friends of the pupils educated by the late Mr. Braidwood. After years of toil and torture they returned to their families with an acquisition not very agreeable to their acquaintance, and, confessedly, useless to themselves.

This gentleman has been greatly extolled by his associates, as the first person who, in England, practised, on any extended plan, the art of instructing the infant deaf and dumb. We feel no disposition to disparage his merits; nor have we any remark to make on the system which he pursued in teaching them the use of a manual and written alphabet. We must be permitted, however, to express our regret that he should ever have conceived it necessary to teach them utterance. We sincerely wish that he had permitted a deaf and dumb person using the organs of speech still to continue, in the words of our great lexicographer, 'a philosophical curiosity to amuse those who run after learned pigs and automatus chess-players.' His practice and that of the 'school' which he founded, has, by its unlucky industry, produced a re-action upon the continental

mental establishments where the art had disappeared which is now become in England a trading mystery.

But we most cordially hate such 'schools;' they are, too often, composed of second rate imitators who, generally, copy to the life the weak, the useless or the absurd parts of the systems sanctioned by the 'master:' the 'Braidwood school' is by no means exempt from this defect. Mr. Braidwood very successfully taught his pupils the use of a written and manual alphabet, and, through that natural medium, stored their minds with a large portion of various and useful information. In an evil hour, however, he clogged his plan with the unnecessary and cumbersome appendage of teaching them utterance. As might have been anticipated, 'the school' immediately fastened upon the appendage, as containing the essence of the plan, and through the medium of their encyclopedias, their annual reports and their harangues to periodical 'meetings of subscribers,' succeeded but too well in persuading the public that the science which they profess is a profitable and indispensable 'craft.' 'Observe,' they say, 'the progress which children make in our asylums where they are, invariably, taught to speak! Speech, therefore, must be the cause and instrument of the progress which has been made in instructing them.' Admirable logicians! Observe the progress which children make in establishments where they are, invariably, taught the art of carving in wood—carving in wood must, therefore, be the efficient cause of their mental improvement.

But the application of the labour of the instructor, and of the time of the pupil to an useless purpose, is far from being the worst consequence which results from this practice. It is attended with the much more serious effect of prolonging the deception which, to a great extent, has already imposed upon the public, namely, that the art of instructing the deaf and dumb is to be acquired only by an initiation into its mysteries under the direction of those who have been long and intimately conversant with its details. Whatever foundation may exist for such an opinion with reference to utterance, we are firmly convinced that to teach the deaf and dumb the use and application of written characters and manual signs is a simple and easy process which may be commenced under the eye of every intelligent mother who can write, and which may be completed under the superintendence of any ordinary schoolmaster, who will patiently devote a small share of his attention to the undertaking. We may even assert, without the least fear of overstating the facility, that there is scarcely a nursery-maid, that can read, who may not, in a few hours, be instructed how to teach them, by the aid of a few alphabetical counters, the written characters which represent every visible object.

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The use of a manual alphabet, an acquisition of the highest importance to the deaf and dumb, for the purpose of abridging their medium of communication, must, necessarily, be deferred to a later period. As soon, however, as the intellect has been sufficiently expanded to comprehend its nature it may easily be acquired under the direction of any instructor acquainted with its use: and every person connected with an individual destitute of the auditory sense should be able to converse with him by means of the hands and fingers. When these foundations have been well laid, the instructor may advance a step farther, and explain the signification of that class of expressions which describes the actions of the body or the feelings of the mind. To walk, to eat, to sleep, to laugh, to cry are expressions which they will instantly comprehend, if the teacher only observe Hamlet's advice to the players, and 'suit the action to the word.' The principal obstacle to the comprehension of abstract ideas will then have been removed; and experience sufficiently proves that the difficulty attending this part of their education appears much greater in speculation than it is found in practice.

To those who are still incredulous and feel an interest in the subject, we earnestly recommend the account which Mr. Arrow-smith gives of the plan adopted in educating his brother. And to render their conviction more certain—let them try the plan which he details. There are few neighbourhoods in which, unfortunately, a subject may not be found for such a purpose. Let him be regularly sent to any village school with other children. Let him be treated, in all respects, like them, and we venture to predict that it will be even impossible to prevent him from acquiring the knowledge of a medium which may enable him to converse with his youthful associates. The mind is fully as active and vigorous in the one as it is in the other; and the curiosity of a deaf and dumb child, being strongly excited by the objects which attract his attention he can hardly fail to devise some means of obtaining from his companions the information which he wishes to procure.

We are perfectly convinced that the deaf and dumb might be admitted, with peculiar advantages, into seminaries in which children who hear and speak receive their instruction. The efforts which would be made by the latter class of pupils to explain their ideas to their less fortunate associates would, in the end, prove highly beneficial even to themselves. It is well known that children frequently acquire a knowledge of words without comprehending the ideas of which they are representatives. A constant association with the deaf and dumb, would impose upon them the necessity of acquiring a precise conception of the words which they used, for the purpose of making them intelligible to their young companions.

The advantages which would, inevitably, result from this admixture would be, therefore, mutual and would much more than counterbalance any imaginary excess of skill which a teacher who confines himself to the sole instruction of the deaf and dumb may be supposed to possess. The admission of deaf and dumb pupils into establishments now exclusively devoted to the reception of those who can hear and speak, could, by no possibility, retard the progress of the latter, while it would greatly facilitate the instruction of the former. Were the intercourse of the deaf and dumb to be confined, in after-life, to persons labouring under a similar misfortune, separate establishments for their education would be recommended by reasons much more cogent than any which can be urged in their favour while it is remembered that, when they leave these institutions, they must converse principally, if not exclusively, with persons who hear and speak.

The deaf and dumb acquire, by long practice, an astonishing readiness to understand a person speaking to them, by observing the motion of his lips. Bishop Burnet, in one of his letters, mentions the case of a daughter of Mr. Goddy, minister of St. Gervais, in Geneva. 'At two years old,' he says, 'it was perceived that she had lost her hearing, and ever since, though she hears great noises, yet hears nothing of what is said to her; but by observing the motion of the lips and mouths of others, she acquired so many words, that out of these she has formed a sort of jargon in which she can hold conversation, whole days, with those who can speak her language. She knows nothing of what is said to her, unless she sees the motion of their lips that speak to her: one thing will appear the strangest part of the whole narrative. She has a sister with whom she has practised her language more than with anybody else, and in the night, by laying her hands on her sister's mouth, she can perceive by that what she says, and so can discourse with her in the dark.'

The case of this young person affords a striking proof of the extreme perfection which one of the senses may attain when it becomes the sole organ of communication, and the whole attention of the individual becomes, consequently, directed towards its improvement. It is an universal law of nature that every muscular power increases in proportion to the degree of exertion to which it has been applied. The brawny arms of the blacksmith, the powerful neck of the porter, supply us with conclusive evidence of this fact. The observation is no less correct when made of the senses. The length of range which a constant and necessary habit of looking out for distant objects gives to the visual powers of the sailor; the discrimination and nicety of sight which the search for game gives to the poacher, the gamekeeper, or even the well

well trained esquire, are perfections for which we shall look, in vain, in the weaver or grocer. In blind people, the touch acquires a degree of fineness and perfection which, we are assured, enables them to distinguish colours; and the olfactory nerves of some persons are rendered, by use, so efficient as to enable them without difficulty to resolve 'the rankest compound of villanous smell' into the simples of which it is composed.

If it be then a fact, established by uniform experience, that, by closely attending to the motion of the lips of those who address them, the deaf and dumb are enabled to make out, with precision, every word which is uttered; if, as in the instance mentioned by Bishop Burnet, practice renders them capable of distinguishing, by the eye, every syllable of the words spoken to them, it is evident that the greatest attention should be paid to a branch of instruction which they will find in the highest degree useful. As far as relates to the conception of the notions of others, it is an effective and almost a complete substitute for the sense of hearing. It is also undeniable that Institutions open for the exclusive instruction of such pupils are not the most favourable situations in which their capacity may be acquired and improved. This invaluable faculty can be cultivated to the best advantage only in seminaries where they are educated along with others, who hear; as it is the result of a minute and constant attention to the motion of the lips of those who speak.

This subject, highly interesting to every member of society, prefers peculiar claims to the attention of those who are, professionally, engaged in educating the young. With little additional trouble they may derive considerable emolument from adding the deaf and dumb to the pupils whom they already instruct. If parents were once convinced that they possess, at their own doors, establishments in which these unfortunate children may receive all the advantages of regular instruction, even with more facility than they can be taught at the most celebrated seminaries, opened exclusively for the reception of the deaf and dumb, it would relieve their minds from the intense anxiety and regret which must be excited by the necessity of sending them, during their most helpless infancy, to places far removed from personal inspection.

The expensive character of these establishments places them beyond the reach of a large portion of those who are destitute of hearing. We believe our calculation to be rather under than above the real amount, if we state the average annual charge for each pupil at one hundred pounds. If it should be estimated at only one half of that sum, it would, practically, be found as effectual a bar to the general education of deaf and dumb children as an annual expenditure of five times that amount. If some mea-

tures be not, therefore, taken to educate these children at our ordinary schools, a deficiency of pecuniary means will, for ever, deprive them of the benefits arising from systematic instruction.

The asylum established, in 1807, in the Kent Road, provides for the gratuitous education of two hundred deaf and dumb orphans and paupers; but the periodical applicants for admission greatly exceed the number which can actually be received. In a report, issued, in July, 1820, by the committee appointed for managing this establishment, the subscribers are informed that the admissions, on the average, have amounted to between forty and fifty, within each year; yet the applications have much increased. At the election, in January, 1820, a list of ninety-five candidates was presented to the governors, out of which they were under the painful necessity of electing only twenty-five, though all seemed to have powerful, if not equal, claims to their notice. An examination of this Report will show that a defect in the organs of hearing is a misfortune of much more frequent occurrence than it is generally imagined to be. From a statement given by the committee, the public will learn with surprize that among those who have applied to this charitable institution for relief are to be found twenty-four families, which contain no fewer than eighty-seven children deaf and dumb. We shall extract some of their names:

William Coleman, with eleven children, of whom five are deaf and dumb.

David Thomson, with ten children, five deaf and dumb.

George Franklin, with eight children, five deaf and dumb.

Silas Vokins, with seven children, five deaf and dumb.

Fourteen families, with three children, in each, deaf and dumb.

The greater number of the successful applicants for admission into this asylum are natives of the metropolis, or of the adjoining counties. The difficulty and uncertainty of securing admission to an establishment in which the vacancies are so few when compared with the number of candidates, prevent the very numerous cases of deafness among the poor, resident at a distance, from attracting any attention. Their friends and neighbours, having been taught to believe that no endeavours, for that purpose, can prove successful, make no attempt to alleviate their calamity. A large proportion of these unfortunate objects are thus, for ever, excluded from the advantages of regular instruction.

Experience too frequently shows, that injudicious charity injures even the object which excites it; and with every feeling of respect for the motives which actuate the patrons and supporters of the institution in the Kent Road, we must be allowed to express a strong doubt, whether it be consistent with the maxims of sound policy, that children who, in after-life, must maintain themselves by manual exertion, should receive their education

education at such an establishment. We are inclined to fear that the well lodged and highly fed pupils of this asylum may acquire feelings and habits which will not tend to render them peculiarly contented with their subsequent destinations. It is impossible to inflict upon the young a greater injury, than to habituate them to indulgences, to which, at a later period, they can only look back with unavailing regret. The thrifty fare and hard lodging of the cottage, we consider an useful and indispensable training for the privations to which its future occupant must inevitably submit. An asylum in which the pupils are boarded cannot therefore be the most appropriate place for the education of housemaids, of mechanics, and of ploughmen.

The national metropolitan schools, conducted upon Dr. Bell's plan, are open, not only for the instruction of children, but likewise for the reception of young men who may be sent thither in order to become practically acquainted with the details of a system of tuition which they may afterwards introduce into other seminaries. We earnestly submit it to the consideration of the governors of the asylum for the gratuitous instruction of the deaf and dumb poor, whether this establishment might not be opened, with great advantage, for a similar purpose. A residence for two months at this institution would, we are almost certain, enable any young person of ordinary capacity to acquire a competent knowledge of the system there pursued. It would not, surely, be unreasonable, to require of all the teachers of the national schools, at least in populous districts, a preparation which would qualify them to undertake the instruction of the deaf and dumb with the other children of the more indigent classes. Our common seminaries might then become available for educating the children of parents in better circumstances. This would relieve the public from the enormous additional expense, at present necessarily incurred in boarding as well as instructing them; and it would save the pupils themselves from the danger, by no means imaginary, of contracting tastes and habits, inconsistent, as we have said, with their subsequent situations. If opulent individuals, to whom the expense is no object, give the preference to institutions exclusively devoted to the instruction of the deaf and dumb, let their wishes by all means be gratified. Schools of this description will always offer to caprice or prejudice, in favour of the occult system of instructing the deaf and dumb, the means of ample indulgence.

But although the adoption of a system which involves an enormous waste of time and money may be overlooked in private seminaries, it is not entitled to similar forbearance at establishments supported by public contribution. We have a right, nay we feel it a duty, to remonstrate against the continuance of a system
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which necessarily absorbs funds, amply sufficient for the instruction of the whole body of the deaf and dumb, in educating a small proportion of these unfortunate objects; and which, by extending and perpetuating the delusion already prevalent, that their instruction requires the application of some mysterious science, is productive of the still more mischievous effect, of consigning those who are unsuccessful in applying for admittance into this asylum, to the misery of hopeless ignorance. The sums now lavished on two hundred pupils at this establishment, would amply provide for the instruction of twenty times that number in ordinary schools.

The 'doctors' now engaged in educating the deaf and dumb will, probably, oppose the modification of the system here recommended; as this extension of the plan must diminish, very considerably, the value and importance of their 'craft.' Our appeal to them is, therefore, made with much hesitation and doubt. To obtain their concurrence in the alterations which we propose, we feel that two very formidable obstacles to any improvement must be removed.—A sense of duty must first triumph over the suggestions of interest and prejudice. But to the managers and governors of our great national establishments,—to the active and benevolent characters, whose zeal in the diffusion of knowledge has rendered them conspicuous, we appeal with the confident anticipation of a favourable result. And at the head of the public and private seminaries, scattered throughout the kingdom, will be found individuals whose benevolence will prompt them to make an attempt which their ingenuity and perseverance cannot fail to render successful.

Writers upon this subject have, generally, represented deafness as a greater and more irremediable calamity than blindness. But we need only close our eyes, to be convinced that such a notion has no foundation in reason; nor is it supported by experience. There are no ideas, except that of sound, which the deaf and dumb may not acquire with as much correctness and precision as those who hear. The ear, however useful as the instrument of communication, has less to do with the direct acquisition of ideas than any of the other organs of sense; and in promoting this end there is none so instrumental as the eye. What idea can a blind person form, for instance, of a cloud or of a castle? of a mill or a mountain? The impression which these and other material objects make upon the blind must, at all times, be indistinct, and not infrequently erroneous. One glance of the eye will give to the deaf and dumb truer conceptions of such objects, than the most laboured and minute oral descriptions can ever impart to the blind.

It may be further observed, that there are but few active, and perhaps not many sedentary occupations, in which the blind may be

be successfully engaged. With the exception, however, of the very few arts which require the immediate use of hearing, there is none in which the deaf and dumb may not be employed with as much satisfaction to themselves and advantage to the public, as the most ingenious and industrious of those who both see and hear.

The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Chippendale of Winwick, will likewise show that the deaf and dumb are not even excluded from the pleasures arising from music.

‘Some years back, probably five or six, a young gentleman of the name of Arrowsmith, a member of the Royal Academy at Somerset House, came down into this county, and resided some months at Winnington, in the exercise of his profession as a miniature and portrait painter. He was quite deaf, so as to be entirely dumb. He had been taught to write, and wrote an elegant hand, in which he was enabled to express his own ideas with facility; he was also able to read and understand the ideas of others expressed in writing. It will scarcely be credited that a person thus circumstanced should be fond of music; but this was the fact in the case of Mr. Arrowsmith. He was at a gentleman’s glee club, of which I was president at that time, and, as the glees were sung, he would place himself near some article of wooden furniture, or a partition, door or window shutter, and would fix the extreme end of his finger nails, which he kept rather long, upon the edge of some projecting part of the wood, and there remain until the piece under performance was finished, all the while expressing, by the most significant gestures, the pleasure he experienced from the perception of musical sounds. He was not so much pleased with a solo, as with a pretty full clash of harmony; and if the music was not very good, or, I should rather say, if it was not correctly executed, he would show no sensation of pleasure. But the most extraordinary circumstance in this case is, that he was most evidently delighted with those passages in which the composer displayed his science in modulating the different keys. When such passages happened to be executed with precision, he could scarcely repress the emotions of pleasure which he received, within any bounds; for the delight he evinced seemed to border on extacy.

‘This was expressed most remarkably at our club, when the glee was sung with which we often conclude; it is by Stevens, and begins with the words “Ye spotted snakes,” from Shakspeare’s *Midsummer Night’s Dream*. In the second stanza, on the words, “Weaving spiders come not here,” there is some modulation of the kind above alluded to, and here Mr. Arrowsmith would be in raptures, such as would not be exceeded by any one who was in immediate possession of the sense of hearing.’

It is highly expedient that every deaf and dumb child should be subjected to the careful examination of some practitioner of undoubted skill and experience, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature and seat of this defect. Where deafness proceeds from a defect

defect in the auditory nerve, it must be evident, that no effort of art can succeed in removing it; but where it arises from the mal-conformation or the obstruction of the internal structure of the ear, it is then frequently within the reach of skill and ingenuity. The pupils admitted into the eleemosynary asylum in the Kent Road, are, we doubt not, thoroughly examined by the eminent surgeons connected with that establishment; but we cannot help entertaining some hopes that many cases of deafness may exist among the poor, in distant situations, which might be remedied by professional skill.

At the hazard of being thought tedious, we have thus endeavoured to call the attention of our readers to a subject, which we consider of no ordinary importance; and if our sentiments on this question be not erroneous, we feel *confident*, that the good sense of the public will rescue the deaf and dumb from the schemes and systems of quacks and projectors. The supposition that their instruction requires the aid and application of a mysterious art, acts like some predictions that are the cause of their own accomplishment. To point out, therefore, the practicability of instructing them in ordinary schools, or even in private families, must be the first step towards freeing the public mind from a delusion which has been upheld and propagated with no common industry. As long as the relatives and connexions of the deaf and dumb are impressed with a belief, that they can be educated only in public institutions, established for that purpose, no private effort to impart instruction to them will ever be made. But let them be once persuaded that the obstacles which, apparently, impede the conveyance of information, may be overcome by a little patience and perseverance, and their feelings of commiseration and affection will soon render them eager and expert in removing or in alleviating a misfortune which fills them with regret.

ART. VII.—*Mémoires du Duc de Lauzun*. Octavo, pp. 400.
Paris, 1822.

WE had hoped to be spared the necessity of noticing this publication. While its scandal was confined to its original language, we gladly left to the French critics the exposure of its fraud, and the chastisement of its indecency; but we see that a translation is advertised, and we hasten to warn our readers against it.

A genuine and impartial life of the Duke de Biron (called, during his grandfather's life, the Duc de Lauzun) might be amusing, and would certainly be instructive. After having by his follies and his vices disgraced his family, degraded his rank, and insulted the

laws of his country, this hopeful personage turned patriot, and met a kindred spirit in the infamous *Egalité*. We need not add that this roué of the old court became a radical reformer, and laboured in the revolutionary vineyard with a zeal worthy, and just worthy, of such a patron and of such a cause. He had served a little and obscurely in America;—but to have fought against a king was sufficient to entitle him to the honours of the republican armies, and he was accordingly, on the overthrow of the French monarchy, employed in the North, and in La Vendée; but citizen Biron was as bad a soldier as he was a subject,—he was unsuccessful every where; in the field he was baffled by the Vendéans, and in the council undermined by the Jacobins; and, after a campaign of a few months in La Vendée, recalled, to suffer at the age of forty-six, in the Place de la Révolution, a death which may be called unjust, because he was not guilty of the love of royalty, of which he was accused; but in another view he eminently deserved his fate—for he perished by the tyranny which he had himself helped to establish; he died not merely unregretted, but almost unnoticed; his youth had been profligate,—his manhood was base,—and his end was contemptible. An useful lesson might—we repeat—be derived from an authentic account of such a life. But there is every reason to believe, that the volume before us is an infamous forgery, in which some anonymous author assumes the mask of the Duke of Biron to give a history of the intrigues and gallantries of his youth. This is done with the grossest impudence; and the names of ladies at full length, without disguise, and with details only fit for the history of a brothel, are prostituted to the vanity of this supposed Duc de Lauzun. We will not extend the mischief we reprobate by mentioning any of the names: but we have taken the supererogatory pains of ascertaining, by a comparison of dates as well as other circumstances, that a large proportion, at least, of the facts alleged are absolutely false.

In scandal, as in the misfortunes of others, such is the infirmity of our nature, we regret to say, there is too often something '*qui ne nous déplaît pas*;' but in the scandal of the '*Mémoires de Lauzun*' we can honestly assure our readers, that the most depraved appetite will find no amusement,—they are as dull as they are profligate; and like wet straw, or Lady Morgan's '*Italy*,' stifle the flame which they are designed to kindle.

At the first hasty perusal of the work, we were struck, even on the internal evidence, with a conviction of its being a forgery. We then, as we have said, took the trouble of trying its veracity by some external proof, and the result increased our suspicion. M. de Biron may have written Memoirs, and they would probably, judging from his character, be vain and indiscreet; but badly as

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we think of him, both as a public and a private man, we cannot persuade ourselves that he could have been guilty of such an atrocity as is now published under his name. Our disbelief has been fortified by what has passed in France on this subject. M. Salgues, a respectable man of letters, has very properly stated, in the public prints, some curious circumstances which had come to his knowledge, and which tend to expose this fraud:—

‘A great literary scandal has occurred. The Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun are publicly sold in defiance of all morality, and of all decency towards the most respectable persons and families.

‘Under Buonaparte’s government this publication was attempted in vain. Buisson, a bookseller, had purchased a copy, made by an almost illiterate hand. He consulted me about it. I answered that an honest man would degrade himself by publishing such a work.

‘I do not know how the government of the day got hold of the manuscript, but it happened to be again referred to me as censor; and I declared that I never would approve the publication of so infamous a libel. M. Lacretelle was, on my refusal, consulted, and made, I believe, the same answer. In the mean time, the Duc of Rovigo, (M. Savary, Minister of Police,) having heard that the manuscript was in circulation, sent for Buisson, and said that he wished to purchase it. M. Buisson delivered the manuscript to the minister, who gave him a receipt for it, and directed a friend to treat about the price; but this never was arranged, and Buisson died without getting either his money or his manuscript.

‘In 1818, having heard that it was about to be printed, I communicated to M. Hue all the details of this odious intrigue, and the impression did not take place.

‘How has this manuscript, if it be the same, got out of the hands of the Duc of Rovigo? Of course he only wanted to buy it in order to prevent the publication. From whom has the present publisher received it? These are questions which require some explanation.

‘Finally, the manuscript which I saw was a rough copy, which seemed to me to have been altered and falsified, and the style was so much below that of a gentleman, that I could not but suspect the whole to be a fabrication.’

To this M. Savary (who still, we observe, calls himself the Duke of Rovigo) replies by a letter curious, as our readers will see, for more reasons than one.

‘What M. Salgues says is *quite true*: I became (*je me suis rendu*) the *proprietor* of the manuscript, and I was informed that the genuine Memoirs of M. de Lauzun were in the possession of a person incapable of making a bad use of them. I looked upon the manuscript in question as the production of a vicious mind, and I did not therefore think fit to give the dangerous example of compensating the fabricator of such a production.’

We pause here a moment to admire the scrupulous morality of the

the Sieur Savary. This Minister of Police '*se rend propriétaire*,' he makes himself the owner of the manuscript, by getting possession of it on *pretence* of purchasing it; and satisfied with this kind of ownership, his morality will not allow him to pay the price of so infamous an article. 'This is just such morality, such justice, and such reasoning as we are prepared to expect from Buonaparte's Minister of Police; but we will just observe, that however unwilling M. Savary might be to reward the *author* of the libel, we see no reason why he should have cheated the poor *bookseller*, who was certainly not the author, and who appears to have behaved with great propriety in the whole affair. M. Savary, however, proceeds to tell us how he dealt with the manuscript.

'I nevertheless submitted it to the Commission of Censorship, which was established near me. I have been often indebted to these gentlemen for having guided me to proper measures, and in this case they condemned the manuscript, which was thenceforward classed with other works of a similar nature in its proper place, in the archives of my office.'

This looks as if Savary, after having seized the manuscript as unfit for publication, made some attempt to publish it—probably on his own account. This, it would seem, he was prevented from doing by the *Commission of Censorship*, which was one of the appendages of the police office. He goes on—

'M. Salgues wonders, and the world may well wonder with him, that this manuscript should have got out of my possession. To this I answer, the manuscript was not in my hands; it was in the archives of my office, which were delivered over to my successor. It will, I think, be admitted, that when I left Paris, at the end of March 1814, I had something else to think of than burning M. de Lauzun's Memoirs; and I own that the last work I should have expected to see published after the restoration would be the work of M. de Lauzun; and now its publication is to me incomprehensible, and could not have been accomplished if the interests of public morals had been sufficiently guarded. During all my administration, I never ceased to struggle against such abuses of the press; and this new instance proves how necessary some repressive legislation on this point has become.'—
'Honest, honest Iago!'

No doubt can, we think, remain that the work now offered as the '*Mémoires de Lauzun*' is a fraud. M. Savary, we observe, alludes to 'genuine memoirs in the possession of persons who will make no *improper use* of them.' This phrase, and the character of the unhappy Biron himself, lead us to conjecture that his genuine memoirs may be very discreditable to him and to others; and it is not impossible—indeed M. Salgues seems to suspect—that these spurious memoirs are rather alterations and falsifications than an absolute forgery: but whether they are a complete fabrication, or
only

only a partial falsification, they are equally stupid, immoral, and indecent; and we trust that the person who has been so ill advised as to translate them will find his speculation disappointed. The women of England will not look into such a book; and, thank Heaven! no book can have any vogue which is disavowed by them.

ART. VIII.—*A Journal of Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America, between the 47th and 58th degrees of North Latitude, extending from Montreal nearly to the Pacific Ocean; including an Account of the Principal Occurrences, during a Residence of Nineteen Years, in different Parts of the Country, &c. &c.* By D. W. Harmon, a Partner in the North-west Company. Andover, Vermont, North America. 1820.

WE always take up with peculiar pleasure the labours of travellers which open to our view new countries and new people. The little volume now before us (the only copy, we believe, in England) does this; though it by no means justifies the expectations held out in the *lengthy* title-page, about one-half of which we have suppressed: but we are the more desirous of introducing into our Journal the new matter which it contains, as it happens to relate to that particular portion of the north-western regions of North America, to which we alluded, (p. 345.) as likely to become a subject of discussion, unless priority of discovery, and an uninterrupted civil, and military possession for the last fifteen years, shall be admitted to be sufficient grounds for establishing our claim to the territory in question.

The author (Mr. Harmon) has spent nineteen years in the North-west Company's service, eight and a half of which were passed beyond the Rocky Mountains, and between them and the Pacific; and being a plain, unaffected, unambitious, and, withal, a pious man, we consider his statements to be entitled to implicit credit. Some of our readers, perhaps, may be inclined to call his piety in question on perusing the following paragraph, which has the merit at least of great naiveté:—it should be added, however, that the transaction took place when, to use his own words, 'he was ignorant of his lost condition by nature, and of the necessity of being clothed in a better righteousness than his own;' and that, after instructing the amiable squaw in the principles of the Christian religion, he made her 'an honest woman.'

'This day a Canadian's daughter, a girl of about fourteen years of age, was offered to me; and after mature consideration, concerning the step which I ought to take, I have finally concluded to accept of her, as it is customary for all gentlemen, who remain for any length of time in this part of the world, to have a female companion, with whom they can pass their time more socially and agreeably, than to live a lonely

life, as they must do if single. If we can live in harmony together, my intention now is to keep her as long as I remain in this uncivilized part of the world; and when I return to my native land, I shall endeavour to place her under the protection of some honest man, with whom she can pass the remainder of her days in this country, much more agreeably than it would be possible for her to do were she taken down into the civilized world,—to the manners, customs, and language of which she would be an entire stranger. Her mother is of the tribe of the *Snare* Indians, whose country lies along the Rocky Mountains.”—p. 150.

That such a custom should prevail among men totally secluded from all society, scattered thinly over a territory of many thousand miles in extent, covered with endless forests, intersected by immense rivers, half occupied with large lakes, interminable to the view,—shut up sometimes for months together—is not surprising, whatever may be thought of it by a rigid moralist. The consequence, however, of these connections is, that in the numerous and dispersed establishments of the North-west Company, there are from twelve to fifteen hundred women and children, who, from a feeling of humanity which cannot be too highly commended, are taken care of by them, when those who ought to be their natural protectors have left the country, and returned to society. In addition to these are also found, at all their establishments, many superannuated Canadians, who having spent the flower of their days in the service of the Company, and having nothing to attach them to the civilized world, continue with their families under their protection, and are liberally supplied by them with all the necessities of life. Missions and schools are, we believe, not only in contemplation, but in progress; and we trust that the persons employed in the conduct of these important concerns, will not, for an instant, lose sight of the absolute necessity of enforcing habits of industry, and of subduing as much as possible that rambling propensity of the native Indians, to whom they are closely allied. This mode of life must, in fact, cease, as the clothing and subsistence, which were derived from the chase, are every year rendered more difficult and precarious, as population increases, and the wild animals become more scarce. The climate, it is true, is not very favourable for agricultural pursuits; but, intensely cold as the winters prove, the summers are dry and warm; and barley will ripen, and potatoes and many of the ordinary kind of vegetables thrive pretty well, at the most unpromising of the settlements. The union of the Hudson’s Bay and the North-west Companies will greatly facilitate the cultivation of the country, which, we understand, is even now in a flourishing condition at the Red River settlement, established by the genius and enterprize of the late Lord Selkirk.

No spurious race however has yet grown up behind the Rocky Mountains, where alone our present business lies. Here the natives still wander about in primitive simplicity; unconscious, till a few adventurous North Britons, not many years ago, made their appearance among them, of the existence of other human beings besides themselves; or of lands, lakes, and rivers, beyond the rocky ridge which bounds their territory on the one side, and the Great Water on the other. Of this territory and its native inhabitants, we now proceed to sketch an imperfect outline from the scanty materials afforded us by Mr. Harmon.

The descent of the Peace River through a deep chasm in the Rocky Mountains first opened a passage to the adventurers above-mentioned, into the unexplored country behind them, to which they gave the name of New Caledonia,—a name however which, being already occupied by the Australasians, might advantageously be changed to that of *Western Caledonia*. This passage lies in lat. $56^{\circ} 30'$. Mackenzie had crossed the rocky chain many years before in lat. $54\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and descended a large river flowing to the southward, named Tacoutche Tesse, which he conceived to be the Columbia; but it is now known to empty itself about Birch's Bay of Vancouver, in lat. 49° ; whereas the mouth of the Columbia lies in $46^{\circ} 15'$. Another river, (called the Caledonia,) holding a parallel course to the Tacoutche Tesse, falls into the sea near the Admiralty Inlet of Vancouver, in lat. 48° , and forms a natural boundary between the new territory and that of the United States, falling in precisely with a continued line on the same parallel with the Lake of the Woods, and leaving about two degrees of latitude between it and the Columbia. Its northern boundary may be taken in lat. 57° , close to the southernmost of the Russian settlements. The length therefore will be about 550, and the breadth, from the mountains to the Pacific, from 300 to 350 geographical miles.

The height of the passage is estimated at not more than 1000 feet; but the two cheeks are so lofty, as to be generally (Mr. Harmon says *perpetually*) covered with snow. The river is not very rapid; few falls occur, and the portage is not more than twelve miles. Two branches, one from the north, the other from the south, unite at the mouth of the passage; the latter having held its course along the foot of the mountains about two hundred miles; the former, or Finlay's branch, having its source in the Musk-quasaky-e-gun, or the Great Bear's Lake, nearly west from the junction, at the distance, as is supposed, of 150 miles. This lake has not yet been visited, but it is represented as of an immense extent, stretching far away to the northward and the westward.

The whole of this vast country is in fact so intersected with rivers and lakes, that Mr. Harmon thinks one-sixth part of its sur-

face may be considered as water. The largest of the latter yet visited is named Stuart's Lake, and is supposed to be about 400 miles in circumference. A post has been established on its margin in lat. $54^{\circ} 30'$ N. long. 125° W. Fifty miles to the westward of this is Frazer's Lake, about eighty or ninety miles in circumference: here, too, a post was established in 1806. A third, of sixty or seventy miles in circumference, has been named M'Leod's Lake, on the shore of which a fort has been built, in lat. 55° N. long. 124° W. The waters of this lake fall into the Peace River; those flowing out of the other two are supposed to empty themselves into the Pacific, and are probably the two rivers pointed out by Vancouver, near Port Essington, as we had occasion to observe in a former article. The immense quantities of salmon which annually visit these two lakes leave no doubt whatever of their communication with the Pacific; and the absence of this fish from M'Leod's Lake makes it almost equally certain that its outlet is not into that ocean. The river flowing out of Stuart's Lake passes through the populous tribes of the Nate-ote-tains, who say that white people come up in large boats to trade with the *A-te-nas*, (a nation dwelling between them and the sea,) which was fully proved by the guns, iron pots, cloth, tar, and other articles found in their possession.

Most of the mountains of Western Caledonia are clothed with timber trees to their very summits, consisting principally of spruce and other kinds of fir, birch, poplar, aspin, cypress, and, generally speaking, all those which are found on the opposite side of the Rocky Mountains. The large animals, common to North America, such as buffaloes, elks, moose, reindeer, bears, &c. are not numerous in this new territory; but there is no scarcity of the beaver, otter, wolverine, martin, foxes of different kinds, and the rest of the fur animals, any more than of wolves, badgers, and polecats. Fowls, also, of all the descriptions found in North America, are plentiful in Western Caledonia; cranes visit them in prodigious numbers, as do swans, bustards, geese and ducks.

A small animal, peculiar to the Rocky Mountains, is noticed by Mr. Harmon. It is called by the natives, *quis-qui-su*, or the whistler, from the noise it makes, when surprized. Its size is that of the common badger, it has a long bushy tail, and is covered with a beautiful coat of silver-grey hair. It burrows in the ground and feeds on roots and herbs; the flesh is considered as a great delicacy, and the skin is used for clothing.

The temperature is higher than in the same parallels on the eastern side of the mountains. 'The weather,' Mr. Harmon says, 'is not severely cold, except for a few days in the winter, when the mercury is sometimes as low as 32° below zero;' on the opposite side, in the same degree of latitude, it is frequently from 40° to 50° below

50° below zero. The summer is pleasant, never too warm by day, nor too cold at night; it is stated, however, that there is frost, more or less, in every month of the year, and that snow lies on the ground from the middle of November to the middle of May.

The natives of Western Caledonia name themselves *Tâ-cullies*, (i. e. water-travellers,) from the circumstance of their passing in canoes from one village to another. The men are of the middle stature and well made; but the women are generally short and thick, having their lower limbs disproportionately large. In their houses, food, and dress, they are not over cleanly. The skins of the beaver, badger, hare, and the smaller animals, cut into narrow strips and plaited together into a kind of cloak, serve them for clothing. In addition to this, the women wear an apron of deer or salmon's skin, twelve or eighteen inches broad, and reaching nearly to the knee.

In summer, the men frequently go without any covering. Those about the stations were induced to wear a kind of breech-cloth; but so little, says Mr. Harmon, is their sense of delicacy, that 'if one day it be seen in its proper place, the next it will probably be wrapt about their heads, or around their necks.' Both sexes perforate the cartilage of the nose, from which the men suspend small pieces of brass or copper; but the young women run a wooden pin through it, on each end of which they fix a shell-bead, of about an inch and a half in length, and about the thickness of the stem of a common tobacco pipe. These beads are brought to them by the *A-te-nâs*, and constitute a sort of circulating medium, twenty of them being made to represent the value of a beaver's skin. The young women wear their hair long, and paint their faces with a kind of red ochre. If they can procure European beads, they tie them in a bunch to the end of a lock of hair, behind each ear.

As their subsistence is chiefly derived from the water, their nets are excellent; they are made by the women of the inner bark of the willow, spun into a strong cordage, and sometimes of the nettle; the latter are chiefly used for taking the smaller kinds of fish. About the beginning of April, the fishing commences on the smaller lakes, which afford them trout, carp, &c. On these they subsist for two or three months, and when the season is over, return to their villages, and pick up various herbs, roots, and berries, which they eat with their dried fish. This serves them till about the middle of August, when the salmon make their appearance in incredible quantities. They pass the lakes, ascend the streams which fall into them, and sometimes run to such a height, that the water becoming shallow below prevents their descent, in which case they are left to perish in such numbers, as to infect the atmosphere for a considerable distance around. On their first appearance all the natives leave their

their huts, men, women, and children, screaming out, 'the salmon are come—the salmon are come!' and immediately set about taking them for their winter's store. The usual mode of catching them is by throwing a dam across the river, and placing wicker baskets of great size, the entrance of which is a cone pointing inwards, like that of a mousetrap, to receive the fish. Four or five hundred are frequently caught at a time in one of these baskets. The employment of the women and children is to gut, and hang them by the tails on poles to dry. After a day or two, they are taken down, split open, and again hung in the open air for about a month, when they are found to be sufficiently dried to keep for several years. The pike, which is so common in all the lakes on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, is not known in the western territory; but to make amends for its absence, they have plenty of the finest sturgeon in the world. Mr. Harmon says that a fish of 250 pounds is not at all uncommon; that he saw one caught in Frazer's Lake of twelve feet two inches in length, and four feet eleven inches in circumference, which must have weighed from 550 to 600 pounds.

The various quadrupeds which abound in this part of America are used as well for food as for clothing; they are caught in strong nets made of thongs, or shot with arrows, or taken in traps made of large pieces of wood, which are so set as to fall and crush them, while nibbling at the bait. The bear and the beaver are considered as the most valuable of these animals, and are served up at the feasts which they make in memory of their deceased relatives. Berries of various kinds form an essential part of their food, which they preserve by placing them in layers with heated stones, in vessels made of the bark of the spruce fir, and squeezing them into cakes and leaving them to dry;—in this state they are eaten with oil extracted from the salmon. When all other kinds of subsistence fail, they have recourse to a species of lichen, which is found in abundance on the sides of the rocks.

Their canoes are formed of the bark of the spruce fir, or birch; in these frail vessels two men with paddles will, with ease, go fifty miles a day. In winter, they travel in snow shoes, made of two bent sticks interlaced with thongs of deer-skin; or on sledges drawn by dogs. A couple of these tractable animals, Mr. Harmon says, will draw a load of two hundred and fifty pounds, besides provisions for themselves and their driver, twenty miles, in five hours. 'The people on the west side of the Rocky Mountains,' he adds, 'appear to have the same affection for their dogs, that they have for their children; and they will discourse with them as if they were rational beings; they frequently call them their sons and daughters. When any of them dies, it is not unusual to see their masters place the carcass on a pile of wood, and burn it in the same man-

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ner as they do the dead bodies of their relations; crying and howling as if they were their kindred.'

On the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, the Indians invariably bury their dead; but on the opposite side they burn them. Mr. Harmon was present at the burning of a chief, whose body was laid out in his best dress, with all his trinkets by his side. His two wives were placed, one at the head, the other at the feet of the corpse, where they remained until the hair of their heads was singed by the flames, and they were almost suffocated by the smoke, when they rolled off in a state approaching to insensibility. On recovering their strength, they began beating the burning body whenever it could be approached for the intensity of the heat; and this disgusting ceremony was continued, until it was nearly consumed. The ashes and bones were then collected and put into bags, which the widows were to carry about with them, day and night, for the space of two years; at the end of which the relations of the deceased would make a feast, and the bones and ashes be deposited in a box, and placed under a shed in the middle of the village. Till this period, the widows are kept in a state of slavery; their faces are daubed with black, their heads shaved, and they go without any other clothing than a wrapper of skins round their waist. Such of the natives as die in the winter are generally kept in their huts till the warm weather commences; when their bodies are committed to the funeral pile, and their ashes finally deposited in small buildings, about six feet high, covered with bark, and surrounded by boards, painted with rude images of the sun, moon, and various kinds of animals.

They seem to have some vague notion of a future state; and firmly believe that a departed soul can, if it pleases, come back to earth, in a human shape; and that their priests, or cunning men, when a corpse is about to be burned, can blow the soul of the deceased into one of his relatives, in which case his first child will be born with it. They believe too, that the earth was once entirely covered with water, and every thing destroyed but a musk-rat, who, diving to the bottom, brought up some mud, which increased, and grew to the present shape of the world, that is, Western Caledonia. How it was peopled, they do not trouble themselves to explain; but a fire, they say, spread over the whole and destroyed every human being, with the exception of one man and one woman, who saved themselves by retiring into a deep cave in the mountains, until the flames were extinguished.

The Western Caledonians are a cheerful people, and extremely garrulous; 'men, women, and children,' Mr. Harmon says, 'keep their tongues constantly in motion; when not asleep, they are always either talking or singing.' Many of their airs are pleasing,
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and are said to resemble those 'which one hears in Catholic churches.' They are greatly addicted to gambling: not only the men, but the women also, and even the young children, pass the greater part of the winter season in play, and will stake even the last rag on their backs. The men are much attached to their wives, and apt to be jealous of them; but to their unmarried daughters they allow unbounded freedom, with the view, as one of them said, to keep the young men away from their mothers. Upon the whole, however, they appear to be a quiet, cheerful, and inoffensive people; and, as we are told, they are at all times perfectly willing to work when employed by 'the white people'; it is to be hoped that these white people will instruct them in the pursuits of agriculture, (for which the country offers sufficient encouragement,) as preparatory to a more perfect state of civilization, and to that more valuable knowledge, for the entertainment of which their mild and inoffensive habits seem so peculiarly to fit them.

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- ART. IX.—1. *First Report of the Commissioners appointed to consider the Subject of Weights and Measures*; 24 June, 1819.
 2. *Second Report of the same Commissioners*; 13 July, 1820.
 3. *Third Report of the same Commissioners*; 31 March, 1821.
 4. *Report of the Select Committee appointed to consider of the several Reports which have been laid before the House of Commons, relating to Weights and Measures*; 28 May, 1821.
 5. *Manuel Pratique et Élémentaire des Poids et Mesures, des Monnaies, et du Calcul Décimal*. Par S. A. Tarbé, Chef de Division au Ministère des Manufactures et du Commerce; 1813.
 6. *The Universal Cambist and Commercial Instructor; being a full and accurate Treatise on the Exchanges, Monies, Weights, and Measures of all trading Nations, and their Colonies*. By P. Kelly, LL.D. The Second Edition. 4to. 1821.

NO political theorist, from Plato downwards, has forgotten to enact, in the formation of ideal states, one common Weight and Measure; and no practical statesman seems to have considered it a matter of insuperable difficulty in the execution. In the English history, laws to this effect are found as early as Edgar. That they had been of little avail may be concluded from its having been found necessary to declare in Magna Charta, cap. 25—'one measure of wine shall be throughout our realm, and one measure of ale, and one measure of corn, that is to say, the quarter of London. And it shall be of weights as it is of measures.'

During the six hundred years which have elapsed since that period, it is singular that scarcely any ten have passed without some new law having been enacted by parliament, prescribing the weights

weights and measures to be used throughout the kingdom; and every act complains that the preceding statutes had been ineffectual, and the laws disobeyed. In *Magna Charta*, one measure is mentioned, 'the quarter of London,' and in all subsequent acts the Winchester bushel is alone declared to be the legal one, and yet its dimensions were never specified till 3 Will. III.; and this bushel, which is the one in use at the port of London, at Mark-lane, and at Guildhall, does not agree with the standard bushel at the Exchequer, either in shape or contents. Not only does the greatest diversity prevail in the country in the corn measure, but also in the manner of filling and striking it.

The origin of the standards authorized in this country was probably capricious or accidental. Henry I. ordered the length of his arm to be the criterion of the yard measure; and 51 Henry III. declares 32 grains of wheat, dry, taken out of the midst of the ear, to be the standard weight of the twentieth part of an ounce. The foot, the hand, the span, the finger, the pace, are still employed where perfect accuracy is not required. But scientific men have sought to fix on standards derived from nature, not liable to be lost or to vary. In this country, the pendulum that vibrates seconds of mean solar time has been accurately compared with the established standard of long measure. In France, an arc of the meridian has been adopted as the basis of a new standard. From measures of length, those of capacity are deduced by determining the cubical inches which they should contain. And, again, from the measure of capacity is derived the standard of weight, from its contents in some substance, of which the specific gravity is invariable, as pure water. Thus a cubic foot of pure water is found, at a given temperature, to weigh 1000 ounces avoirdupois; and the pendulum vibrating sixty times in a minute, in the latitude of London, is ascertained to measure 39·139 inches, of which the yard contains 36. The ten-millionth part of the quadrant of the meridian is the linear unit adopted in France, or the standard *metre*, and this measure is found to equal 39·371 English inches.

It has been remarked upon these bases of the linear measure,—the foundation of the others,—that, as the earth is not a perfect sphere, having the equatorial diameter longer than the polar axis, an arc of the meridian will vary, the degree increasing from the equator to the pole. In consequence of the spheroidal figure of the earth, a pendulum will vibrate quickest at the poles, and slowest on the equator, because the gravity is the greatest at the poles, from the circumstance of their being nearest to the centre of the earth. Hence the length of the seconds pendulum must be increased from the equator to the pole. Tables have been formed to ascertain these variations, and from them it has been computed that 100 lb.
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on the equator will weigh 100·334 lb. in the latitude of London, and 100·545 lb. at the pole. Other difficulties have occurred in the adoption of standards from nature. An exception has been made to the use of water in determining the standard of weight, on account of the difficulty of ascertaining when a vessel is full. Mr. Troughton has ingeniously proposed, that a metallic cylindrical vessel of any given dimension be made so light that when immersed in pure water of a certain temperature, it will neither sink nor swim: such a body will weigh its dimension in water, and serve as an accurate standard.

We refer our readers for scientific details upon the subject of invariable standards of weights and measures, to the publications at the head of our Article, particularly to the Introduction of the 'Cambist,' and proceed to advert to the practical success of legislative enactments for their enforcement.

In 1816, Commissioners were appointed to 'consider, how far it may be practicable and advisable to establish, within his Majesty's dominions, a more uniform system of weights and measures.' They have given an abstract of the various laws enacted for their regulation in commerce, in the Appendix to the *First Report*. The number of these statutes exceeds two hundred. An account of the provincial weights and measures throughout the kingdom is contained in the Appendix to the *Second Report*, and occupies nearly twenty folio pages. The commissioners, Sir Joseph Banks, Sir George Clerk, Mr. Davies Gilbert, Dr. Wollaston, Dr. Young, and Captain Kater, it need not be added; have evinced much science, and bestowed great attention on the subject. They have fixed accurately the established standards; yet they have hardly ventured, after every research and consideration, to prescribe a remedy for the many anomalies referred to in the Reports.

The attempt made by the French government is memorable and recent. Their metrical system is still continued under certain modifications; and it has been partially adopted in some other countries. A commission of scientific men, in 1793, framed a scheme of weights and measures, the basis of which, as before observed, was derived from a portion of an arc of the meridian, and having formed all the multiples and subdivisions by tenths, and given to every one a Greek or Latin denomination, it was thus, at the time, dwelt upon in the *Report of the Comité d'Instruction Publique*:

'Le nouveau système des mesures est digne d'être offert à toutes les nations: aucun ne serait aussi propre à préparer cette communication de lumière et d'instruction, si ardemment souhaitée par les amis éclairés de l'humanité. La base de ce système est immuable comme la nature elle-même. Dès lors cette mesure fondamentale de toutes celles de la république ne peut plus se perdre; aucun événement présumable

sumable ne saurait l'anéantir; elle appartient à toutes les nations comme à la France, et sans aucune préférence de localité : les hommes qui cultivent les sciences s'en serviront comme du type d'exactitude le plus authentique qui existe; et les peuples, s'éclairant peu à peu, finiront par en adopter l'usage, qui sera déjà suivi depuis long temps par la république Française.'

In consequence of this Report, the National Convention issued a decree, 18 Germinal an 3, (1795.)

'Il n'y aura qu'un seul étalon des poids et mesures pour toute la république; ce sera une règle de platine sur laquelle sera tracée le *mètre* qui a été adopté pour limite fondamentale de tout le système des mesures.'

A decree of the 1 Vendémiaire, an. 4 requires, within four months, all traders to exchange the ell measures at the municipalities for the new *metres*, and their half-ells for *demi-metres*. It further declares, that no commercial paper, book, account, acquittance, or writing, describing quantities otherwise than upon the new system, shall be good in law, or cognizable in a court of justice.

Under the consular government, in the year 1800, a law was again made, setting forth, that '*le mètre et le kilogramme sont les étalons définitifs des mesures de longueur et de poids dans toute la république.*'

It might be expected that these repeated enactments would have succeeded; but neither the degree of freedom possessed under the National Convention, nor the absolute power of the imperial government, could enforce the general adoption of the new system. The people were startled at the foreign nomenclature, and however such novelties might be received in the arts, by the learned,—to the un-informed, a shock appeared to be given to nature, to hear, instead of the familiar names of tonneau et quintal, livre et grain, muid et pinte, lieue terrestre et lieue marine, pied de roi et pouce de roi, aune, toise, et arpent, the strange and incomprehensible sounds of myriagramme et kilogramme, decagramme et decigramme, hectolitre et decalitre, myriametre et millimetre, decistere, deciare, decastere, deca-are. All their interests appeared to be threatened and confounded: the trades and crafts, which might see in the new system something more of order, conceived the labour of their lives would be lost, and the secrets of their callings given up with the anomalies which to them seemed inherent parts of their professions. Perhaps the learned themselves, when they descended to the affairs of common life, might be more apt to call for a pint of wine than a *litre*, to cheapen a pound of bread than a *demi-kilogramme*, or, to ask an acquaintance to walk a league rather than a *demi-myriametre*.

A general opposition prevailed, insomuch that, in 1801, the people

people were allowed to resume the ancient vocabulary; and further, in 1812, the imperial government found it expedient, 'with a view to join the respect due to the old habits, with the preservation of the new system,' to permit the use of different subdivisions of the new weights and measures, replacing the decimal system with the binary one of halves, quarters, eighths, &c. By way of distinction the term *usuel* was added to the old names, as *livre usuelle*, *pinte usuelle*, &c. These fractional parts of the new system approached very near to those anciently in use: so that the *livre usuelle* is now only 3 grains more than the old *livre*, *poids de marc*. There are, accordingly, at present, three systems to be studied in France, the *metrical* of 1795, the *usuel* of 1812, and the *ancient* system; which last is still retained over a large part of the country by the common people. But not only was the new system resisted by the lower orders, but merchants of extended transactions in some places adhered tenaciously to their old weights, confining the new ones to the limits of the custom-house. At Marseilles, the *poids de table* was never abandoned; and at Bordeaux, the old French pound, *poids de marc*, is still used in commerce, with the quintal of 101 pounds.

While the strongest measures of a despotic government, unaccustomed to concession, have been thus found unsuccessful in establishing uniformity within one country, the speculations of those visionaries who have aimed at the adoption of one system throughout the civilized world must be considered to be utterly hopeless.

In 1817, a proposition was made in this country of a more practical nature. It was addressed to the Board of Trade, approved, and carried into full effect. This was to ascertain the precise proportions which the standard weights and measures of foreign countries bear to those of this kingdom. In pursuance of this object, a circular letter was issued from the Foreign Office, dated 10th March, 1818, and addressed to his Majesty's Consuls abroad, by Lord Castlereagh, directing copies of the weights and measures of the different governments at which they resided, to be procured and transmitted to this country.

The mode of carrying this operation into effect will be best seen by the following extract from his Lordship's dispatch:—

'His Majesty's government being desirous of obtaining every information as to the standards in use, for the various weights and measures in foreign countries, with a view to ascertain their relative bearings to those in use here, for the benefit of the commercial interests of this country:

'I am to desire that you will use your endeavour to procure, with as little delay as may be, two sets of models, being counterparts in
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every respect, of the standard pound or mark, used at your place of residence for weighing gold and silver, and also of other lesser weights used for that purpose.

‘If, in any place within your consulate, the standard pound or mark, with its lesser weights, used for weighing gold or silver, should differ from those in use at your place of residence, you will procure also two sets of the weights so differing.

‘You will have the accuracy of all these weights regularly attested by the proper authorities.

‘You will state the difference and proportion between the pound which is used for weighing gold and silver, and that pound used for ordinary articles, which is generally known by the name of the “commercial pound.”

‘You will state the contents of the principal measures used at your place of residence, and at other places within your consulate, for the measure of corn, and of the principal measure for wine, and also of their lesser measures.

‘You will add in your letter such other information as you can collect, or may be in possession of, for throwing light upon the general subject of this instruction.’

These orders appear to have been executed in a very accurate manner. Foreign standards, duly attested by the proper authorities, with dispatches containing much valuable information, were received from all the British consuls abroad, and deposited at the Mint. They have subsequently been placed under the charge of Dr. Kelly, with whom the plan originated, and whose eminence in mathematical science and experience in commercial calculations, peculiarly fitted him for the undertaking. It appears that he has diligently superintended the operation through all its stages. With great labour, and no doubt with the utmost accuracy, these foreign weights and measures have been compared with those of this country. This was chiefly carried on at his Majesty’s Mint, and with the assistance of the principal officers of that department, particularly the determining of the relative proportions of the weights employed for the precious metals. The result is embodied in the present edition of the ‘Cambist.’

This undertaking is the first of the kind that has been accomplished upon a great scale, or that has, at any time, been more than partially attempted under the authority of any government. It is peculiarly worthy of this great commercial nation, and must be found extensively useful to foreigners as well as our countrymen engaged in carrying on the intercourse of the inhabitants of different countries and climates. It is to be hoped, that the models thus procured and verified by the respective governments, will be placed in some public repository where they may be preserved: hereafter they may be resorted to by the inhabitants of the quarter

to which they belong, as accurate specimens of their standards, if, in the lapse of time, their own archetypes be lost or impaired.

By the comparison, corrections were made in many proportions hitherto received. From their resting on vague and doubtful authority, this was to be expected. But it may serve as some extenuation of the anomalies in weights and measures existing in common life, to notice that an error in the relation of English and French weights has prevailed for the last eighty years, and of important extent, considering the scientific sources from which it originated.

In 1742, the Royal Society of London and the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, exchanged each a set of standards of the weights and measures of the two countries, with a view of determining their relative contents; and it was also decided that the standards when thus compared should be preserved in their respective archives. The societies agreed in all their experiments, and the results are fully detailed in the *Philosophical Transactions* of that year, vol. xlii. p. 185. The French pound was established to be equal to 7560 grains troy; and thence the kilogramme was reckoned to be 15,444 grains.

In the experiments however made at the London Mint in 1820, the kilogramme was found to weigh 15,433 grains only, and the French pound 7555 grains. This difference led to an examination of the standards of 1742, preserved by the Royal Society, when the troy pound was found to be nearly four grains too light: the inaccuracy not having arisen on the part of the learned Societies, but on that of the weight-maker, who had furnished them with a defective standard.

This error of $\frac{1}{15}$ per cent. in the computed proportion between the weights of England and France has pervaded all calculations in which that proportion has entered during so long a time. To the merchant it might not be of so much importance, because in rough, and even in the more valuable commodities, inattention and unavoidable waste will cause much greater variation. Its chief effect has been in matters of science, and in some objects of finance. Thus the par of exchange between this country and France has sometimes been reckoned to be 25.13, at others 25.20, and now, upon the accurate proportion of the weights, it is found to be 25.22 francs for the pound sterling. It is amusing to reflect how many a political calculator, who, since 1742, has been desponding or elated, as the exchange has appeared above or below par, has been agitated on a basis so far fallacious; and all proceeding from an error of a weight-maker! We are not disposed to lay any great stress upon the fluctuations possible in the exchange between two countries, where each possesses a sound metallic currency, as being either beneficial or detrimental to the one or the other:

other: these fluctuations merely indicate the momentary balance of payments. Besides, as the standard coin of a country cannot be preserved in uniform purity, so the actual par of exchange can never be stated with absolute precision; and though, in that with France, one of the component parts of the calculation, the proportion of the weights, is now rectified and admitted, an assay of the coins in circulation is found to give a par of 25.26.

It is, however, material that the true proportions between foreign standards should be accurately established, although those intricacies and discrepancies, which strike the mind in taking an extensive view of the subject, are not found in practice to be attended with insurmountable perplexity or inconvenience. Commercial society is divided into classes and branches of trade. The sphere of action of each individual in his calling is limited, and the varieties of weights and measures necessary for him to know are soon seized, and prices and bargains come to be regulated and established by long usage accordingly. In countries which are subdivided into small and distinct states, as Germany and Italy, each possessing different systems of metrology, monies, and duties, the several traders between the different districts in their particular branches, apprehend the relations of prices with extraordinary readiness, and with sufficient accuracy for the usual transactions of business. A certain multiple or division of the price of one place is known to give the relative price of another, and a result is thus promptly found without a lengthened calculation of differences of duties, charges, monies, and weights or measures; while occasional variations of exchange are regulated by a per centage added or deducted. An individual trader has accordingly, within the range of his own practice, very few difficulties of this nature to master.

In this country, it would certainly be desirable to make some approaches towards uniformity, if not to be effected in provincial practice, at least in the large markets of the United Kingdom. At present, wheat is sold in London by the quarter, in Scotland by the boll, in Ireland by the barrel; in one place by weight, in another by measure, and every different species of grain probably in a different way. The word, acre, seems to mean different spaces of ground throughout the country. In Scotland, amidst laws from the earliest period continually enacting and regulating with a view to uniformity, every district appears to differ from its neighbour. In Ireland, no attempt has been made to enumerate the diversities of weights and measures. In England, it would be much beyond our limits to endeavour to particularize them.

Attempts have been made in parliament to introduce the decimal system of subdivision in weights, measures, and monies. This would be a great convenience in the calculation of large accounts,

where extreme nicety is not necessary. In commodities of bulk, and moderate value, no prejudice could be discovered. The division of the hundred weight into cents, would be much more commodious in practice than, as now used, into quarters and pounds. In retail trade, we entirely agree in the opinion of the commissioners in their first Report.

‘The power of expressing a third, a fourth, and a sixth of a foot in inches, without a fraction, is a peculiar advantage in the duodecimal scale: and for the operations of weighing and of measuring capacities, the continual division by two renders it practicable to make up any given quantity, with the smallest possible number of standard weights or measures, and is far preferable, in this respect, to any decimal scale.’

The Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the several Reports likewise concur with the commissioners as to the inexpediency of changing any standard, either of length, superficies, capacity, or of weight, the accuracy of which is already acknowledged; and that—

‘There is no practical advantage, in having a quantity commensurable to any original quantity, existing, or which may be imagined to exist, in nature, except as affording some little encouragement to its common adoption by neighbouring nations. But it is scarcely possible that the departure from a standard, once universally established in a great country, should not produce much more labour and inconvenience in its internal relations, than it could ever be expected to save in the operations of foreign commerce and correspondence, which always are, and always must be conducted by persons, to whom the difficulty of calculation is comparatively inconsiderable.’

The Committee, having pointed out the contents of the most approved standards, proceed to recommend—

‘That leave be given to bring in a Bill for declaring these standards of length, of capacity, and of weight, to be the imperial standards for Great Britain and Ireland, and for its colonies and dependencies; and they recommend that several copies of the standards be made with the utmost possible accuracy for the use of the Exchequer, for the three capitals, for the principal foreign possessions, for the government of France, in return for the communication of their standards; and especially for the United States of America, where Your Committee have reason to believe they will be adopted, and thus tend in no small degree to facilitate the commercial intercourse.’

‘Your Committee, having directed their attention to the best and most practicable method of bringing the imperial measures into general use, beg leave further to recommend a legislative enactment, by which it shall be declared that all bargains and sales, where nothing appears to the contrary, shall be deemed and taken to be made in conformity with these measures of length, superficies, capacity, and weight; but that, for a time to be limited, it shall be competent for all persons to deal by any other measures, established either by local custom, or
founded

founded on special agreement, that they may select; provided always that the ratio or proportion of such local measures to those established by law, may be a matter of common notoriety; and that in the case of a special agreement, the ratio in proportion be therein expressed.

During the last meeting of Parliament, nothing further was done on this subject. It remains to be seen whether, in the present session, this additional attempt at provincial uniformity will be made. The want of success attending projects for this reform presents a singular instance of the impracticability of schemes, apparently the most reasonable and generally desirable, when devised merely by philosophers in the closet, or persons little used to the dealings and habits of mankind. We are among those who fervently wish success to plans for reducing the perplexity and diversity of weights and measures, and we hold among not the least useful members of the community, those members of the legislature, and other scientific and public-spirited individuals, who direct their time and talent towards the accomplishment of this object: and we have deemed it useful to draw some attention to the difficulties which have, on former occasions, stood in the way of similar endeavours, rather with a view of promoting the eventual execution, than of preventing any practicable attempt at so desirable a consummation. It is with this subject as with laws and manners—constant attempts at improvement appear necessary even to prevent deterioration. Experience shows that few matters have a greater tendency to grow worse, or more obstinately resist correction, than common usages in weights and measures.

ART. X.—*Memoirs of the celebrated Persons composing the Kit-Cat Club, with a prefatory Account of the Origin of the Association; illustrated with 48 Portraits, from the original Paintings by Sir G. Kneller.* London. 1821. pp. 261.

THIS is a splendid and a costly volume, and if it should fall into the hands of a reader who never before happened to hear of such men as the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, and Mr. Addison, he may find it very entertaining; but we do not hesitate to say, that any one, however slightly acquainted with the political or literary history of the country, must pronounce it one of the most blundering pieces of patch-work that the scissors of a hackney editor ever produced. We do not speak heedlessly—we are aware of the force of the terms we use, and we pledge ourselves that our readers shall, by the evidence we are prepared to adduce, be brought to the same opinion.

We hardly know by what denomination to designate the anonymous personage who has produced this astonishing work—we have called him an *editor*; but that is scarcely correct, because, though

he does nothing but republish what others have written, he publishes it as his own, and affects the tone and rank of an *author*; yet an *author* we can hardly admit him to be, whose sole merit is the cutting out passages from Noble, Walpole, Nichols, and the biographical dictionaries, and who contributes nothing of his own, but the coarse threads which stitch the patches together. The term *compiler* seems to suit him more nearly, yet even that is not quite accurate: for a compiler confesses what he is, and copies his original; while this person aims at a degree of originality, and obtains it—by inserting, wherever he can, blunders and falsehoods, more absurd than we recollect in any similar work. We must therefore beg permission to use the terms *author*, *editor*, or *compiler*, indifferently and inaccurately.

Before we begin a more minute examination, our readers may, perhaps, not dislike to hear what our author says of the *general history* of ‘that celebrated association called the Kit-Cat Club.’ It was here that his labours might have had some novelty, and even some colour of historical utility; the portraits of the individual members are well known, have been often copied, and some of the most important have been recently exhibited; the biography too of the great majority of the members has been written over and over again, and is to be found in every common biographical work. The most obvious novelty then, that the author could hope to produce, was a general history of the club, and some explanation of the grounds of that forcible eulogy of Horace Walpole, (which is made the motto of the title-page,) that ‘*the Kit-Cat Club, though generally mentioned as a set of wits, were, in fact, the PATRIOTS that SAVED BRITAIN.*’ He seems indeed to have just sense enough to be aware of this; and the following is what he says on this curious and interesting subject,—and it is *all* that he says.

‘The celebrated association entitled the KIT-CAT CLUB was instituted about the year 1700, and consisted of the principal noblemen and gentlemen who opposed the arbitrary measures of James II., and conduced to bring about the Revolution. Their ostensible object would seem to have been the encouragement of literature and the fine arts; but the end they labored most assiduously to accomplish was the promotion of loyalty, and allegiance to the protestant succession in the House of Hanover: indeed they carried their zeal, in the cause they advocated, to such extraordinary lengths, that the most beneficial effects resulted from their exertions. Horace Walpole, who had the best information on all political subjects, speaks of them as the “patriots that saved Britain.”—*Int.* p. iii.

Here the author dates the establishment of the club *about* 1700; but in the life of Lord Halifax, (p. 111.) he becomes more precise, and *fixes it positively* in the year 1703! We therefore may take the liberty of informing him, that in the year 1703, ‘the arbitrary measures

measures of King James' could hardly have needed the union of a patriot club, to bring about the revolution, inasmuch as the revolution had been accomplished about fourteen years before, and poor King James had been two years dead, and had already had two successors, one generally known as King William the Third, and the other called Queen Anne. And we may venture to add, that, during those reigns, the patriots could not very well have inculcated *loyalty* and *allegiance* to the House of Hanover, who did not come to the throne till 1714. In return for this information, so liberally afforded by us, we beg the author to acquaint us 'what were the *extraordinary beneficial effects* which resulted from their exertions' as a club: for really, except a few verses on their drinking-glasses we know of nothing produced by this celebrated society.

The truth, however, is that the Kit-Cat Club was established neither in 1700 nor 1703. It was of a much older standing, and was undoubtedly, about the time of the revolution, a convivial assembly of some young patriots, poets, and men of wit,—Montague, Dorset, Prior, Garth;—and the success of the whig politics gave consistency, while the rise of the individual members gave lustre, to the club. Mr. Chalmers, in the notes to his edition of the Spectator, furnishes us with the following succinct and probable account of this institution: 'It was originally (he says) formed in Shire-lane, about the time of the trial of the Bishops, for a little free evening conversation; but in Queen Anne's reign, comprehended above forty noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank and quality, merit and fortune, firm friends to the Hanoverian succession.' (vol. i. p. 53.) But though it was a club of wits, professing whig politics, it probably was not until Queen Anne's time that it became so decidedly a political club. Addison, in the paper commented upon by Chalmers, says, 'our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and airy, the philosopher and buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The *Kit-Cat* itself is said to have taken its origin from a mutton pie.' (*Spect.* No. ix.) Thus, Addison, we see, in 1710, speaks of the origin of the club as convivial and remote; and Ward, in his 'History of Clubs,' (a work which our author quotes and pillages, but which he can hardly have read,) gives, in 1709, the whole history of the club as an assemblage of young wits, formed about 1688; for he states that one of its first productions was the *Town and Country Mouse* by Prior and Montague, which was published at that time. But our author has not only *not read* what he *quotes*, but what he has *written*; for although he so dogmatically places the establishment of the club in 1703, he subse-

quently quotes several letters and facts of that date, which recognize the club as having been *long* established!

On the whole then we conclude, that the club was instituted about 1688, by some young 'men of wit and pleasure about town;' that it had at first no political importance, nor probably any political object, but that its most distinguished members being whigs in politics, it gradually took a more decided whig character, and finally, in the factious time of Queen Anne, became almost exclusively political; and we further conclude that our author knew nothing at all of the matter.

That ridiculous peer for whom his extravagant haughtiness acquired the title of the *proud* Duke of Somerset, became a member of the Kit-Cat Club, when it had risen into such importance as to be considered worthy of his august countenance. With his characteristic vanity he began the celebrated collection of portraits, which adorned the club-room at old Tonson's house, at Barn Elms: the room had been built before the pictures were thought of, and Sir Godfrey Kneller—himself a member of the club—was obliged to invent a new sized canvass, (since so well known by the name of Kit-Cat,) accommodated to the walls; and by these portraits and this accident, the name of the club itself has been immortalized, rather than by any literary renown achieved by the *association*.

Our author tells us that it was dissolved in the year 1720, and for once he may be right. But why does he not account for the fact of several of these portraits being decorated with the garter, which the originals did not possess till after the dissolution of the club and the death of the painter—(Sir Godfrey died in 1723)—for instance—Lord Scarborough, Knight of the Garter in 1724; Sir R. Walpole in 1726; Lord Wilmington in 1727, and Lord Burlington in 1730. We had a right to expect from a person professing to give a critical history of these persons and their portraits a solution of this difficulty.

We shall not attempt to follow the author through his biography of the members of the club; it would be an examination of the peerage and biographical indexes. He has made no search after rare books or family papers. It does not appear that he ever heard that there is a collection of original documents at the British Museum, nor has he taken the pains of reconciling, by the most ordinary attention, the discrepancies and contradictions which his several extracts exhibit; the same pages often contain the most extravagant contradictions; and his style, when he trusts for a sentence or two to his own goose quill, is hardly intelligible. In the very front of his work, and as a general picture of the men and manners of the association, we have the following elaborate passage:

'The Earl of Dorset, the Mæcenas of the wits of those days, was one
of

of the first members of the society. Maynwaring used to be the ruling man in all conversations, and, with Lord Bolingbroke to pass for a great genius, although posterity has never condescended to take heed either of the oratory of the one, or the philosophy of the other.—*Int.* p. iii.

Does this mean that Maynwaring, *as well as* Bolingbroke, used to pass for a great genius; or that Maynwaring used to pass for such *in the opinion* of Bolingbroke? If the former, it would imply that the tory Bolingbroke was a member of this whig club; if the latter, the mention of Bolingbroke is perfectly idle—because, if Maynwaring was the ruling man in all conversation, and so considered by ‘the patriots that saved Britain,’ what offence was it in Lord Bolingbroke to be of the same opinion? but, in either case, what had Maynwaring’s *oratory* to do with Bolingbroke’s philosophy? and above all, what has it to do ‘with the opinion of posterity’ about Bolingbroke’s philosophy? ‘But posterity,’ it seems, ‘has never condescended to take heed of Maynwaring’s *oratory*.’ No wonder; he never was an orator: our editor, even in the preceding line, only says, that he shone in *conversation*. And if, in his ideas, *oratory* and *conversation* are the same thing, then, his assertion that posterity does not take heed of Maynwaring’s oratory is false, for even *he*, one of the most heedless of posterity, has not only heard of it, but recorded it in the very first page of a work dedicated to the celebrity of wit and genius, and the name of Maynwaring stands *second*, even in his account of the eminent men who illustrated this club. As to posterity’s ‘never having condescended to take heed of Lord *Bolingbroke’s philosophy*,’ what can we say? Posterity neither admires nor approves Bolingbroke’s philosophy; but to say that works which have made perhaps more noise than any others of the class published in the last century; which have been answered, criticised, refuted, by the ablest men in England, have passed *unheeded*, requires an audacity of ignorance of which we had no conception.

We shall now follow the author in some of his critical and historical details.

He says, (page v.) that ‘the *custom* of toasting ladies after dinner was *peculiar* to the Kit-Cat Club,’ and he quotes the Tatler, No. 34, in proof of this assertion; whereas the Tatler asserts that the origin of the word *toast* was derived from Charles the Second’s time, long before the club was thought of! In fact, however, the whole paper relates *not* to the custom ‘of toasting ladies,’ but to thereason why the custom has been *called toasting*. Our blundering editor confuses the fact and the name, and with the book before his eyes, cannot understand a plain passage.

He sneers at Horace Walpole as a *sage transmitter* of an anecdote

dote which he is yet sage enough to copy, and simple enough to spoil.—

‘It is related of the duke’s ancestor, the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, (we believe by Horace Walpole,) that she was told in the early part of her career by a caster of nativities, (*vulgariter*, a gypsey,) that she should not die whilst she was *building*.’—p. 21.

Now, although we admit that the author is very likely to know what any thing is called *vulgariter*, yet we must beg to acquaint him, that gipsies never were considered as ‘casters of nativities;’ and that telling the fortune of a young lady is a very different thing from casting the nativity of an infant.

‘The South Sea scheme,’ says the author, ‘turned out to be a *specious piece* of CHICANERY, like the Trojan horse!’ (p. 23.) It is quite evident from this, that our erudite friend has heard of one Virgil, and imagines (as we conclude from the following exquisite passage) that he is a Latin *historian*—

‘It is reported by Virgil of Mezentius that he was guilty, among other enormities, of binding dead and living bodies together, and thus dooming the latter to the most dreadful of all punishments, that of rotting to destruction by a premature conjunction with putrescence.’—p. 71.

Our readers have not often, we believe, met with a more distinct and curious account of a change of administration and its motives, than the following passage, in which we are informed that the famous Duke of Newcastle was—‘on July 2, 1757, placed at the head of the Treasury; but quitted his seat there in *favour* of John Stewart, Earl of Bute, in May, 1762, on being created Baron Pelham of Stanmer in Sussex.’—p. 156.—This Duke of Newcastle, who resigned the Treasury on being created Baron Pelham, is a great favourite with our editor, who rebukes the ‘*petty malice of the time-serving* Bishop Newton, for having flippantly observed, that “the Duke had been so long used to shuffle the cards that he always knew how to deal the honors into his own hands.” This is not a very decent mode of alluding to a prelate of the character of Bishop Newton; but it is mild and gentleman-like compared with his censures on the Dean of St. Patrick’s.

‘Swift also, with that *coarse malevolence* so peculiar to him, has endeavoured to *malign* the duke. In what he was pleased to term his “Strictures on public characters,” we have the following passage: “The Duke of Newcastle has one only daughter, who will be the richest heiress in Europe, now Countess of Oxford, *cheated by her father*.” As there exists no other authority upon which to presume his Grace guilty of chicanery towards his daughter than the simple *ipse dixit* of Swift, we may very naturally conclude it to be one of those *base attempts to calumniate* public character, in which this OBSCENE RHYMESTER so frequently indulged.”—p. 59.

Our

Our readers are, no doubt, astonished at such language: but what will they think when we recal to their recollection, that the Duke of Newcastle, of whom Swift speaks, and the Duke of Newcastle whom our editor defends, were two absolutely *different* persons, confounded by him only because they happened to bear the same *title*! Every body, except our editor, knows that *John Holles*, Duke of Newcastle, the father of Lady Oxford, the last male of his name and line, died about 1711; while *Thomas Pelham*, the member of the Kit-Cat, was created Duke of Newcastle in 1715, and lived till 1768:—such is the historical accuracy which ventures to charge Dean Swift with ‘coarseness, malevolence, slander, baseness, calumny, and obscenity.’

But it is not enough to convict this compiler of mere ignorance; in such a case as this, it is our duty to expose his impudent *negligence*. The statement that ‘this Duke *had* a DAUGHTER, the *Countess of Oxford*,’ is at the foot of the 59th page, and the very first paragraph of the 60th page informs us that, ‘as the Duke *had no issue*, his titles and estates devolved upon his NEPHEW the Earl of Lincoln’!

All this startles belief; but we have something further on the same subject, still more incredible. He confounds—with the pictures and the dates, and *his own* notes, all before his eyes—Henry, *seventh* Earl of Lincoln, born in 1684, with Henry, *ninth* Earl of Lincoln, born 1723. In the text (p. 60.) he says, that ‘the ensuing portrait and notice belong to Henry, *seventh* Earl,’ the *husband* of the Duke’s sister; and in the note on this very passage, he states the picture to be that ‘of the *son* of the Duke’s sister,’ born, as we have said, in 1723, the Kit-Cat Club having expired, as the editor himself tells us, some years before.

To a meagre account of James, Earl of Berkeley, a celebrated admiral, he adds,—‘the above scanty notice, *derived entirely from the peerage*, is *all we can collect* concerning the Earl of Berkeley.’—p. 101. Had he looked into Charnock’s *Biographia Navalis*, or the *Lives of the Admirals*, or any other book but the peerage, he would have found ample details, even in these common works, of the life of this gallant lord: and if he had read Horace Walpole’s ‘*Reminiscences*,’ he would have found a most extraordinary and not very creditable anecdote of Lord Berkeley.

Of the celebrated Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, he tells us that—‘at the commencement of his political career, Montague was one of the *Lords* who signed the invitation to King William.’—p. 108. Montague was not a Lord till a dozen years after the Revolution; and if, by the word *invitation*, he means the celebrated *association*, we beg to acquaint him that Montague
neither

neither signed it, nor was, at that period, of a rank or condition to sign so important a document.

He borrows an anecdote from Horace Walpole, and criticises him,—

‘Montague arose to speak upon the question, but after uttering a few sentences, was struck so suddenly with surprise, that he was unable for several minutes to go on. Recovering himself, he took occasion from this circumstance to “enforce the necessity of allowing counsel to prisoners who were to appear before their judges; since he, who was not only innocent and unaccused, but one of their own members, was so dashed when he was to speak before that wise and illustrious assembly.” The same story has been told of the Earl of Shaftesbury by Walpole, in his catalogue of royal and noble authors; but this must have originated in some mistake, as when the speech is related to have proceeded from Shaftesbury, he had no seat in the House of Commons.’—p. 108.

It so happens that Walpole’s story is congruous and consistent; the words *he* assigns to Lord Shaftesbury are, ‘if he, innocent and pleading for others, was daunted at the augustness of such an assembly, what must a man be who should plead *before them* for his life?’ Walpole well knew that no man could plead before the Commons for his life, though he might before the Lords.

In the account of the duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, (p. 122.) our author says,—

‘The day after the dispute, the Duke of Hamilton *sent* a challenge by Lieutenant General Macartney, *to* Lord Mohun. They met in Hyde Park, on November 15th, 1712, when each fell, mortally wounded, on the *first* exchange of *shots*.’—p. 122.

This sentence contains almost as many errors as words. The facts are, that *Lord Mohun* was the challenger—that Macartney was Lord Mohun’s second, and not the Duke’s;—that they did not fight with *pistols*, but with swords—and that, instead of being mortally wounded at the *first* assault, the combat was protracted, and that both the Duke and Lord Mohun had several wounds.

This subject affords the learned author an occasion to propose an important amendment in our criminal law.

‘It would be well for the interests of society, if the legislature were to make the seconds in all cases of duels amenable to the laws as capital offenders. Much misery and bloodshed would be saved by such a provision, and these honorable encounters either cease altogether, or occur much less frequently than they do at present.’—p. 122.

This is very judicious, and we are glad to be able to acquaint the worthy legislator, that such is, and has always been, the state of the law of England on this point.

If there be any two names in English politics, law, or literature, with the history of which it is shameful to be unacquainted, they are those

those of Lord Somers and Mr. Addison; and, accordingly, we find our editor admirably well informed on the lives of those eminent persons. He tells us

‘That about 1681 Somers took his degree of M. A. *At this time* some compositions in the *belles lettres* (to which he occasionally resorted as a relaxation from graver pursuits), introduced him to the favorable notice of Addison. With talents so superior, and the good offices of such friends to aid and promote their developement, it was not unnatural that Somers’s fortunes should have risen rapidly into prosperity.’—p.125.

Addison was, no doubt, an extraordinary man; but this is the most extraordinary instance of the precocity of his powers that we ever heard of; for this judicious patron of young Somers was himself at this time only *nine* years old, and at school at Litchfield. As Somers was about *thirty*, and probably residing in London, we wish our author had told us how master Addison happened to meet and take such a fancy to this rising lawyer, to whom, however, he seems to have continued his good offices with a constancy above his age, for the very same year that Addison took his degree of bachelor of arts, at Oxford, his *protegé*, Somers, was made lord keeper of the great seal.

This is pretty well: but we have a more complicated instance of the editor’s inaccuracy and ignorance in his account of *Richard Boyle, Viscount STANNON*.

‘The only account extant of this nobleman (*for the title of Stannon is totally omitted*, even in the late improved edition of Collins’s Peerage) is to be found in Noble’s Continuation of Granger, from which we have derived the leading facts of the following brief notice.’—p. 131.

We are less surprized at the deficiency of Collins, than at the assistance afforded by Noble; for—will our readers believe it?—there *never existed any such person as Viscount STANNON*!—There was indeed, as every body knows, a Lord Shannon, and the difference of names might have passed for a printer’s error, if the author had not taken uncommon care to let us see that the error is of his own head, and not of the press. This we shall prove abundantly:

1st. In page 96, speaking *prospectively* of the thirtieth portrait, which is in an unfinished state, he calls it that of Viscount *Stannon*.

2dly, The name occurs in subsequent parts of the work at least four other times, and is always printed *Stannon*.

3dly, He says the title of *Stannon* is wholly *omitted* in the late edition of the peerage; it certainly is—but the title *Shannon* is to be found there, twenty times over.

By what good fortune he lighted upon the name in Noble we cannot guess; but it is quite clear that he never suspected, that
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the Lord Shannon of the Peerage was the Viscount Stannon of his list. Having thus shown how completely this little error had thrown him into the dark, it is amusing to see how he blunders and bullies to carry off his ignorance and get through his difficulty.

‘Lord Stannon is spoken of in terms of high respect by *ALL* who have had occasion to mention his name. He is described as having been equally distinguished in the senate as in the field; and in the relations of private life is said to have conducted himself so as to make his loss a matter of serious and universal regret.’—p. 131.

We beg our readers to observe, that he here says ‘by *all* who mention his name,’ having just told us that he never could find any mention of him except in Noble. ‘In the *senate* and the *field*’—We beg our author to point out to us where the name of Viscount Stannon is mentioned, either in the senate or the field. It will not serve to tell us,—now that we have pointed out the blunder,—that the character fits Lord Shannon, because Lord Shannon’s name *is* to be found in all the peerages, and the whole history of *that* nobleman was as accessible to the index-hunter as that of any of his other victims.

The life of Sir Robert Walpole has been so often, so fully, and so recently written, that it seems miraculous how an editor, with all his ingenious alacrity in blundering, could have made a mistake on that subject; but he has contrived to fall into two or three of the most palpable and ridiculous errors in the whole work. Sir Robert died in 1745; and yet our editor attributes to him a pamphlet in 1748! another 1752! and a third in 1763! He also gives us a list of Sir Robert’s literary works, to which he adds this sagacious observation;—‘other political productions have been attributed to him, but *without satisfactory authority*.’ (p. 146.) Now it happens that *not one* of the works thus enumerated was written by Sir Robert; and that he *was* the author of 12 *other* political works, not alluded to by the author; and we state all this on pretty *satisfactory authority*, namely, that of Horace Walpole himself, in his father’s article of the Royal and Noble Authors; a book which our author quotes in every second page, and which he either never has read, or cannot understand.

It seems incredible, but it is unhappily the fact, that the year 1821 should have produced a critic, historian, and biographer, capable of writing the following passage, on the subject of Sir Robert Walpole and his celebrated rival Pulteney, Earl of Bath.

‘During the whole reign of Queen Anne, Pulteney warmly espoused the side of the Whigs, and rendered himself particularly conspicuous by his determined opposition to Sir Robert Walpole.’—p. 178.

We need not insult our readers with any animadversions on the historical

historical truth of this statement, but if they could have the patience to turn to the work itself, they would see the whole of this absurd blunder in a still stronger light.

There is no end to the instances we could adduce of his barbarisms, his ignorance, and his inaccuracy. The Duke of Devonshire 'was constituted a member of the House of Commons,' (p. 21.)—while the Duke of Marlbro' 'was chosen a lord of the bedchamber,' (p. 30.)—Lord Godolphin 'was collated to be a teller of the exchequer,' (p. 105.)—and the Duke of Kingston 'was promoted to be lord of the privy seal,' (p. 51.) Faber's Plates, he tells us, (p. iv.) were published in 1723, and in (p. 14.) he states the publication to have been in 1735. Had he looked at them, he must have seen that they were printed ten year later than his first date, and two earlier than his last. He informs us that the old Duke of Dorset died in 1765—but in a subsequent passage (p. 68.) we find his grace risen from the dead, and leading Miss Colyer to the hymeneal altar in 1789. Admiral Lord Berkeley, in Sir George Rooke's engagement, commanded, we are informed, a two-decker called the *Byrne*, (p. 100.)—there never was such a ship. Lord Cornwallis married Charlotte daughter of Butler, Earl of *Anan* (p. 123.)—there never was such an earl. The Duke of Marlborough took *Lecowce* in 1704 (p. 37.)—there never was such a town. Sir George Rooke's expedition took a fort called (p. 112.) *Rendendallo*,—there never was such a fort. He says that the 40th portrait cannot be that of Lieut. Col. Dormer, *because* he was killed in 1707; yet the next portrait but one, is of Stepney, who died also in 1707; and there is also the portrait of the Earl of Dorset, who died in 1705. We could fill our Journal with mistakes of the same nature, but we apprehend our readers are more than satisfied already.

It is not surprizing that an author, possessing such a superfluity of information on the subject he was writing about, should occasionally take an opportunity of digressing to others, in which he is equally well versed. He accordingly enters deeply into the controversy between Mr. Bowles, Lord Byron, and the Quarterly Review, on the subject of Pope's poetical character: and this he does out of pure generosity, for neither Pope, nor Lord Byron, nor ourselves, had, we can assure him, any connexion whatsoever with the Kit-Cat Club—our vanity, however, cannot resist the pleasure of stating that the author entirely differs from us; but we feel so little enmity towards Mr. Bowles, that we will not quote one syllable of what his friend says in his defence and praise.

We must now say a word or two on the prints, and we regret that as *portraits* we cannot give them any great approbation. The mere engraving is indeed good, and the style in which they are finished—(the faces being highly worked, while the outlines and drapery

drapery are lightly stippled in)—is at once agreeable and effective; but this merit of *execution* is not enough. In the first place it is evident that the drawings have *not* been made, as *they profess to have been*, from the original PICTURES, which neither the Editor nor the artists appear ever to have seen. Secondly, they are *copied* from Faber's copies so servilely, that some petty errors and mistakes in the titles of the plates have been preserved. And thirdly, they are *reduced* from Faber's large mezzotintos; and we need hardly add that, to preserve so fugacious a quality as *resemblance* by copying from a copy—(the original and the copies being all of different sizes, styles, and modes of process)—is next to impossible. Accordingly the new portraits seem to us very deficient in characteristic resemblance. It is so generally admitted, that even the simple editor has heard of it, that one of Sir Godfréy's chief faults as a portrait painter was the *family look* which he gave to all his persons. In the original *pictures* there is a sameness—not diminished, of course, in Faber's mezzotinto—but in these new plates so far *increased*, that some of the portraits have lost all individuality. There are, we think, nearly one-fourth of the whole, which, if you cover the names, you would find some difficulty in distinguishing from one another. For instances, we will mention Sir Godfrey himself, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Devonshire, Duke of Kingston, Duke of Manchester, the old Lord Dorset, Lord Godolphin, Lord Halifax, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir J. Vanbrugh, Addison, and Stanyan. A great deal of this fault arises no doubt from the sameness of the overwhelming costume in which they are buried; something also is to be attributed to a kind of mechanical process, which Sir Godfrey seems to have adopted; but what we have a right to complain of is, that these errors are *aggravated* in the new plates. We will add a comparison of a few of them with a few of Faber's, in which we think the latter have a manifest advantage in force and character. We begin with the portrait of Charles Lenox, first Duke of Richmond. In the *new* plate we see a plump man, of no very peculiar countenance, who might as well be the Duke of Devon or Sir Richard Steele. Turn to Faber—and you are struck at once with an image of Charles the Second, to whom, Mackay tells us, the Duke was *strikingly like*. The *new* portraits of the Dukes of Devon and Newcastle, Lords Carlisle and Stanhope, we turn over without observation; while Faber's plates of these noblemen remind us forcibly of the present representatives of the blood and honours of these noble persons: this may be, in some degree, fancy; but it is certainly no fancy to think the old portraits the most forcible and characteristic.

The *new* plates of the Duke of Grafton, of Lords Berkeley and Capel,

Capel, and of Addison, and Congreve, have little resemblance to the old; the distinctive character of the faces is wholly lost.

The best of the portraits to our taste are those of Lord Godolphin,—noble and elevated; of Sir Samuel Garth,—somewhat affected, but sharp and characteristic; and of Dartneuf,—very peculiar and individual, and, in Faber's print, decidedly foreign. This latter point is the more remarkable, because we know nothing of the extraction of this celebrated epicure. He is said to have been an illegitimate son of Charles the Second, but the portrait bears no resemblance to that monarch; and there is something in the air and form of the countenance which is peculiarly and entirely French. If Dartneuf was the son of Charles, his mother, no doubt, was French.

On the whole, the plates with their faults, such as we have stated, are incomparably too good for the wretched letter-press to which they are attached; and we may repeat to the editor, with a very slight change of his own elegant words, that, 'as Virgil reports of Mezentius, he is,—amongst other enormities,—guilty of binding good prints and bad letter-press together, and thus dooming the former to the most dreadful of all punishments, that of rotting to destruction by a premature conjunction with putrescence.'

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- ART. XI.—1. *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. during the Years 1817, 18, 19, and 20.* By Sir Robert Ker Porter. With numerous engravings of portraits, costumes, and antiquities, &c. Vol. I. 4to. London. 1821.
2. *A Second Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, to Constantinople, between the Years 1810 and 1816. With an Account of the Proceedings of His Majesty's Embassy under His Excellency Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart. K.L.S.* By James Morier, Esq. late Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Persia. With Maps, and Engravings from the Designs of the Author. 4to. London.

THE author of the first of these works is neither a geographer, nor an antiquary, nor a botanist, nor a mineralogist: the manners of the people and the face of the country through which he travelled are almost all that he attempts to describe; and even this he has but indifferently executed: but as Journeys in Persia are not every-day occurrences, it is impossible not to feel some interest in the perusal of his narrative. There is besides the additional novelty arising from his having entered the country at its northern extremity, passing through the defiles of Mount Caucasus, whereas most of our recent accounts are from persons who have proceeded from the shores of the Persian Gulph to Shiraz, Ispahan, and the present capital Taheran.

The huge volume before us contains a description of the author's journey through Persia Proper; but he comforts us with the assurance that he meditates another, of equal dimensions, 'on Babylonia, Kourdistan, and those other countries of the empire which formed the subject of so many pages of deep interest in the old histories of the East, whether by classic or native writers.' His motives for undertaking so spirited an enterprize, he tells us, (though not in the most intelligible language) 'were that liberal speculation and generous curiosity, which foresaw a different empire than that of mere human ambition, in this extraordinary circumnavigation of the world—the empire of civilized man over brutal force—and which made him eager to view places which modern story had brought into celebrity, and to visit countries which the past and the present cover with an ever-during fame!' Yielding to an impulse so laudable, he left Petersburg towards the latter end of August, 1817, and took the road to Odessa on the Black Sea, meaning to embark there for Constantinople: a plan, however, which he was obliged to abandon in consequence of the exaggerated accounts of the havoc occasioned by the plague in that turbulent and ill-fated city.

Odessa (to which recent transactions have given a considerable degree of importance) is distant 1833 wersts from Petersburg, and is described as one of the most flourishing cities of the empire, bidding fair to realize the views of Peter the Great, who wished to extend the commerce of his country on the side of Asia. The Turkish fort of Gadgibei formed the nucleus of the present city; it stood on a high cliff, overlooking the sea, and commanding a great part of the coast, with a fine harbour below. A favourable report of its situation being made to government, orders were issued for the foundations of new structures; and, with the rapidity which characterizes the architectural schemes of Russia, in 1796 the Christian city of Odessa began to rise around the battered walls of the Mahometan fortress. Large offers, in the shape of personal privileges, were held out to certain orders of settlers; and the exportation of grain to the Méditerranéan soon produced a degree of commercial activity in the adjoining country. In 1817 it was declared a free port; and its population is now said to consist of 30,000 souls.

From Odessa, our traveller proceeds to Nicolaieff, which, he says, is rapidly improving under the good government of Admiral Greig. This officer he compliments in the highest style, as indeed he does all persons in authority: for Sir Robert is a great courtier, and loses no opportunity of bestowing due praise on those from whose protection or hospitality he has any thing to expect. On this occasion, he concludes his encomium by the following judicious remark. 'Without judgment in government and ability in agents,

agents, empires cannot be built up; and when up, without the same system they cannot long be maintained.' Continuing his route across the steppe, he witnessed one of those destructive fires, occasioned by the carelessness of bullock drivers or of persons belonging to caravans of merchandise, who halt for the night on the open plain, and on departing in the morning, neglect to extinguish their fires. Near the town of Youchokrak he found himself in the centre of such a conflagration: the actual road was free, having nothing for the devouring element to feed on; but all around was covered with a moving mass of unquenchable flame. The effect produced was an apparently interminable avenue, dividing a volume of fire, which rolled over the face of the country with the awful steadiness and majesty of an advancing ocean.

At Mariopol, Sir Robert reached the shores of the sea of Azof; and journeying onwards by Taganrog and Rostow, being eager, as he says, 'to shake hands, in his own land, with its illustrious Attaman, the ever-memorable Count Platoff, he made his glad entry, about twelve o'clock at night, into New Tcherkask, the present capital of the Donskoy country.' His arrival was the subject of a more general congratulation than falls, we suspect, to the lot of most travellers;—for, on announcing his name to the secretary of the Attaman, he was told by that *good gentleman* that his Excellency had only the day before received intimation from Petersburg that the traveller was proceeding to Persia by a route so distant from Tcherkask, that he must abandon all hope of seeing him. The Attaman, thus unexpectedly relieved from despondency, 'embraced him, repeatedly felicitating himself on the events, whatever they might be, which had induced the traveller to pass through his territory: and'—but we must cut short the rest of his civil speech, on which our traveller expatiates with prolix delight, and which concluded quite sentimentally. 'With regard to you, Sir R. Porter, (alluding,' the author says, 'to my matrimonial alliance with a Russian princess,) the brother-in-law of Prince Alexander Scherbatoff, he whose career I have so often witnessed, and now, with his country, must ever lament its early termination!—did I not esteem you for yourself, you should, for his sake, claim my amplest services.'

On the 23d of September, he left Tcherkask under an escort of Cossacks, and a little before he arrived at the town of Alexandroff, reached the brow of a very steep hill, from which, for the first time, he beheld the stupendous mountains of Caucasus. The prospect, no doubt, was magnificent: the author describes the impression produced by the first glimpse of that sublime range, in the following terms:—

'I had seen almost all the wildest and most gigantic chains in Portugal and Spain, but none gave me an idea of the vastness and grandeur

of that I now contemplated. This seemed nature's bulwark between the nations of Europe and of Asia. Elborus, amongst whose rocks tradition reports Prometheus to have been chained, stood, clad in primeval snows, a world of mountains in itself, towering above all, its white and radiant summits mingling with the heavens, while the pale and countless heads of the subordinate range, high in themselves but far beneath its altitude, stretched along the horizon, till lost to sight in the soft fleeces of the clouds. Several rough and huge masses of black rock rose from the intermediate plain; their size was mountainous, but being viewed near the mighty Caucasus, and compared with them they appeared little more than hills; yet the contrast was fine, their dark brows giving greater effect to the dazzling summits which towered above them. Poets hardly feign when they talk of the Genius of a place. I know not who could behold Caucasus, and not feel the spirit of its sublime solitudes awing his soul.'

On the last day of the month he crossed the river Terek, which separates Russian Europe from Russian Asia. Here he fell in with a convoy, consisting of one six-pounder, 100 chasseurs, and 40 Cossacks, guarding the post or mail, 50 chariots of salt, and as many of European merchandise. There were besides about a dozen travellers, mounted on horseback, and a few wheel-carriages with hard names.

'We now,' Sir Robert says, 'approached the Wlady-Caucasus, the key of the celebrated pass into Georgia:—the road lay over a continuation of the extensive plain, part of which we had crossed the day before, it bore a direction due east; on our right rolled the Terek, breaking over its stony bed and washing with a surge, rather than a flowing stream, the rocky bases of the mountains which rise in progressive acclivities from its bold shores. The day had begun to clear about noon; and the dark curtain of vapours, which had so long shut these stupendous hills from my sight, broke away into a thousand masses of fleecy clouds; and as they gradually glided downwards, exhaled into ether, or separated across the brows of the mountains, the vast piles of Caucasus were presented to my view: a world of themselves; rocky, rugged, and capped with snow; stretching east and west beyond the reach of vision, and shooting far into the skies. It was a sight to make the senses pause; to oppress even respiration, by the weight of the impression on the mind, of such vast overpowering sublimity. The proud head of Elborus was yet far distant: but it rose in hoary majesty above all, the sovereign of these giant mountains; finely contrasting its silvery diadem, the snow of ages, with the blue misty brows of its immediate subject range; and they, being yet partially shrouded in undissolving masses of white cloud, derived increased beauty from comparisons with the bold and black forms of the lower mountains nearer the plain, whose rude and towering tops, and almost perpendicular sides, sublimely carry the astonished eye along the awful picture, creating those feelings of terrific admiration, to which words can give no name.'—p. 65.

From this point the road lay direct through the heart of the mountains;

mountains; the troops were, in consequence, obliged to abandon the field-piece as well as the heavy part of the convoy, and lightened of their loads, they set forth with 'a more volent motion.' The river Terek continued to foam at the bottom of the abyss; the eye cast upwards encountered still blacker and more terrible precipices; huge projections of rocks hung from the beetling steep of the mountain, and every thing appeared terrific and sublime. We are not however informed of the nature of these rocks; but must derive from other sources, of a more tame and philosophical character, our knowledge of their geological structure, and it may perhaps be some little relief, to descend for a moment from the dizzy heights, in which the warm fancy of Sir Robert delights to involve us. According to Engelhardt and Parrot (*Reise in die Krym und den Kaukasus 1812*,) the Terek rises twenty-three wersts N. W. from Kobi, between which and Abana, on the right bank of the river, the 'rocks consist of compact, grayish black, slaty limestone; from that place to Stepan Zwinda, porphyry and clay slate; and from thence to Dariel variously alternating beds of green-stone, hornblende-slate, black compact trapp, gneiss and granitic sienite occur. About Laars clay slate with greenstone is found, and lower down from Kaitukina to the foot of the mountain, compact gray, brown and black limestone.'

Our traveller emerged from the sublime and terrific passes of 'this mountain world,' without any attack from the hordes who occupy its dark recesses, or even meeting with any of the untoward accidents which have sometimes befallen his less fortunate predecessors. In 1785, Engelmann escorted an embassy to Persia, through this rugged scenery, and employed eighteen hours in crossing the mountain, though the distance does not exceed twelve miles: his party encountered many grievous disasters; their mules, carrying services of plate as presents to the King of Persia, fell over the precipices, and silver tureens, and dishes were seen bounding from rock to rock in piteous disorder. As they proceeded with trembling steps, a tempest of wind arose, blowing immense drifts of snow in their faces, in the midst of which the Persian ambassador, and his steward with their horses, wandered over the precipice and sunk into the abyss! By dint of labour and ingenuity the ambassador gradually worked his head out of the snow; and the Cossack and Ossetini guides, being let down, fastened ropes round his Excellency, and thus extricated him from his unpleasant situation. His Excellency's steward, we believe, is there still.

'Teflis, (the capital of Georgia,) to which this perilous pass conducted our traveller, 'stands,' Sir Robert says, 'at the foot of a line of dark and barren hills, whose high and caverned sides gloomily overshadow it. Every house, every building within its walls, seems

to share the dismal hue of the surrounding heights; for a deep blackness rests on all. The hoary battlements above, and the still majestic towers of the ancient citadel; the spires of Christian churches, and other marks of European residents; even their testimonies of past grandeur and present consequence, and what is more, present Christian brotherhood, could not, for some time, erase the horrible dungeon impression of Asiatic dirt and barbarism, received at first view of the town.'—p. 114.

With the exception of the residence of the governor, the arsenal, hospital, churches and a few villas in the vicinity, which have an European air, the rest of the town is purely Asiatic, consisting of low flat roofed dingy dwellings, the doors and windows of which are exceedingly small: the streets are narrow and filthy, full of mud in wet weather, and intolerably dusty during the dry season. The hot springs, which have given celebrity to Teflis, rise in the adjacent heights, and mingling with a cool mountain-torrent, flow in a deep ravine at one extremity of the bazar. The public baths are situated at this spot; the waters, Sir Robert says, are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and the stench, disorder and filth of the place offensive in the highest degree. The bath for the men is vaulted; that appropriated to the ladies is a vast cavern, gloomily lighted, and smelling most potently of sulphur. Through dim filmy vapours, wreathing like smoke over the surface of a boiling cauldron, our traveller, who regards no inconvenience where a laudable curiosity is to be gratified, explored his 'uncouth way' and beheld the figures of the Georgian Venuses in various attitudes, performing their ablutions. Some were disrobing apart; others were sitting or lying on a stone divan spread with carpets, and attended by servants employed in making up their persons, blackening their hair, eye-brows and eye-lashes, and painting, or rather enamelling, their faces.

An entertainment of another kind awaited him. Before he quitted Teflis, General Yarmolloff, the governor of Georgia, returned to the capital, and received our traveller with singular kindness. At his house, 'the sunshine of which,' he says, 'overcame the gloom of the city,' he had an opportunity of witnessing the dances of the Georgians as well as of some noble Circassians who were on a visit there; both exhibitions appear to have been grotesque, ungraceful, and somewhat indecorous. On this occasion, Sir Robert (seduced, perhaps, by the spectacle before him) launches into some kindred details on the frank manners and customs of the Circassians: among other things, he tells us that, 'when a traveller arrives at one of their abodes, his host orders one of his daughters to do the honours of his reception, to take care of his horse and baggage, to prepare his meals, and, when night comes on, to share his bed. The refusal of the latter part
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of the entertainment would be considered as a great affront to the young lady, as well as to her father.'

The skies were beginning to clear towards the 7th of November, when Sir Robert left Teflis, on his way to Persia. At the town of Gumri, a strong Russian post, he found himself within a short distance of the Turkish frontier: here he exchanged his European or Cossack escort for one consisting entirely of natives. Under the protection of this 'murderous-looking band,' commanded by 'a brawny determined visaged man,' who wore round his neck a medal of the Emperor Alexander, and was dressed in a mixed fashion, half Georgian, half Turkish, he ventured to cross the Turkish lines, though unprovided with a passport, for the purpose of visiting the ruins of Anni, one of the ancient capitals of Armenia. On entering the city, he found the whole surface of the ground covered with hewn stones, broken columns, shattered but highly ornamented friezes, and other remains of ancient magnificence. We cannot help regretting that he did not make a sketch of the spot; a slight outline would have been more valuable and infinitely more intelligible than all his laboured description;—but his work strikes us as singularly deficient, particularly when considered as the production of so skilful an artist, in views of places; nor are those with which we are indulged by any means well engraved. His reflections, however, on the scene before him are worthy of praise.

'It is not in language to describe the effect on the mind, in visiting one of these places. The space, over which the eye wanders, all marked with memorials of the past; but where no pillar, nor dome, nor household wall of any kind, however fallen, yet remain to give a feeling of some present existence of the place, even by a progress in decay; all, here, is finished; buried under heaps of earth; the graves, not of the people alone, but of their houses, temples, palaces; all lying in death-like entombment. At Anni, I found myself surrounded by a superb monument of Armenian greatness; at Adashir, I stood over its grave. Go where one will, for lessons of time's revolutions, the brevity of human life, the nothingness of man's ambition; they no where can strike upon the heart like a single glance cast on one of these motionless, life-deserted "cities of the silent."'

On passing the river Akhoor, he entered the Persian territory, and soon after beheld for the first time the double head of Mount Ararat. He describes the tract of country over which he now travelled, as one vast depopulated wilderness, far surpassing in desolation the wildest steppes of Russia. As he continued his route, Ararat assumed a more imposing character, appearing as if the hugest mountains of the world had been piled upon each other to form this one sublime immensity of earth, rock, and snow. Having reposed himself in the Armenian monastery of

Eitch-mai-adzen, and admired its precious relics, (the stone on which St. Gregory sat, and the spear-head with which the soldier pierced the side of our Lord,) he pursued his road towards the province of Erivan, one of the most fertile districts of the Persian empire; the capital of which, however, furnishes no exception to the state of the other towns which he had seen on his way from Wlady Caucasus.

On his approach to Tabreez, the principal residence of Abbas Mirza, the heir-apparent to the Persian empire, he was met by some of his own countrymen, who were here for the purpose of organizing the new troops according to the European mode. This is a subject upon which we would bestow a few words, though little or no information is to be obtained concerning it from the ponderous volume of our author. It has been well observed that had Persia been placed where Turkey is, in close contact with the powers of Europe, it would by this time have become entirely European; and it might not now have been a question of policy, whether to connive at the atrocities of the lawless hordes of the Grand Signior, or to assist his Christian subjects in their attempts to shake off the yoke of slavery and oppression.

The Persians have, in all ages, been distinguished for a military character; but, though valiant, they possessed no regular discipline: being, however, not so jealous as the Turks, on the score of innovation in military and religious matters, they have recently made considerable advances towards improvement. It is true, that it is chiefly by the enterprize and liberal views of the present Prince, Abbas Mirza, that the system has been brought to its actual state of perfection; but it would appear that attempts to effect the same object had been made by former rulers of the country. The corps of infantry which the Shah, Abbas the Great, raised, in 1602, to render himself independent of his turbulent chiefs, and to oppose the Turkish janissaries, probably owed its discipline to the counsel and aid of two English knights, Sir Robert and Sir Anthony Sherley, and their military followers. The following passage, written by a contemporary, appears to prove this fact.

‘The mightie Ottoman, terror of the Christian world, quaketh of a Sherley fever, and gives hopes of approaching fates: the prevailing Persian hath learned Sherleian arts of war, and he, which before knew not the use of ordnance, hath now five hundred pieces of brasse, and sixty thousand musketiers: so that they, which at hand with the sword were before dreadful to the Turkes, now also in remoter blowes and sulfurian arts, are growne terrible.’—*Purchas’ Pilgrims*, vol. ii. p. 1806.

About a century after this, Nadir Shah, reflecting that the advantages

vantages obtained by the Europeans over the Turks resulted from the order and regularity with which they made war, secretly procured some French officers, and began by placing the artillery under their management. He reformed his cavalry; divided his army into brigades, battalions, and companies; created inferior officers, and separated his infantry into regiments of the line and sharp-shooters. After his death, the troops fell again into disorganization; and had it not been for the war with Russia, it is probable the military skill which they had acquired would have been lost, and the Turks regained possession of Aderbidjan from which they had been driven by Nadir. Aga-Mohammed-Khan, though he signalized himself in his various expeditions into Khorassan and Georgia, did little for the discipline of the army: a short time after his decease, however, some Russian deserters were received into the service of the governor of Tabreez, where they attempted to organize a few battalions; but, as it would seem, with indifferent success.

Hitherto the Persian armies were solely composed of irregular infantry and some bands of cavalry; their artillery consisted of what are called Zumbooruks (swivels) fixed to the backs of camels, and carrying balls from one to two pounds weight; but in the year 1800, Abbas Mirza, who had been sent into Azerbidjan, to direct the military operations of that province, employed a few Russian deserters, who had recently come over to him, to form and organize different corps.

His first essays in discipline were not, however, attended with much success, as he had to combat the prejudices of the Persian recruits, who unanimously rejected the proposal of being assimilated in any manner to the *Firengees*, (Europeans) and above all to the Russians, whom they more especially affected to despise. The Prince therefore began by setting the example; he adopted the dress of a soldier, and submitted to learn the military exercise from a Russian. He had hardly, however, succeeded in teaching a few of his men the platoon exercise, to march abreast, and to wheel at the word of command, when the opportune arrival of the French embassy from Buonaparte supplied him with a number of able and active officers, who, being put in command of large bodies of troops, advanced his views to the utmost of his expectations.

The Prince subsequently raised a corps of artillery, under the command of Lieutenant Lindsay, of the Madras army, (who accompanied the mission of Sir Harford Jones,) to whom he gave full power to fashion and equip his recruits in any manner he chose, with the single exception of cutting off their beards. On this point he was inexorable; nor would the sacrifice ever have taken place
had

had not a powder-horn exploded in the hands of a gunner luckily gifted with a more than ordinary length of beard, which was in an instant blown away from his chin. The Lieutenant produced the scorched and mutilated wretch before the Prince, who was so struck with his woeful appearance that he conceded the long-contested curtailment.

The character of this prince, as given by Mr. Morier, (the able and interesting account of whose Second Journey into Persia, circumstances, which it is now too late to explain, prevented us from noticing before,) is highly favourable both to his talents and disposition. We are indebted to the observations of this gentleman for some of the details which we have given of the military state of Persia; and have been not a little amused with the proof of the actual improvement of the natives in the art of war, deduced from an anecdote related to him by Abbas Mirza, in a conversation on the policy of declaring hostilities against the Uzbeg Tartars. It was suggested that an easy victory might be obtained over these people, possessed as the Persians now were of a good artillery. 'Ah,' said the Prince, 'it would, indeed, be an easy matter—what do they know of guns or manœuvres, and of firing ten times in a minute? I recollect the time when the Persians were as bad as they; my father, Ali-Shah, once besieged a fort, and had with him one gun, with only three balls, and even this was reckoned extraordinary. He fired off two balls at the fort, and then summoned it to surrender. The besieged, who knew that he had only one ball left, sent him this answer:—For God's sake, fire off your other ball at us, and then we shall be free of you altogether.'

Among the most striking buildings of Tabreez, Sir Robert places the massy towers of an ancient fortress. 'In traversing the interior of these ruins,' he says, 'we found several spacious and vaulted apartments, much below the present surface of the ground; and near to them the remains of a magnificent mosque. Heaps of tiles, of dust and of furnace-made bricks, fill up its shattered walls; mixed, in many places, with pieces of the white transparent marble, so renowned by the name of Tabreez marble, and which is dug from the mountains on the borders of the Lake of Ourmia.'

Sir Robert is here in an error; this marble is not dug from the mountains, but procured from what are called the *Petrifications*, at Shirameen, a village not far from the Lake. A very curious and interesting description of this singular place is given by Mr. Morier, whose good fortune led him to the spot.

'This natural curiosity consists of certain extraordinary ponds, or splashes, whose indolent waters, by a slow and regular process, stagnate, concrete and petrify, and produce that beautiful transparent stone, commonly

monly called Tabriz marble, which is so remarkable in most of the burial places in Persia, and which forms a chief ornament in all the buildings of note throughout the country. These ponds, which are situated close to one another, are contained in a circumference of about half a mile, and their position is marked by confused heaps and mounds of the stone, which have accumulated as the excavations have increased. We had seen nothing in Persia yet which was more worthy of the attention of the naturalist than this, and I never so much regretted my ignorance of subjects of this nature, because I felt that it is of consequence they should be brought into notice by scientific observation. However, rather than omit all description of a spot which, perhaps, no Europeans but ourselves have had the opportunity of examining, and on which therefore we are bound (in justice to those opportunities) not to withhold the information which we obtained, I will venture to give the following notes of our visit, relying upon the candour and the science of my readers to fill up my imperfect outline:—On approaching the spot the ground has a hollow sound, with a particularly dreary and calcined appearance, and when upon it a strong mineral smell arises from the ponds. The process of petrification is to be traced from its first beginning to its termination. In one part the water is clear; in a second it appears thicker and stagnant; in a third quite black, and in its last stage is white, like a hoar frost. Indeed a petrified pond looks like frozen water, and before the operation is quite finished, a stone slightly thrown upon it breaks the outer coating, and causes the black water underneath to exude. Where the operation is complete a stone makes no impression, and a man may walk upon it without wetting his shoes. Wherever the petrification has been hewn into, the curious progress of the concretion is clearly seen, and shows itself like sheets of rough paper placed one over the other in accumulated layers. Such is the constant tendency of this water to become stone, that where it exudes from the ground in bubbles, the petrification assumes a globular shape, as if the bubbles of a spring, by a stroke of magic, had been arrested in their play, and metamorphosed into marble. The substance thus produced is brittle, transparent, and sometimes most richly streaked with green, red and copper-coloured veins. It admits of being cut into immense slabs, and takes a good polish. The present royal family of Persia, whose princes do not spend large sums in the construction of public buildings, have not carried away much of the stone; but some immense slabs which were cut by Nadir Shah, and now lie neglected amongst innumerable fragments, show the objects which he had in view. So much is this stone looked upon as an article of luxury, that none but the King, his sons, and persons privileged by special firman, are permitted to excavate; and such is the ascendancy of pride over avarice, that the scheme of farming it to the highest bidder does not seem to have ever come within the calculations of its present possessors.—p. 286.

The waters of Ourmia have been analysed in this country, and show a degree of saline impregnation greater than that of any other

other lake, with the exception of the Dead Sea; the specific gravity of which is 1211, while that of lake Ourmia was found by Dr. Marcet, who examined a specimen sent home by the late Mr. Browne, to be 1165·07. Salt lakes, entirely unconnected with the ocean, are by no means of frequent occurrence; the water of this last is so nearly saturated that it begins to deposit crystals the moment that heat is applied to it. It contains no lime, but yields about twenty times as much sulphuric acid, and six times as much muriatic acid, as sea-water does. No fish can live in it; the surface, however, is not, as has been stated, incrustated with salt, but appears as pellucid as that of the clearest rivulet.

These curious objects of natural history do not seem to have had any particular charms for our traveller; and fortunately Abbas Mirza (on whom he dwells with great complacency) did him the honour to invite him to join his suite on the visit he was about to make to Taheran, whither the king had ordered him to repair, to assist at the celebration of the feast of the Nowroose. The severity of the cold at Tabreez was greater than we should have expected to find it in this part of Persia.

‘ Scarcely a day passes (Sir Robert says) without one or two persons being found frozen to death in the neighbourhood. Several instances, which happened during my stay at Tabreez were particularly distressing; and amongst them was the perishing of three women and two men, with five asses belonging to them, which had taken shelter from a sudden drift of snow and wind under an arch of the Augi bridge. They were discovered after the storm had subsided perfectly dead, and as stiff as the blocks of ice which lay on each side of them. Another calamity of the kind I shall mention, as having a circumstance of greatly augmented pain connected with it. The gates of all towns and cities in Persia are shut a little after sun-set and re-opened at sun-rise. Strict adherence to this injunction, and carelessness or unavoidable delays on the part of travellers, often subject them to the inconvenience of reaching the gates when they are closed. Hence they must stay without till morning. And during the inclement season, at opening the gates, very often a terrible scene of death unfolds itself close to the threshold; old and young, animals and children, lying one lifeless heap. But the particular instance I would now recount relates to a solitary traveller, who had performed a long journey on his own horse, a member of their families to which these people are eminently attached. When he arrived at Tabreez the ingress was already barred. The night was one of the severest which had been known; and the poor man, to save himself from the fatal effects he too surely anticipated, pierced his faithful horse with his dagger, and ripping up its body, thrust himself into it, in the vain hope of the warmth which might remain preserving his own vital heat till the morning; but in the morning,

when

when the gates were opened, he was found frozen to death in this horrible shroud.'—p. 247, 248.

On the 3d of March, he accompanied the prince (who was escorted by a little army) on his journey to Teheran, by the route of Mianna and Casvin. On the way they passed the spot where the unfortunate Browne was murdered, the interesting circumstances of which melancholy event are related as follows.

'This gentleman was a man of indefatigable research, with a persevering industry in acquiring the means of pursuing his object equal to the enterprising spirit with which he breasted every difficulty in his way. Previous to his going to Persia, he had stopped some time in Constantinople to perfect himself in the Turkish language, and before he left that city he spoke it like a native. From a mistaken idea of facilitating his progress amongst the different Asiatic nations through which he might have occasion to pass in the route he had laid down for himself, he assumed the Turkish dress. Being thus equipped, he set forward with an intent to penetrate through Khorassan, and thence visit the unexplored and dangerous regions south of the Caspian, closing his researches in that direction at Astrakhan. During the early part of his Persian journey, he had a conference with His Britannic Majesty's ambassador Sir Gore Ouseley, and at Oujon was admitted to an audience of the Persian king. So little was danger from attacks of any kind apprehended by the persons best acquainted with the state of the country, that no difficulties whatever were suggested as likely to meet him, and accordingly he proceeded in full confidence. Having reached this pass of Irak, he stopped at the caravansary I have just described to take a little refreshment. That over, he remounted his horse, and leaving his servant to pack up the articles he had been using, and then follow him, he rode gently forward along the mountains. Mr. Browne had scarcely proceeded half a mile when suddenly two men on foot came up behind him, one of whom, with a blow from a club, before he was aware, struck him senseless from his horse. Several other villains at the same instant sprang from hollows in the hills, and bound him hand and foot. At this moment they offered him no further personal violence; but as soon as he had recovered from the stupor occasioned by the first mode of attack, he looked round and saw the robbers plundering both his baggage and his servant, the man having come forward on the road in obedience to the commands of his master. When the depredators found their victim restored to observation, they told him it was their intention to put an end to his life, but that was not the place where the final stroke should be made. Mr. Browne, incapable of resistance, calmly listened to his own sentence, but entreated them to spare his poor servant, and allow him to depart with his papers, which could be of no use to them. All this they granted: and, what may appear still more extraordinary, these ferocious brigands, to whom the acquisition of arms must be as the staff of life, made the man a present of his master's pistols and double-barrelled gun; but they were English, and the marks might have betrayed the

the new possessors. These singular robbers then permitted Mr. Browne to see his servant safe out of sight, before they laid further hands on himself, after which they carried him, and the property they had reserved for themselves, into a valley on the opposite side of the Kizzilouzan, and without further parley terminated his existence, it is supposed, by strangulation. They stripped his corpse of every part of its raiment, and then left it on the open ground a prey to wolves and other wild animals. The servant meanwhile made the best of his way towards Tabreez, where he related the tale I have just told.'—pp. 268—270.

As they approached Casvin, the cold, together with the snow, gradually disappeared; numerous flourishing villages were seen amongst rich tracts of land, that already began to put forth the promise of an early and abundant harvest. The plain of Casvin extends south-east beyond Taheran to the foot of a lofty line of mountains south of the Caspian, in which is to be found the famous pass of Kavar, anciently called the Straits of the Caspian. No regular path confined their line of march; so that the horsemen galloped to and fro, throwing the *dgirid*, firing their pistols, shaking their long bamboo lances, and affecting to skirmish.

Before they reached Taheran, they received intelligence of the illness of Dr. Drummond Campbell, a friend of the author, who was attached to the British embassy in Persia, and in seeing whom Sir Robert anticipated much pleasure. For the benefit of his health, he had removed to the village of Kund, a salubrious spot, delightfully situated on the side of the mountains north of Taheran, and thither the author went with Dr. de la Fosse to pay him a visit.

'The night was beautiful; a bright moon, through as clear a sky, cheering us on our way. It was past midnight before we reached the quarters of poor Campbell. He was asleep when we arrived, and being careful not to have him disturbed, we did not see him till five o'clock the next morning. When I entered his melancholy chamber, and again took my friend by the hand, I was shocked to find him far more reduced than even the messenger had described. His pleasure was great at the sight of us, and we did our best to enliven him with hopes of recovery. But he shook his head, though with a kind smile, that showed his resignation and feeling of our motive in thus seeking to cheer him. Our visit was short, but yet as long as his weak state could bear; and we started early that Dr. de la Fosse might make his report of our friend to the prince before he should be encumbered by the ceremonies of his approach to Teheran.'—p. 305.

This unfortunate gentleman soon after died, and Sir Robert indulges in lamentations over his fate, highly creditable to his feelings; though we cannot well understand him, when he observes, that during the spring at Taheran, he often thought of his
poor

poor friend, and wished that he could have borne the last lingering severities of departing winter a little longer, to have inhaled new life in the balmy relenting of nature: for, says he, 'the thermometer of Reaumur, during the months of April and May, never mounts to more than 70 or 80 in the shade;' a degree of heat little short of boiling water!—so dangerous is it for the unlearned to meddle even with the most trifling matters of science.

Between Taheran and Ispahan he crossed one of those immense deserts of salt which abound in Persia. That which stretches from the banks of the Heirmund river in Seistan to the range of hills which divide that province from Lower Mekran, is 400 miles long and 200 miles broad; another, as large, is met with to the north, reaching from Koom and Kashan to the provinces of Mazanderan and Khorassan. This extensive waste encircles the sea of Zereh, and in its dry parts presents to the eye either a crusted coat of brittle earth, or a succession of sand hills which assume the appearance of waves, formed of impalpable red particles that are driven about by the violent north-west winds which prevail in summer. The countries situated in the vicinity of these dreadful wilds are subject to extreme heat, the thermometer of Fahrenheit sometimes standing at 125° in a tent. Of Persia generally, it may be said that its chief features are numerous chains of mountains and large tracts of desert, amidst which are interspersed beautiful vallies and rich pasture lands. Except in the province of Mazanderan, where extensive forests are found, the mountains are generally bare, or thinly covered with underwood.

The remainder of the volume is occupied by a description of the traveller's arrival at Ispahan, and of the ruins of Persepolis. On the former subject, we find nothing worthy of notice; on the latter he has bestowed great pains, and indeed it forms by far the most valuable and interesting portion of his work.

In the plain of Merdasht, which is watered on the south-west by the river Bend-emir, the ancient Araxes, stands 'the Throne of Jemsheed,' as the natives call these immense ruins, now generally believed to have belonged to the palace of Darius, to which 'the Macedonian madman' set fire in a fit of drunken revelry, and which was beyond doubt one of the most magnificent structures of the ancient world. If there is nothing in the architecture of the buildings, or in the sculptures and reliefs on the rocks, that can be compared with the exquisite specimens of Grecian art, still it is impossible to behold the remains of Persepolis without emotions of rapture and surprize. The wealth of an unbounded empire was exhausted in their construction; they were adorned with every ornament that the art of the old world could supply, and their history yet lives on the imperishable materials

rials of which they were built. The palace, the face of the mountain at the foot of which it is situated, and many of the rocks in its vicinity, are ornamented with a profusion of sculpture; and afford ample evidence, as Sir John Malcolm observes, that the Persians were in the habit of describing by the graving tool both their religious ceremonies and the principal events of their history.

The impression made on Sir Robert Porter by the first sight of these celebrated monuments was that, both *en masse* and in detail, they bore a strong resemblance to the architectural taste of Egypt. The artificial plane which supports the ruins of this immense citadel, as he calls it, is of a very irregular shape; but nothing can transcend the strength and beauty of its construction. Its steep faces are formed of dark grey marble, cut into gigantic blocks, exquisitely polished, and, without the aid of mortar, fitted to each other with such admirable precision, that when first completed, the platform must have appeared as part of the solid mountain itself, levelled to become a foundation for a structure, many of whose proud columns still remain erect. A flight of steps, situated in its western face, leads to the summit of the platform, and is so stupendous, and on a scale of such astonishing magnificence, as fully to prepare the mind for the corresponding forms of vastness and grandeur to be met with above.

On reaching the platform, the first objects that strike the eye are the lofty sides of an enormous portal, the interior faces of whose walls are sculptured into the forms of two colossal quadrupeds, that on a nearer approach were found to represent bulls. The loss of the heads deprived the traveller of the means of knowing whether they had one or two horns; but he thinks, from what he has seen in other symbolical animals of the same kind in Persia, that they were represented with only one. Around the necks of these bucolic sentinels (as Sir Robert classically calls them) are broad collars of roses, executed with the most critical nicety; and in the very spirited delineations which he gives of them, he has been elaborate, even to a hair, in copying the distinguishing marks of that proud epoch of Persian sculpture. At the distance of twenty-four feet, in a direct line from the portal, once stood four magnificent columns; they were all erect in the time of Chardin, but two only now remain. At an equal distance is another portal, the inner sides of which are also sculptured, but the animals represented are of very extraordinary formation, of gigantic proportions, and monstrous appearance. They have the bodies and legs of bulls, (with enormous wings,) and the faces of men. The blind zeal of the Moslems has miserably mutilated the features, yet enough remains to exhibit a severe and majestic expression of countenance, to which a long and carefully curled beard does
not

not a little contribute. Sir Robert asserts that this is the only specimen known to exist in Persia where the human and bestial form are conjoined; and he thinks that this singular hieroglyphic may with great probability be attributed to Cyrus, whose empire over the East was prophesied by Ezekiel, under a similar figure, upwards of fifty years before his accession.

An expanse of 162 feet lies between this portal and the magnificent terrace that supports the multitude of columns, from which the spot has derived its appellation of *Chehal-minar*, or 'the Palace of Forty Pillars.' A superb approach, consisting of a double staircase, projects considerably before the northern face of the terrace, the whole length of which is 212 feet; at each extremity, east and west, rises another range of steps; again in the middle, projecting from it eighteen feet, appear two smaller flights, rising from the same points. The whole front of the advanced range is covered with sculpture, which Sir Robert examined with great care, distinguishing the peculiarities of every figure, and copying them as distinctly and with as much fidelity as he could. The space immediately under the landing-place is divided into three compartments: the centre one has a plain surface; to the left are four standing figures, habited in long robes, holding a spear in an upright position in both hands; from the left shoulder hang a bow and quiver. The nicety with which the details are executed, render these sculptures particularly interesting to the historian; they mark the costume of the time and people, their progress in the form, variety, and use of arms, and indicate with clearness the ancient method of stringing the bow, and the manner of attaching the leather cover to the quiver, to protect the feathers of the arrows from damage. All these peculiarities of archery, the traveller, who says he is an old bowman himself, observed and transferred to his port-folio with great attention.

On the right of the vacant tablet are three figures only, without bows or quivers, but carrying spears with large shields, resembling Bæotian bucklers: these he considers to have been intended to pourtray the Royal Guards. Two angular spaces on each side of the spearmen are filled with duplicate representations of a fight between a lion and a bull, a most spirited and admirable performance. Sir Robert, after perplexing himself a good deal about the import of this combat, inclines to the opinion that it typifies the conquest of Cyrus over the two great empires of Assyria, and Babylon. The beauty, and truth, and fire with which these quadrupeds are executed are above all praise.

It is remarkable, that wherever any of the brute creation are represented amongst these relics, their limbs, muscles, and actions are always given in a more perfect style than when the

same sculptor attempts the human form; an observation that will be found to hold good with regard, also to the antiquities of Egypt, Syria, and India. This consummate knowledge of the ancients in one respect, and their conspicuous ignorance in the other, our author attributes, justly enough perhaps, to the opportunities afforded by their daily sacrifices, of witnessing the minute contorsions and dissections of the brute creation, and the superstition that universally prevailed against putting the hand on a human body.

The rest of this highly ornamented staircase is covered with figures, that, judging from their numbers, their uniform dresses, arms, and positions, are probably the representatives of the vast body-guard, the *Doryphores*, who once held an actual station on this spot. The whole description of the procession that decorates the flight of steps which stretches to the East, illustrated as it is by drawings, executed with great spirit, and, we have no doubt, with great exactness, merits our unqualified approbation.

Our traveller was proceeding with great zeal to examine the excavated tombs scattered over this wonderful spot, when an illness, brought on by heat and fatigue, obliged him to relinquish his pursuits altogether. As he looked from side to side, and up to the rocks, to objects now beyond his compass, he felt the deepest regret at being obliged to abandon his labours. He had the satisfaction, however, to think that he had drawn nearly every bas-relief of consequence, taken a faithful plan of the place, and copied several of the cuneiform inscriptions. Full of high and solemn musing, 'of Cyrus who had planted the empire, and of Alexander who had torn it from its rock,' and lamenting, as he says, that 'such noble works of human ingenuity should be destined, from the vicissitudes of revolution, and the rapine, ignorance, or fanaticism of succeeding times, to be left in total neglect, or, when noticed, doomed to the predatory mallet, and every other attack of unreflecting destruction;' he turned from the tenantless tombs and desolated capital, and continued his route to Shiraz. Here the volume closes.

ART. XII.—*The Pirate*. By the Author of 'Waverley,' 'Kenilworth,' &c. 8vo. 3 vols. Edinburgh. 1822.

IF we could fancy the summit of a poet's ambition, it would be, that he should render classical every scene which he described, and embalm among our recollections every character and incident that he imagined—that the appearance of one of his works should be among the public events of the year—that its perusal and discussion

cussion should instantly engross every eye and every tongue—that, as the buzz of criticism subsided, public attention should turn to what was to follow—that a general whisper should tell that he was again employed—that contradictory rumours should soon state, with more and more decision, the character and the name of the unfinished work—that the different opinions should each find supporters, and even partizans, until the oracular annunciation ‘The — by the author of — is in the press,’ should give certainty on one point, and stimulate curiosity and anticipation on every other, and that at length, like the castle in the vale of St. John, the magical edifice should at once shine forth, from among the mists which concealed it, and display the royal palace, the feudal castle, the modern mansion, the border tower, the highland sheeling, or the Zetland burgh, which the invisible architect thought fit residence for his living creations.

But dazzling as this eminence appears from below, it is, perhaps, less conducive to the happiness of him who has attained it, than many of the humble points of his ascent. He can scarcely hope that any of his subsequent efforts will exceed the excited expectation of the public; he must constantly fear that they will disappoint it. In this, perhaps, lies the great superiority of speculative pursuits over those of the imagination. Every step, which the mathematician, or the chemist, or the political economist, has made, facilitates his subsequent advances. He has, probably, discovered a new instrument, of calculation or decomposition, or a general principle, with which he may tie up the scattered facts that were before independent burthens on his memory; or he has detected the fallacy, or the omissions, which threw doubt and inconsistency over his reasonings. He covers at every succeeding stride a wider space.

But the earlier works of a poet have the same advantage over his subsequent ones, which the earlier poets had over their successors, or which the first settlers in a new colony enjoy over those who follow them: they preoccupy whatever is most beautiful or most productive; they exhaust the scenes, the characters, and the incidents, which are best fitted for description, or which he is best fitted to describe. To revert to our colonial metaphor, he must either break up new ground of inferior fertility, or apply additional labour, with a diminished effect, to what is already in cultivation. Our author has, in the work before us, employed both expedients with characteristic boldness. Nothing can be more barren, than the waste land which he has endeavoured to reclaim—nothing more over cropped, than the old ground which he has ventured still to continue under the plough. Most of his former works derived interest from their mere subjects: the fore ground was filled with distinct portraits of persons, whom we had long been endeavouring

to make out in the distance of history; his back ground was formed of scenery, magnificent in its elements, and splendid from its variety. But the characters of the Pirate are purely fictitious, and the scene is laid in a country too obscure, until our author's genius stamped it with notoriety, to excite attention, and too uniform to detain it. What could be done for Zetland he has done: he has painted with his usual vivid accuracy the few natural objects it afforded: the rocky promontory, the inland sea, the fierceness of a northern ocean, and the caprice of a northern climate, with its misty calm and irresistible tempest, and he has suited to it, with admirable consistency, the habits and character of its inhabitants. The promise of his motto is fully performed—

‘—————nothing of them
But doth suffer a sea-change.’

Their furniture and their food are, almost wholly, the produce or the gifts of the sea;—all their language and conversation is insular, and almost fishy; limited by the narrow experience, and full of the maritime superstitions and associations, of their situation. In his usual pursuit of national, as well as individual, contrast, he has described his Zetlanders before they became assimilated in feeling to their Scottish proprietors and neighbours, and has attributed to them, in a mitigated degree, the hostility towards the new-comers, which gives spirit to his Saxons in *Ivanhoe*.

It is at Burgh-Westra, the residence of Magnus Troil, the Cedric of the piece, that the story commences: the previous chapters having introduced to us Mordaunt Mertoun, a poor youth on whom the office, not a very high one in our author's court, of *heros en chef*, is forced; and to his father, Basil Mertoun, a misanthropic recluse, marked by the mystery—the silence—the gloom—the general apathy and occasional impetuosity—the sternness and the pride which, at once, indicate, to a practised novel-reader, one of the numerous family of retired criminals, or injured lovers. Minna and Brenda, the daughters of Magnus Troil, we must describe in our author's own words:—

‘From her mother, Minna inherited the stately form and dark eyes, the raven locks and finely-pencilled brows, which showed she was, on one side at least, a stranger to the blood of Thule. Her cheek,

O call it fair, not pale,

was so slightly and delicately tinged with the rose, that many thought the lily had an undue proportion in her complexion. But in that predominance of the paler flower, there was nothing sickly or languid; it was the true natural complexion of health, and corresponded in a peculiar degree with features which seemed calculated to express a contemplative and high-minded character.

‘The scarce less beautiful, equally lovely, and equally innocent
Brenda,

Brenda, was of a complexion as differing from her sister, as they differed in character, taste, and expression. Her profuse locks were of that paly brown, which receives from the passing sun-beam a tinge of gold, but darkens again when the ray has passed from it. Her eye, her mouth, the beautiful row of teeth, which, in her innocent vivacity, were frequently disclosed; the fresh, yet not too bright glow, of a healthy complexion, tinged a skin like the drifted snow, spoke her genuine Scandinavian descent. A fairy form, less tall than that of Minna, but even more finely moulded into symmetry—a careless and almost childish lightness of step—an eye that seemed to look on every object with pleasure, from a natural and serene cheerfulness of disposition, attracted even more general admiration than the charms of her sister, though, perhaps, that which Minna did excite, might be of a more intense as well as a more reverential character.—vol. i. p. 43. 45, 46.

Mordaunt has as yet lived with them both in perfect intimacy, but without apparent preference of one to the other, ‘treating them as an affectionate brother might treat two sisters, so equally dear to him, that a breath would turn the scale of affection.’ After a visit of a week, immediately preceding the commencement of the narrative, he leaves them to return to his father’s residence, Jarlshof, at the foot of Sumburgh-Head, the south-eastern extremity of the island.

‘But he had not advanced three hours on his journey, before the wind, which had been so deadly still in the morning, began at first to wail and sigh, as if bemoaning beforehand the evils which it might perpetrate in its fury, like a madman in the gloomy state of dejection which precedes his fit of violence; then gradually increasing, the gale howled, raged, and roared, in the full fury of a northern storm.’—vol. i. p. 61.

He is forced to take refuge at Harfra, the abode of Triptolemus Yellowley, an agricultural enthusiast, of mixed Scottish and Yorkshire blood, and one of the Bores of the work (for unhappily there is a double allowance) whom fate, for his own and our misfortune, had transported, with his sister Babie, to this unfertile and prejudiced region. He is soon followed by Bryce Snaelsfoot, a travelling jagger, or pedlar, (our old acquaintance Andrew Fairservice, with a pack at his back,) who is destined to act an important part in the subsequent events. And, as the storm increased in violence, ‘a woman, tall enough almost to touch the top of the door with her cap, stepped into the room, signing the cross as she entered, and pronouncing with a solemn voice “the blessings of God and Saint Ronald on the open door, and their braid malison and mine upon close handed churls.” The speaker was as striking in appearance as extravagantly lofty in her pretensions and in her language. She might well have represented on the stage, so far as features, voice, and stature were concerned, the Bonduca or Boadicea of the Britons, or the sage Velleda, Aurinia, or any other fated Pytho-ness, who ever led to battle a tribe of the ancient Goths. Her features were high and well formed, and would have been

handsome but for the ravages of time, and the effects of exposure to the severe weather of her country. Age and, perhaps, sorrow, had quenched, in some degree, the fire of a dark blue eye, whose hue almost approached to black, and had sprinkled snow on such part of her tresses as had escaped from under her cap, and were dishevelled by the rigour of the storm.

‘Such was the appearance of Norna of the Fitful Head, upon whom many of the inhabitants of the island looked with observance, many with fear, and almost all with a sort of veneration.’—vol. i. pp. 117, 118.

Norna’s magic—for she has the supernatural pretensions which sometimes dignify, and more often render absurd, her prototypes in our author’s works, is that of her Norwegian ancestors: it is exercised on the elements. Subsequently (our author can scarcely refrain from saying consequently) to her chanting a Runic invocation, the tempest subsides, and Mordaunt regains his home. But the next morning, when he and his father looked from the verge of the precipice, of which the landward slope was terminated by their house,

‘the wide sea still heaved and swelled with the agitation of the yesterday’s storm which had been far too violent to subside speedily. The tide, therefore, poured on the headland with a fury deafening to the ear, and dizzying to the eye, threatening instant destruction to whatever might be at the time involved in its current. The sight of nature in her magnificence, or in her beauty, or in her terrors, has at all times an overpowering interest, which even habit cannot greatly weaken; and both father and son sate themselves down on the cliff to look out upon that unbounded war of waters, which rolled in their wrath to the foot of the precipice.

‘At once Mordaunt, whose eyes were sharper, and probably his attention more alert than that of his father, started up and exclaimed, “God in Heaven! there is a vessel in the roost.”

‘Mertoun looked to the north-westward, and an object was visible amid the rolling tide. “She shews no sail,” he observed; and immediately added, after looking at the object through his spy-glass, “she is dismasted, and lies a sheer-hulk upon the water.”

“And is drifting on the Sumburgh-head,” said Mordaunt, struck with horror, “without the slightest means of weathering the cape.”

“She makes no effort,” replied the father; “she is probably deserted by her crew.”

“And in such a day as yesterday,” replied Mordaunt, “when no open boat could live, were she manned with the best men ever handled an oar—all must have perished.”—vol. i. p. 160—162.

‘Onward it came, the large black hulk seeming larger at every fathom’s length. She came nearer, until she bestrode the summit of one tremendous billow, which rolled on with her unbroken, till the wave and its burthen were precipitated against the rock, and then the triumph of the elements over the work of human hands was at once completed. One wave, we have said, made the wrecked vessel completely manifest

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in her whole bulk, as it raised her, and bore her onward against the face of the precipice. But when that wave receded from the foot of the rock, the ship had ceased to exist; and the retiring billow only bore back a quantity of beams, planks, casks, and similar objects, which swept out to the offing, to be brought in again by the next wave, and again precipitated upon the face of the rock.

'It was at this moment that Mordaunt conceived he saw a man floating on a plank or water cask, which, drifting away from the main current, seemed about to go a-shore upon a small spot of sand, where the water was shallow, and the waves broke more smoothly.'—vol. i. p. 163–165.

Mordaunt, at great risk, rescues the shipwrecked man; and, by the powerful intervention of Norna, succeeds in placing him, with some of his baggage un plundered, at the cottage of the Ranzelman, or petty magistrate of the hamlet. A scene has, in the mean time, been passing, which is painted in our author's happiest manner. The love of fortuitous gain, which seems one of the strongest passions of uncultivated human nature—which gives zest to the pursuits of the sportsman and the gambler—which makes the soldier prize booty so much above pay—which caused the feudal monarch or his delegate, to bestow so disproportionate an attention on treasure-trove, and wreck, and royal fish, and heriots, and other casual sources of revenue, and forces poor Swertha, Mertoun's house-keeper, to exclaim that 'a ship a-shore is a sight to while the minister out of his very pulpit in the middle of his preaching'—this universal passion has poured the whole village upon the beach, in earnest unscrupulous plunder of the wreck.

In the evening Mordaunt visits the stranger, whom he finds a tall and well-made man, with a bold, sun-burnt handsome countenance, and manners that, in addition to the characteristic openness of a sailor, have an affectation of bluntness, a sort of defiance, uncalled for by his situation. He describes himself as Clement Cleveland, captain and part owner of the shipwrecked vessel, and departs, the next morning, for Burgh Westra, with an introduction from Mordaunt, in the hope of regaining a part of his plundered property, through the assistance of Magnus Troil. The story is now undramatic for a couple of months, during which a mutual attachment arises between Minna and Cleveland, whom Zetland hospitality had made an inmate at Burgh Westra, and both Cleveland and Troil are disposed to quarrel with Mordaunt; Cleveland, because Norna has informed him that she destines Minna for Mordaunt; Troil, because he has received from the pedlar, Snaelsfoot, and from the gossips of the island, false rumours, that Mordaunt had spoken disrespectfully and presumptuously of his intimacy with the sisters. The anger of Troil shows itself in the interruption of the usual intercourse be-

tween Burgh Westra and Jarlshof: no messenger from Miina asks the words of a Norse ballad, or specimens for her various collections of feathers, or eggs, or shells, or sea-weeds. Brenda sends no riddle to be resolved, or song to be learned; nor does the honest old Udaller, in a rude hand which might pass for an ancient Runic inscription, send his hearty greetings to his good young friend, with a present of something to make good cheer, and an earnest request that he will come to Burgh Westra as soon, and stay as long as possible. Even the grand festival of St. John's eve approaches, and no invitation has reached him. In obedience, however, partly to his own anxiety, and partly to the advice of Norna, he resolves to be present. His road again lies by Harfra, and some of the best broad farce in the novel describes his reception by Triptolemus and his sister, the avidity with which they join in the destruction of his luncheon, (though Babie's only motive is a curiosity to see whether the Shetland folks cure their beef in her own country way) and their united journey during the remainder of the road.

The coolness with which Mordaunt is received by Magnus and his daughters, is alleviated by the warm greeting of Claud Halcro, a poet of Charles's days, again domesticated in his old age among his native islands, and whom our author has associated with Triptolemus Yellowley in a joint commission of bore.

The mighty feast, and the joyous dance, pass before us with the vividness of our author's drama. At the close of the latter, Brenda, in obedience to the commands of Norna, contrives an interview with Mordaunt, so delightfully managed that we can scarcely refrain from extracting it, in which he has an opportunity of hearing, and indignantly denying, the expressions attributed to him. Brenda's object is, to express her fears of Cleveland's influence over Minna; to entreat Mordaunt to avoid any strife with him, but to watch him, and, if possible, discover who he is, and what are his intentions; and to believe that, though her father and sister may appear altered, though she too must wear a face of cold friendship, at heart they are still Brenda and Mordaunt.

'She stretched her hand to him, but withdrew it in some slight confusion, laughing and blushing, when, by a natural impulse, he was about to press it to his lips. He endeavoured for a moment to detain her, for the interview had for him a degree of fascination, which, as often as he had formerly been alone with Brenda, he had never experienced. But she extricated herself from him, and again signing an adieu, and pointing out to him a path different from that which she was herself about to take, tripped towards the house, and was soon hidden from his view by the acclivity.

'Mordaunt stood gazing after her in a state of mind, to which, as yet, he had been a stranger. The dubious neutral ground between love and friendship

friendship may be long and safely trodden, until he who stands upon it is suddenly called upon to recognize the authority of the one or the other power; and then it most frequently happens, that he who for years supposed himself only to be a friend, finds himself at once transformed into a lover. That such a change in Mordaunt's feelings should take place from this date, although he himself was unable to distinguish its nature, was to be expected. He found himself at once received, with the most unsuspecting frankness, into the confidence of a beautiful and fascinating young woman, by whom he had, so short a time before, imagined himself despised and disliked; and, if any thing could make a change, in itself so surprising and so pleasing, yet more intoxicating, it was the guileless and open-hearted simplicity of Brenda, that cast an enchantment over every thing which he did or said. The scene too, might have had its effects, though there was little occasion for its aid. But a fair face looks yet fairer under the light of the moon, and a sweet voice sounds yet sweeter amongst the whispering sounds of a summer night.'—Vol. ii. p. 61—63.

The effect of this scene on Mordaunt appears to us admirably imagined. Incredulous as we are in love at first sight, thinking it always to require previous acquaintance, and almost intimacy, as a predisposing cause, we believe its actual explosion to be, in general, as trifling as its immediate cause, and as complete in its effects, as in the instance before us. That Mordaunt would become attached to one of the sisters was a matter of certainty; to which of the two, was a matter of chance; and a chance, which circumstances, even slighter than those of which we have given the outline, might have determined. Our author has, with his usual skill, rather left us to infer the history of Brenda's affection, than actually related it. It appears to have been first roused from the slumber in which it lay, unperceived even by herself, while Mordaunt was living in undistinguishing intimacy with both the sisters, by her father's attempt to break off that intimacy. It is strengthened by the harshness with which he is treated by Minna, and the attachment which arises between Minna and Cleveland; the first accustoming her to sympathize with Mordaunt as injured, the second making a friend and lover doubly interesting to her, to alleviate the loss of her sister's confidence, and the mortification which female vanity, even in the simplest mind, must have felt at a decided preference of another to her, when shown by such a man as Cleveland. Under these circumstances, we think our author perfectly justified in leading us, as he does in a beautiful scene between the sisters, to which we are not yet arrived, to conclude that this interview was as decisive of Brenda's feelings as of Mordaunt's, and that it 'at once transformed them both from friends into lovers.'

The next morning is occupied by an attack on a whale which the tide has left in an estuary. After some distant battering,
Mordaunt

Mordaunt plunges a half-pike into his side; but the boat is stove by a blow from the monster's tail, and he floats senseless on the waves.

From this singular situation, (for we believe no man, stunned by a blow and thrown into the water, ever before floated,) he is rescued by Cleveland, who uses the equality on which this incident places him with his former preserver, to return an almost direct challenge for his thanks. At the evening feast Bryce Snaelsfoot arrives from Kirkwall, his pack distended with satins, silks, and embroideries, part of the cargo of a strange vessel then lying at Kirkwall, which Cleveland discovers to be a consort that parted company from him at the time his own ship was wrecked. The arrival of this vessel materially influences the subsequent events. Cleveland resolves to visit her at Kirkwall, both to reclaim the share to which he is entitled, in her gains, and to prevent the injurious effects of any unprepared meeting between himself and his former friends, if chance should carry them to Burgh Westra. And Troil proposes to go there with his daughters, in order to give them the amusement of the annual fair, to settle with the consignees of his fish, and to traffic with the proprietors of the cargo, of which Snaelsfoot has brought so enticing a specimen. The night is occupied by a scene between Norna and the sisters, of more effort than merit. By the light of a lamp, framed out of a gibbet iron, 'and nourished by what never came either from the fish or the fruit,' she relates to them (apparently with no object but to afford a vehicle of the information to the reader) her relationship to their family, her early history—her seduction by a stranger—the circumstances through which she becomes the accidental cause of her father's death—and the vision in which the Demon Trolld conferred on her the empire of the seas and the winds.

The conversation of the sisters, as they are dressing the next morning, which is turned by a hint of Brenda's, from the events of the night to the subjects nearest the hearts of each, and, after some hints and recriminations, and cautions and disclaimers, ends in a demi-confidence on the part of Brenda, and a full one on that of Minna, is one of the most exquisite scenes in the novel. Its truth, delicacy and ease are inimitable. We cannot bestow the same praise on that which follows, in which Norna in a half serious pastime enshrines herself in a bearskin tabernacle, and returns oracular answers to the questions addressed to her. She prognosticates to Brenda a fortunate marriage,—to Minna a disastrous passion. As our author in this incident indulged at once his favourite propensities, of describing an obsolete custom, and prophetically indicating the subsequent events of his fable, it was not, perhaps, possible, with his weak powers of self-restraint, that he
should

should omit it. But it is an unfortunate blemish. The prediction, as to Brenda, is a wanton injury to the interest of the story. Its only effect is, to tell us, what it is the great business and great difficulty of the novel to conceal, that she and Mordaunt will escape all their dangers, and be happily united. If we were right in the distinction between tragedy and comedy which we endeavoured to explain in our remarks on the *Bride of Lammermoor*, (p. 124.) Minna's fate, being tragical, might have been foretold, but not by Norna, who was at that time planning for her, and from her confidence in her own powers, must have believed that she had secured, a totally opposite destiny. And as the prediction is far too definite, and too terrible to have been meant as a mere warning, we cannot conceive on what ground Norna can be supposed to have uttered it. It breaks up the sport, and Troil and his guests hasten to the beach, to watch the boats starting on the first day of the season, for the deep sea fishery.

The bustle and animation of this description well introduce the scene by which it is followed; one of those long conversations which form the principal beauty of most of our author's works, and almost the only one of this before us. The place is the beach of a retired cove, with a tranquil sea on one side, and caverned cliffs on the others. The speakers are Minna and Cleveland, who are forced, apparently for the first time, to look steadily at the difficulties of their situation. It is now that Cleveland assumes the designation of Pirate, a name which he is described, with perfect adherence to nature, as having hitherto avoided, while admitting the actions that entitled him to it, and that he addresses to Minna the question, so often put by the suitor of an heiress, and so seldom satisfactorily replied to 'What will your father say?'—Her answers are delightfully descriptive of her character—of the credulous simplicity and sober vanity, which our author has slyly mixed with her talents, her strong feelings, and high minded enthusiasm, and which were the natural result of those talents and feelings, unenlightened by experience, and put to the test of no rivalry or opposition. She proposes that he should merit her by assisting the Zetlanders in taking advantage of the British disturbances, and re-asserting their independence. 'What is there,' she asks, 'to prevent all this?' In spite of his love, Cleveland's sense of humour is irresistibly tickled. 'Nothing *will* prevent it,' he replies, 'for it will never be attempted; any thing *might* prevent it that is equal in strength to the long boat of an English man of war.' After a burst of indignant touchiness from the lady, he ventures to hint that

'there are lands in which the eye may look bright upon groves of the palm, and the cocoa, and where the foot may move lightly as a galley under sail, over fields carpeted with flowers, and savannahs surrounded
by

by aromatic thickets, and where subjection is unknown, except that of the brave to the bravest, and of all to the most beautiful.'

Minna's answer, though turning too exclusively on natural objects, is too beautiful to be omitted.

'No, Cleveland; my own rude country has charms for me, even desolate as you think it, and depressed as it surely is, which no other land on earth can present to me. I endeavour in vain to represent to myself those visions of trees and of groves, which my eye never saw; but my imagination can conceive no sight in nature more sublime than those waves, when agitated by a storm, or more beautiful than when they come, as they now do, rolling in calm tranquillity to the shore. Not the fairest scene in a foreign land,—not the brightest sun-beam that ever shone upon the richest landscape, would win my thoughts for a moment from that lofty rock, misty hill, and wide-rolling ocean. Hialtland is the land of my deceased ancestors, and of my living father; and in Hialtland will I live and die.'

To his proposal to live and die with her in Hialtland, she objects the impossibility of her father's consent to her union with an unknown stranger, and at last suggests that he should rejoin his associates, prosecute with them what she thinks a justifiable war against the cruel Spaniards, and oppressive English, and return to claim her hand, the leader of a gallant fleet. In the discussion of this scheme, he is led into details of his own past history, and that of his buccaneering companions, very inconsistent with Minna's preconceived notions of the independent warriors of the western ocean, of the successors of the sons of the North, whose long galleys avenged, on so many coasts, the oppressions of degenerate Rome: and she is so much shocked as to conclude, almost abruptly, the interview.

We feel with pain that we have given a very poor and incorrect outline of this exquisite scene; but the topics are so numerous, the transitions so easy, the different subjects are so often taken up, laid down, and resumed, sometimes shown in one light, and sometimes in another; in short, it so perfectly resembles real conversation, that it is impossible to put it into an abridged or a connected shape.

When the company separate in the evening, Cleveland and Mor-daunt take their formal leave.

'That night, the mutual sorrow of Minna and Brenda, if it could not wholly remove the reserve which had estranged the sisters from each other, at least melted all its frozen and unkindly symptoms. They wept in each other's arms; and though neither spoke, yet each became dearer to the other; because they felt that the grief which called forth these drops had a source common to them both.

'It is probable, that though Brenda's tears were most abundant, the grief of Minna was most deeply seated; for long after the younger had sobbed herself asleep, like a child, upon her sister's bosom, Minna lay awake,

awake, watching the dubious twilight, while tear after tear slowly gathered in her eye, and found a current down her cheek, as soon as it became too heavy to be supported by her long black silken eye-lashes. As she lay, bewildered among the sorrowful thoughts which supplied these tears, she was surprised to distinguish, beneath the window, the sounds of music.*—vol. ii. pp. 235, 236.

We have not room for the words of Cleveland's poetical address, to which Minna, unable to stir without awakening her sister, and unwilling to admit her as a witness of the interview, is forced to listen in silence. He re-commences, and is

'again silent; and again she, to whom the serenade was addressed, strove in vain to arise without waking her sister. It was impossible; and she had nothing before her but the unhappy thought that Cleveland was taking leave in his desolation, without a single glance, or a single word. He too, whose temper was so fiery, yet who subjected his violent mood with such sedulous attention to her will,—could she but have stolen a moment but to say adieu—to caution him against new quarrels with Mordaunt Mertoun—to implore him to detach himself from such comrades as he had described,—could she but have done this, who could say what effect such parting admonitions might have had upon his character—nay, upon the future events of his life?

'Tantalized by such thoughts, Minna was about to make another and decisive effort, when she heard voices beneath the window, and thought she could distinguish that they were those of Cleveland and Mertoun, speaking in a sharp tone, which, at the same time, seemed cautiously suppressed, as if the speakers feared being overheard. Alarm now mingled with her former desire to rise from her bed, and she accomplished at once the purpose which she had so often attempted in vain. Brenda's arm was unloosed from her sister's neck, without the sleeper receiving more alarm than provoked two or three unintelligible murmurs; while, with equal speed and silence, Minna put on some part of her dress, with the intention to steal to the window. But, ere she could accomplish this, the sound of the voices without was exchanged for that of blows and struggling, which terminated suddenly by a deep groan.

'Terrified at this last signal of mischief, Minna sprung to the window, and endeavoured to open it, for the persons were so close under the walls of the house that she could not see them, save by putting her head out of the casement. The iron hasp was stiff and rusted, and, as generally happens, the haste with which she laboured to undo it only rendered the task more difficult. When it was accomplished, and Minna had eagerly thrust her body half out at the casement, those who had created the sounds which alarmed her were become invisible, excepting that she saw a shadow cross the moonlight, the substance of which must have been in the act of turning a corner, which concealed it from her sight. The shadow moved slowly, and seemed that of a man who supported another upon his shoulders; an indication which put the climax to Minna's agony of mind. The window was not above
eight

eight feet from the ground, and she hesitated not to throw herself from it hastily, and to pursue the object which had excited her terror.

‘But when she came to the corner of the buildings from which the shadow seemed to have been projected, she discovered nothing which could point out the way that the figure had gone; and, after a moment’s consideration, became sensible that all attempts at pursuit would be alike wild and fruitless.’—vol. ii. pp. 240—242.

She regains her room, and again stretches herself by the side of her unawakened sister; and, exhausted by fatigue and terror, sinks into a sleep so profound, that the next morning

‘She almost doubted if what she recalled of horror, previous to her starting from her bed, was not, indeed, the fiction of a dream, suggested, perhaps, by some external sounds.

“I will see Claud Halcro instantly,” she said; “he may know something of these strange noises, as he was stirring at the time.”

‘With that she sprung from bed, but hardly stood upright on the floor, ere her sister exclaimed, “Gracious Heaven! Minna, what ails your foot—your ankle?”

‘She looked down, and saw with surprize, which amounted to agony; that both her feet, but particularly one of them, was stained with dark crimson, resembling the colour of dried blood.

‘Without attempting to answer Brenda, she rushed to the window, and cast a desperate look on the grass beneath, for there she knew she must have contracted the fatal stain. But the rain, which had fallen there in treble quantity, as well from the heavens as from the eaves of the house, had washed away that guilty witness, if indeed such had ever existed there. All was fresh and fair, and the blades of grass, overcharged and bent with rain-drops, glittered like diamonds in the bright morning sun.’

Minna eludes her sister’s anxious inquiries by the pretext of an accidental hurt, but her mind and body sink under the miserable secret. Her father carries her for aid to Norna, and the result of the visit is a promise that her sorrow shall cease,

‘When crimson foot meets crimson hand,
In the Martyr’s aisle, and in Orkney land.

The whole of this scene, if it was intended to be serious, is an egregious failure. The *tout ensemble* of Norna’s uncouth watch-box, the tame seal, the more uncouth pet monster whom she conceitedly styles Pacolet, the old lady’s eyes glaring through a cranny in the wall, and her elementary adjurations are as ludicrous to us as they were to Magnus Troil, who almost burst with laughter the instant he regained the open air. Our author contrives to account for his mirth on some other ground, but we have no doubt that it was occasioned by the absurdities he had been witnessing.

The whole dramatis personæ are now on the road to Kirkwall; Basil Mertoun, who had consulted Norna on the disappearance of Mordaunt,

Mordaunt, having been appointed by her to meet in the outer aisle of the cathedral of St. Magnus a person who would give him tidings of his son, and Norna herself having intended to transport Mordaunt thither as soon as she has cured him; for we must state parenthetically that he was wounded by Cleveland in the scuffle below Minna's window, and that Norna obtained possession of him immediately afterwards.

The first who arrives is Cleveland. His old associates in the piratical sloop are now in an anxious situation; they cannot leave the Orkneys without fresh supplies, the Kirkwallers have detected their character, the Halcyon frigate is known to be in the neighbourhood, and the majority have no reliance on their captain, Goffe, an old drunken ruffian of the Blackbeard school. We have not room for the scenes in which Goffe is deposed and Cleveland prevailed upon to accept the command until he shall have extricated them from their difficulties. They are bustling and vivid, and appear to us faithful, some readers may think too faithful, representations of the feelings and language of a pirate's crew. His first measure ends unfortunately for himself. He proposes an arrangement with the authorities of the town which we shall best give in the words of the parties.

"Suppose that I run round this island of yours, and get into the roadstead at Stromness? We could get what we want put on board there, without Kirkwall or the Provost seeming to have any hand in it; or if it should be ever questioned, your want of force, and our superior strength will make a sufficient apology."

"That may be," said the Provost; "but if I suffer you to leave your present station, and go elsewhere, I must have some security that you will not do harm to the country."

"And we," said Cleveland, "must have some security on our side, that you will not detain us, by dribbling out our time till the Halcyon is on the coast. Now, I am myself perfectly willing to continue on shore as a hostage, on the one side, providing you will give me your word not to betray me, and send some magistrate, or person of consequence, aboard the sloop, where his safety will be a guarantee for mine."—vol. iii. pp. 168, 169.

But Triptolemus Yellowley, on whom the part of hostage for the town has been forced, escapes from the pirates, and the magistrates betray an inclination to break faith with Cleveland, who has remained, according to the treaty, in their hands. Minna has by this time arrived at Kirkwall, after having been intercepted and released by the pirates, an incident which influences the catastrophe only by giving her a clearer perception of the nature of her lover's profession. Cleveland is permitted by the magistrates to walk in the outer aisle of the cathedral of St. Magnus, the open entrance being guarded. And the interview between the lovers, which Norna,

Norna, our author best knows how, was enabled to predict, the meeting of the crimson foot and the crimson hand, now takes place. It is broken off by Norna, who enables Cleveland to escape through one of the subterraneous passages so frequent in the ruins of romance, and dismisses him to his ship with an injunction, if he would avoid utter destruction, to depart within twenty-four hours; a warning which she might safely give, as she had sent intelligence to the *Halcyon* which would bring her to the Orkneys at the expiration of that period. As he walks the deck, looking on at the provisioning of the vessel—

‘Thoughts of remorse were now rolling in his mind, and he may be forgiven if recollections of Minna mingled with and aided them. He looked around, too, on his mates, and profligate and hardened as he knew them to be, he could not think of their paying the penalty of his obstinacy. “We shall be ready to sail with the ebb tide,” he said to himself—“why should I endanger these men, by detaining them till the hour of danger, predicted by that singular woman, shall arrive? Her intelligence, howsoever acquired, has been always strangely accurate; and her warning was as solemn as if a mother were to apprise an erring son of his crimes, and of his approaching punishment. Besides, what chance is there that I can again see Minna? She is at Kirkwall, doubtless, and to hold my course thither would be to steer right upon the rocks. No, I will not endanger these poor fellows—I will sail with the ebb tide. On the desolate Hebrides, or on the north-west coast of Ireland, I will leave the vessel, and return hither in some disguise—yet, why should I return, since it will perhaps be only to see Minna the bride of Mordaunt?—No—let the vessel sail with this ebb tide without me. I will abide and take my fate.”’—vol. iii. pp. 169, 170.

His meditations are interrupted by the news that Magnus Troil, with his daughters and Mordaunt, to whom he has been reconciled by Norna, are in the house of Stennis, at a short distance from the bay in which the sloop is lying. In spite of presentiment and prediction, Cleveland delays sailing till the next day’s ebb, and employs the interval in arranging a last interview with Minna. The pirates, vexed at the interference of their captain’s love with his duty, resolve to use this opportunity to get possession of Minna, and use her as a pledge for her lover’s services. At daybreak the next morning the meeting takes place, in the Druidical circle of Stennis. In execution of their project, the pirates surprize the lovers, and Mordaunt with a party of his friends rescues Minna, as in duty bound, and makes prisoners Cleveland and his lieutenant, Bunce, the contriver of the plot. We must transcribe part of the conversation between Cleveland and Bunce, in the apartment overlooking the sea, in which they are confined.

“I forgive you from all my soul, Jack,” said Cleveland, who had resumed his situation at the window; “and the rather that your folly is
of

of little consequence—the morning is come that must bring ruin on us all.”

“What, you are thinking of the old woman's prophecy you spoke of?” said Bunce.

“It will soon be accomplished,” answered Cleveland. “Come hither; what do you take yon large square-rigged vessel for, that you see doubling the head-land on the east, and opening the Bay of Stromness?”

“Why, I can't make her well out,” said Bunce, “but yonder is old Goffe, takes her for a West Indiaman loaded with rum and sugar, I suppose, for d—n me if he does not slip cable, and stand out to her!”

“Instead of running her into the shoal water, which was his only safety,” said Cleveland—“The fool! the dotard! the drivelling, drunken ideot!—he will get his liquor hot enough; for yon is the *Halcyon*—See, she hoists her colours and fires a broad-side! and there will soon be an end of the *Fortune's Favourite*! I only hope they will fight her to the last plank. The Boatswain used to be staunch enough, and so is Goffe, though an incarnate demon.—Now she shoots away, with all the sail she can spread, and that shows some sense.”

“Up goes the Jolly Hodge, the old black flag, with the death's head and hour glass, and that shows some spunk.”

“The hour glass is turned for us, Jack, for this bout—our sand is running fast—Fire away yet, my roving lads! The deep sea or the blue sky rather than a rope and a yard-arm.”

There was a moment of anxious and dead silence; the sloop, though hard pressed, maintaining still a running fight, and the frigate continuing in full chase, but scarce returning a shot. At length the vessels neared each other, so as to show that the man-of-war intended to board the sloop, instead of sinking her, probably to secure the plunder which might be in the pirate vessel.

“Now Goffe—now Boatswain!” exclaimed Cleveland, in an ecstasy of impatience, and as if they could have heard his commands, “stand by sheets and tacks—rake her with a broadside, when you are under her bows, then about ship, and go off on the other tack like a wild goose. The sails shiver—the helm's a-lee—Ah!—deep-sea sink the lubbers!—they miss stays, and the frigate runs them a-board!”

Accordingly the various manœuvres of the chase had brought them so near, that Cleveland, with his spy-glass, could see the man-of-war's men boarding by the yards and bow-sprit, in irresistible numbers, their naked cutlasses flashing in the sun, when, at that critical moment, both ships were enveloped in a cloud of thick black smoke, which suddenly arose on board the captured pirate.

“*Exeunt omnes*,” said Bunce, with clasped hands.

“There went the *Fortune's Favourite*, ship and crew,” said Cleveland, at the same instant.

But the smoke immediately clearing away, shewed that the damage had only been partial, and that from want of a sufficient quantity of powder, the pirates had failed in their desperate attempt to blow up their vessel with the *Halcyon*.

‘Shortly after the action was over, Captain Weatherport of the Halcyon sent an officer and a party of marines to the house of Stennis, to demand of them the pirate seamen who were their prisoners, and, in particular, Cleveland and Bunce, who acted as Captain and Lieutenant of the gang.’—vol. iii. pp. 308—311.

The catastrophe is now at hand. It begins by a series of discoveries; that the real name of Norna is Troil, and that of Basil Merton and Cleveland, Vaughan; that Basil was the early seducer of Norna, and that Cleveland is their son; that Cleveland and his father, while they both exercised piracy in the West Indies about eight years before, had at about the same time received an account of each other's death, and had been prevented from detecting its falsehood by each changing, at about the same time, his name. It appears too that Basil Vaughan, having also heard a report of his mistress's death, had never inquired into the particulars of her fate when he returned to Zetland; and, though Norna was the most marked person in the island, and the especial protectress of his son Mordaunt, had never heard, what must have been notorious to every body else in the island, and was so even to the provost of Kirkwall, that she had borne the name of Troil. The effect of all this is, to drive Basil into a foreign convent, and make Norna abdicate her elemental kingdom and die penitent and devout. Cleveland, in return for some acts of generosity while a pirate, is pardoned, received into the British navy, and falls in action. Miuna dies an old maid; Brenda and Mordaunt are married, and Magnus Troil enjoys a jovial old age.

Such is the fable—full of interest, activity, confusion, negligence, and improbability. The gentlest, the most confiding reader must be startled at the triple recognition, at the recurrence, in three distinct instances, of the same combination of events, a combination as unusual in real life, as it is trite in fiction. And he must be gentler still who can believe in the probability of Cleveland's pardon, or in the possibility of his reception into the British service.

Among the characters, our favourite is Magnus Troil. He is drawn with such vigour and consistency; the broad features of his natural disposition are so well marked, and the peculiarities which modify them are so well accounted for, they smack so much of his soil and culture, and are so incapable of being transferred to any other person, or any other situation, that he dwells in our recollection as more than an imaginary acquaintance. We are sure that at some indefinite period of our lives, we must have visited the sturdy Udaller, been greeted with his honest and hearty burst of hilarity, dined at his groaning table, danced in his rigging loft, and drank from the mighty ‘Mariner of Canton.’ His hereditary rank and wealth,

wealth, and his neglected education among inferiors or dependents, exclude both the virtues and the vices which a more varied social intercourse, a collision with equals, and rivals and superiors, must have produced. His disposition has not been soured by neglect or injustice, his vanity stimulated by contest, his liberality confined by the necessity of saving, his selfishness rendered intense by the pursuit of personal aggrandizement, or his feelings blunted by habits of frequently subduing, and, still more frequently, concealing them; while the same circumstances have deprived him of controul over his temper, have left his prejudices uneulightened, and driven him for amusement to sensual excitement or promiscuous hospitality. He is, as we observed when he first was mentioned, a Zetlandish variation of Cedric, though with more shrewdness and practical sense, and less exaggeration, than our author chose to infuse into that worthy, but somewhat absurd, Thane. We wish, however, that his rupture with Mordaunt had been better accounted for. Our author himself has made the slightness of its grounds more striking, by so long delaying to explain them, a delay which we are inclined to attribute, either to his not having decided what they should be, or to his feeling ashamed of their inadequacy. The honest frank-hearted Udaller would never have cast off his 'good young friend' in sulky silence, on the reports of the pedlar, a liar by profession, even aided by the tattle of Lady Glowrowrum. Their reconciliation is effected as clumsily, and slurred over as sneakingly.

Minna and Brenda are the sisters of Flora Mac Ivor and Rose Bradwardine, with the

'——— facies non una,
Nec diversa tamen'—

which has long been appropriated to that relationship. Minna has all Flora's high-blooded courage, and enthusiasm, and generosity, unchecked and uninformed by her experience and literature, by her knowledge of books and of the world. Brenda differs less from Rose, in accidental features, and more in natural ones. Her education has been nearly the same, but her spirits are higher, her talents weaker, and her feelings less susceptible. She defends her lover boldly and vehemently, but she required strong circumstances to direct her attachment to him, and she is ready to sacrifice him, even while undertaking his defence, if Minna will give up Cleveland. When Flora ridicules Waverley, Rose is silent—but she had given him her affection, she had gone through fatigue and danger to protect him, while he was the avowed lover of another. An alteration in external circumstances alone, would have identified the two former: if Flora had been a Zetlander she would have been Minna. But an alteration in mind would be necessary to make Brenda coincide with Rose. We do not recollect a stronger instance of

our author's talents, of the clearness with which his characters are conceived, and the consistency with which they are developed, than the points of resemblance and dissimilarity in these four exquisite portraits. In ordinary hands they would have been exact imitations of each other, or totally unlike.

Norna is a more palpable copy than any of the preceding characters. She is not, like them, the representative of a class whose existence we might have conjectured *a priori*, but belongs to a race of beings common, enough and more than enough, in our author's pages, but who probably never were, and never will be, found any where else. They are all tall, mysterious females, addicted to declamation and gifted with ubiquity, with strong talents and passions, and disordered imaginations, and without the hopes, or fears, or sympathies of ordinary mortals; who forward the catastrophe by totally different means, and on totally different motives, from those of the other agents in the fable. The first and the best (if we must exclude the Lady of Braxholm Tower) was Meg Merrilies: and even she touched the borders of nature; and all her successors, down to Magdalen Græme, have gone farther and farther in transgressing them. But hitherto they have had a method in their madness—their features have been exaggerated, but they have been imposing and consistent. Norna is a perfect busy-body, and wastes her energy in restlessness and an affectation of activity as undignified and fidgetty as that of the Wierd Sister. She seems continually exclaiming

‘I’ll do, and I’ll do, and I’ll do.’

She sends intelligence to the Halcyon of Cleveland’s movements, and then warns him of his danger—hides money under Yellowley’s hearth, that she may hoax him with imaginary wealth, of which her pet dwarf is to deprive him; intrudes into his house to frighten him and show off her power over the winds, breaks in upon the convivial party, and deranges their game of conjuration, in order to alarm them by her prophecies, conceals Mordaunt’s safety from his friends, that they may stare at his reappearance, and plays fifty such charlatan tricks, with no adequate purpose. All this would have done if the character had been avowedly burlesque, but it is intended to be lofty and dignified. She may please our transatlantic brethren, for they have an expression which seems made for her: she is ‘awfully smart;’ but we fear she will be understood by no one to whom the combination of ideas contained in that singular phrase is not familiar.

Cleveland appears to have won prodigiously on our author during the progress of the story, and we do not recollect a stronger instance of the ill effects of parental fondness. His feelings and his conduct on his first appearance are perfectly consistent with his

previous

previous history. His miraculous escape impresses him with no awe, the loss of his companions and friends with no regret or compassion. 'The dogs had their pay, and I can afford to pardon them. The boats swamped in the current—all were lost—and here am I,' is his only remark. If he feels any gratitude towards his preserver, it turns, as in a heart of the very worst description it naturally would, to malignant aversion the instant he thinks that he stands in his way. The obligation is a bridle to his resentment against his unconscious rival; but in his impatience of the restraint, 'he could gnaw the curb until his lips were bloody.' His hatred is so vehement that it survives its cause, and he is forced to attribute it to natural dislike, to a principle of instinctive antipathy. The instant that he has in some measure requited his services, he challenges his benefactor, though he knows he has nothing to fear from him as a rival in Minna's heart, insults him the next evening, and soon after stabs him when unarmed and defenceless. He repays the frank hospitality of Magnus Troil, and the unsuspecting confidence of his daughter, by endeavouring to persuade Minna to elope with him to his piratical haunts in the West Indies. Until he quits Burgh Westra, he is what we know a pirate must be,—hard-hearted, selfish, ungrateful and ferocious. And we cannot but suspect that, up to this period, our author had reserved for him a pirate's fate: that he had intended him to adorn the yard arm, or to display in a court of justice, the audacity of his prototype Gow, or to succeed in his threat of 'snapping a pistol in the powder room.' That he should live honourably and die gallantly must, we think, have been an afterthought, for it is only by such a sudden alteration of his destiny, that we can account for his sudden alteration in disposition and conduct. He now feels that 'to avail himself of the enthusiastic error of Minna, would outglare and outweigh all his former sins, were they doubled in weight and in dye.' He feels remorse for having 'turned Bunce from a stroller by land to a rover by sea;' resolves 'to turn an honest man and use his criminal life no longer;' assumes the temporary command of the piratical sloop from mere disinterested generosity, surrenders to Mordaunt, instead of making his escape, with no apparent motive but to atone for his crimes, forgives Bunce, with Quakerlike placability, the ruin he has brought upon him, and bids farewell to Minna, with an acknowledgment of the honour and mercy of his judges, and the hope of being useful to his country. Such are the inconsistencies, the lame and impotent conclusions, into which a writer, with even our author's powers, may be betrayed by haste.

We need add little to the remarks which we have incidentally applied to the remaining characters. Mordaunt is as insipid, and Yellowley and Halcro are as tiresome, as might be anticipated from

their respective parts of hero and bore. The last is our peculiar aversion: perhaps from his resemblance to some of the tolerated small wits whom we have had the misfortune to encounter in blue society: the *τῆτιν' ἑοικότες* of Homer, clamorous, squeaking, and frisking in the full enjoyment of a green old age of emptiness. The pirates are bold and vigorous sketches, and the chain of bullying by which Cleveland secures the affection of Bunce, and Bunce that of Fletcher, is happily imagined, and so is the adherence of the younger part of the crew to Cleveland, and of the weatherbeaten veterans to Goff, notwithstanding his propensity to be 'damned funny,' and run the ship ashore, or shoot his friends under the table, by way of frolic.

The poetry is below our author's standard: Halcro's address to Bet Stimbister, and the song of the Pirates as they bear off Cleveland, 'Fire on the main-top,' &c. are perhaps the best specimens. The latter, short as it is, has infinite spirit. You fancy you hear its triumphant chorus as they gallantly bend to their oars. It is a spark of fire carelessly struck out by a powerful hand—the same perhaps that gave words to the bold Pibroch of Donuil Dhu.

When we think over the work, of which we have given this very inadequate sketch, we must confess that its scenes do not recur to our memory as readily, or as agreeably, as those of most of its predecessors. It is superior, in its characters, to the 'Monastery,' and in its fable to the 'Legend of Montrose,' and, as a whole, perhaps to the 'Antiquary,' and inferior in almost all parts to the others. It would have raised high the fame of an untried author, and has rather lowered that of 'the author of Waverley.'

ART. XIII.—*A Second Dissertation prefixed to the Supplemental Volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica, exhibiting a General View of the Progress of Metaphysical, Moral and Political Philosophy in Europe, from the Revival of Letters.* By Dugald Stewart, F.R.S. &c. 1821.

THE present is the third occasion, on which we have had an opportunity of delivering our opinions respecting the merits of those views in metaphysical science, which have been embraced by Mr. Stewart. In the execution of this task, which we have never gone out of our way to seek, but which our office naturally imposed upon us, we certainly did not compliment Mr. Stewart with any foolish expressions of unbounded admiration; nor did we affect to approve those principles in speculative philosophy, which belong to that particular school of which he is generally considered as the ostensible head; but we spoke of his talents without disrespect, and urged our reasons for differing from him in opinion, with courtesy

tesy and, as we hoped, with candour. It seems, however, that he was displeased with the freedom of our animadversions; and we can truly say that we have seen it with regret. We collect the fact merely from a short sentence in the *Dissertation* before us, in which our comments are alluded to, in terms that plainly indicate the kind of impression which they must have made upon his mind; and we notice the passage only in order that we may have an opportunity to explain and apologize.

In our review of the former part of this *Dissertation* we said, 'that in the plan which Mr. Stewart has adopted, if he has not consulted his *strength*, he has at least consulted his *ease*; for supposing a person to have the requisite talent and information, the task which our author has performed is one which, with the historical abstracts of Buhle or Tenneman, cannot be supposed to have required any laborious meditation.' On this passage Mr. Stewart comments with perfect mildness, but still evidently under the influence of feelings, of which we cannot but be sorry to be the object.

'On the insinuation contained in the foregoing passage I abstain from offering any comment. I have only to say that it is *now* for the first time (summer of 1820) that I have seen the work of Buhle; and that I have never yet had an opportunity of seeing that of Tenneman. From what I have found in the one, and from what I have heard of the other, I am strongly inclined to suspect that when the anonymous critic wrote the above sentence, he was not less ignorant than myself of the works of these two historians. Nor can I refrain from adding (which I do in perfect confidence) that no person competent to judge on such a subject can read with attention this historical sketch, without perceiving that its merits and defects, whatever they may be, are at least all my own.'—*Dissertation*, p. 250.

That we must have expressed ourselves awkwardly and unpleasantly in the passage which has drawn down from Mr. Stewart the remarks which we have just quoted, is sufficiently plain from the tone in which he speaks of it. We have, however, read the passage over both by itself and in conjunction with the context, and we own, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Stewart must have been under the influence of some hastiness of feeling when he extracted from it a sense so perfectly at variance with the general tenour of our criticism, as that which his comment upon it supposes. We certainly meant no *insinuation* of any kind in what we said; and the suggestion that he had been borrowing from Buhle, of all writers in the world, must no doubt have seemed so extravagant, that we can readily excuse Mr. Stewart for insinuating, in his turn, that we never could have seen the work when we preferred, as he imagined, a charge of such utter improbability. That this last supposition,

supposition, however, is not true, is in fact a mere matter of accident; for we put down the names of Buhle and Tenneman (respecting which last writer we really do know no more than Mr. Stewart, except that we have seen his work) simply as happening to be the first which occurred in our recollection. What we meant to say was, that a man of Mr. Stewart's abilities and acquirements would only need to take down the book of some such compiler as we had instanced, in order to refresh his memory respecting the names and opinions of writers, and he would be able, without any further research at the moment, or any expense of meditation, to produce such a composition as that which we had then under our eye. This was no compliment to the first Dissertation, nor did we intend it to be such; but it was, we conceive, a personal compliment to Mr. Stewart; for we assumed the 'requisite talent and information' in the writer; and we had before admitted that the work was elegant, spirited and entertaining. All that we can say further is, that if he really did bestow any considerable labour, either of thought or reading, upon the composition of his essay, beyond what we had supposed, such a confession would materially affect the opinion which we entertain of the powers of his mind; and if he did not, as we cannot but suppose he will admit, then we are confident that he is too just, after this explanation, to retain any angry feelings against us, merely because we have said, that with all his merits, he is not without faults as a writer; and that viewing him as a philosopher, we see many reasons to doubt the soundness of his opinions. The several objections which we urged against his conclusions may, no doubt, have been unfounded; but we hope Mr. Stewart will do us the justice to admit (and if he will not we should appeal with confidence to our readers) that our objections were neither captious in themselves nor uncourteously expressed. If in the warmth of composition, or in any momentary interval of forgetfulness, we trespassed upon the respect to which his age and character justly entitle him, all that we can do is, once more to repeat our regret. It is difficult for people to differ widely without appearing to differ warmly; but if metaphysicians, of all the species of philosophers, cannot discuss such abstruse points as commonly form the subject of their disputes, without mutual anger and impatience,—we can only say that they are likely to be very bad company for each other; for there are hardly any two points about which, as the science now stands, they can reasonably be expected to agree.

Having said thus much, however, in vindication of ourselves from an accidental misapprehension, we have no further apologies nor explanations to offer; nor do we feel at all anxious respecting any possible misconceptions for the future. Whatever may be
thought

thought by others of the opinions which we have expressed concerning the merit of Mr. Stewart's writings, we have said nothing respecting them which we are at all inclined to disavow. We think now, as we thought formerly, that his works are stamped with the image of an eloquent and elegant mind; and we give him full credit for extensive reading and for the most sincere zeal in the cause of what he believes to be the truth. If we have not formed so high an estimate of his powers of reasoning as some of our readers may probably have formed, we are at the same time perfectly ready to admit, that it is a point respecting which we are very possibly not in a situation to deliver an impartial judgment; for we differ so entirely from Mr. Stewart in his views of metaphysical science in general, that we really feel no difficulty whatever in supposing ourselves to be in error, as to the opinion which we may have formed of his talents in the mere dry work of abstract argument. We are aware that it would in many cases be almost as unjust to measure the ability of a metaphysician by the value of his discoveries, as to calculate the merit of a general solely by the number of his victories. A person, however, must be a very competent judge indeed of the matter in dispute, before he can be expected to form his judgment without any reference to these vulgar standards of opinion; and in the present case, it is so seldom that we feel disposed to adopt the conclusions, or even to allow the premises from which Mr. Stewart systematically reasons, that in a debate merely as to the extent of his genius for metaphysical science, we cannot but see that it seems almost like begging the question, for us even to hazard an opinion.

With respect to the *Dissertation* before us, this second part is, in every respect, so like its predecessor, that we have little more to say about it, than what we ventured to express on a former occasion. As part of a preface to an *Encyclopædia*, or in the more elevated diction of its author, as a 'sketch of the intellectual progress of the species,' we certainly are unable to comprehend the use which is to be made of it. It is so totally without any general views, and it is so impossible to draw from it any distinct and uniform conclusion, that it quite defies all systematic criticism. In saying this we really wish to pass no censure; for the essay before us is probably all that it was intended to be by its author, or even a good deal more; and viewed with reference, not to the reputation of Mr. Stewart, but simply to the purposes for which it was designed, it is undoubtedly a performance of a much higher kind than the public had any right to expect. We are told in the 'Advertisement' that the author's original design (as is well known to his friends) was to comprize in ten or twelve sheets all the preliminary matter which he was to contribute to this 'Supplement.'

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It has now extended to about six times this length; and yet we are informed that he has only discussed *one* of the *three* divisions, under which he had projected to arrange his subject. We cannot but observe, that we think this fact sufficiently justifies all that we had ventured to say of the unpremeditated and desultory manner in which the work must have been prepared. It is in the laying out and arrangement of our thoughts that the laborious part of composition principally consists; the materials are seldom difficult to find; and the value of them, when found, depends, commonly, more upon the quality of the mind in which they were created, than upon the painfulness of the effort by which they were produced.

As Mr. Stewart does not appear to have been guided by any particular rule in determining upon the order in which he has treated his subject, we cannot pretend to follow him step by step from name to name and criticism to criticism. To abridge our author's opinions, spread as they are over such an immense surface, would literally be impossible; and to review them, would often require more room than to repeat them at the entire length with which they are given. That portion of the *Dissertation* which is now more immediately before us, commences with some observations on the account, which Locke has given, of the origin of our ideas, and of the mistakes into which the French metaphysicians have been led, from not having properly understood his opinion. From Locke Mr. Stewart proceeds to Leibnitz;—Newton, Clarke, Collins are next considered; and after them the opinions of the Hartleian school are examined. From this we are taken to a class of writers who, without having been metaphysicians by profession, contributed nevertheless to the diffusion of a taste for speculative science; such are Bayle, Addison, Fontenelle. Kant and the German metaphysicians come next in order; and the *Dissertation* closes with a long and not very luminous account of Hume's philosophy, and that of the school which succeeded to him in Scotland. The titles, however, prefixed to Mr. Stewart's chapters, convey but a very imperfect account of the multifarious nature of their contents. The text is illustrated in most places by two, and in many by three *tier* of notes; and there is scarcely a name of any celebrity in modern times but is mentioned either in the body of the text or in the commentaries. As to the critical acumen which is displayed in these rapid sketches, we are in many instances, from ignorance of the writers whose works or opinions are brought under our notice, quite incompetent to venture an opinion. The fault, however, which we should find, judging from those examples that are more familiar to us, is that Mr. Stewart does not always take a sufficiently comprehensive view of the several systems to which he directs our attention. He seems always to take for
granted

granted that the reader is acquainted with their general outline, and accordingly seldom does more than merely animadvert upon particular observations. This is remarkably the case in the instance of Locke, of Leibnitz, of Berkeley, and even of Dr. Reid. It would be impossible to divine the general character of the several views in philosophy, of which these writers were respectively the advocates, from any thing which Mr. Stewart says in this Dissertation. The only exception to our remark would perhaps be found in the case of Hume, to whose metaphysical writings he seems to attach a degree of importance which to us is quite incomprehensible. We speak with some confidence as to the justice of what we are now saying, from having ourselves experienced the disappointment which, we are persuaded, every reader will meet with who consults the essay before us for any specific purpose, be that purpose what it may. If there is one subject rather than another respecting which it might have been hoped that full information would have been found, it is on the subject of what may be called the systems of Locke and Dr. Reid. The metaphysical views of most of those who have written upon the science of the human mind in this country, during the last hundred years, may justly be referred to one or other of the schools of which these writers are respectively considered as the head; and yet, in no work, have we ever been able to find what appeared to us a true and satisfactory account of the principles by which their metaphysical systems are distinguished. It was principally in the hope of seeing this point more accurately explained, that we felt any considerable anxiety for the appearance of this second part of Mr. Stewart's Dissertation; and our readers may perhaps remember that, while reviewing the former part, we purposely reserved, until the present occasion, and in this very hope, the examination of the principles of Mr. Locke's philosophy. If Mr. Stewart had contrived his essay on purpose to disappoint us in our expectation, he could not have succeeded more completely; but, however, as we pledged ourselves to our readers to give this subject a more full investigation than we have hitherto had an opportunity of accomplishing, we shall make no apology to Mr. Stewart for omitting all further consideration of the particular merit of the present dissertation, and proceed at once to redeem the promise which we made.

To speak plainly, we are more disappointed than surprized, at the little light which is to be found either in this, or in any of Mr. Stewart's writings, respecting what we consider as the fundamental peculiarity in Locke's views of metaphysics, when compared with those of every other writer with whom we are acquainted. It is a common way of speaking to talk of Locke's theory, of Locke's followers, and of the school which Locke founded; nevertheless if we
were

were to ask the greater number of those who make use of these phrases, what the opinions are to which they allude, as constituting Locke's claim to be considered as the founder of a system, we doubt much whether we should often be able to procure such an answer, as would meet the question. And the same remark might be applied to Dr. Reid. People talk very fluently of inductive philosophy and Scottish metaphysics, and seem, no doubt, to understand the signification of these phrases, while they are reading the writings of Mr. Stewart; but were we to inquire what it is that they mean by inductive philosophy, as applied to the study of the human mind, or what are the points of disagreement between the views which were taken of metaphysical science by Dr. Reid, and those which we meet in the *Essay upon the Human Understanding*, we should soon discover how imperfectly the real character of that new system of philosophy, which passes under the name of the Scotch school, has been apprehended even by those who profess to be in the number of its disciples. The vulgar supposition seems to be, that Dr. Reid's claim to distinction is founded upon the attempt which he made to overturn Locke's system, by refuting the theory of ideas. But be Locke's system what it may, it certainly is totally independent of the particular opinions which he may have embraced respecting the ideal theory. Mr. Stewart is no doubt perfectly aware, that as that theory is usually interpreted, and as it was interpreted by Berkeley and Hume, very few writers, at least in this country, can properly be said to have received it. Locke took the theory as he found it; but in his review of Malebranche he has pointedly and emphatically disavowed that particular interpretation of it against which Dr. Reid directs his attack. It seems to have been a hypothesis respecting which, as a hypothesis, he meant not to deliver any opinion. It was currently received at the time in which he wrote, and served the purpose of his argument as well as any other; but he tells us, nevertheless, repeatedly, that by 'ideas' he only meant to express '*whatever is the object of the mind when thinking.*' This is the definition from which he invariably reasons; and we think it may be safely asserted, that in no instance does he deduce any conclusions, which would not be just as sound upon the supposition of Dr. Reid's theory of perception, as upon that of Plato's phantasms or Aristotle's species.

With respect, indeed, to Hume and Berkeley, the case is different; the ideal hypothesis is, in their writings, the corner-stone of the argument, which being removed, the whole edifice which they reared, proofs, conclusions, premises, and theories, crumbles at once to the ground. On this point, then, the merit of Dr. Reid is clear and unquestionable. His writings have shown satisfactorily that the supposition of ideas, as a medium of thought, is a mere
assump-

assumption, founded neither upon experience nor reason, nor common sense. Be the merit of this observation, however, what it may, it is of a character too negative to come within the definition of a discovery; at all events, the mere denial of a fact cannot be made what is called, a principle in philosophy. One part, indeed, of Dr. Reid's opinion in the matter of this controversy is, we admit, of a more positive and tangible character: we mean his doctrine respecting the nature of the secondary qualities of matter when considered merely as sensations in the mind. But in order to understand the merit and true bearing of his reasonings upon this subject, it may be useful, perhaps, to premise a few words connected with the history of his opinions.

The great argument by which Malebranche endeavours to disprove the existence of a material world, is deduced not so much from any theory respecting the nature of ideas, as from the manifest fallacies which are imposed by the senses upon our understandings; and with a view to the illustration of this fact, the leading topic in his book upon Truth is, that our senses give us no information respecting the properties of bodies, as they are *in themselves*, but only as they affect our *particular constitution*. This point he fully, and, as we think, most satisfactorily demonstrates, (so far as our knowledge of bodies is founded solely upon *sensation*,) by showing in the instance of every particular sense, but more evidently in that of sight, that our sensations are merely *signs* by which nature instructs us to avoid, among the bodies around us, whatever is hurtful to our constitution, and to seek whatever is necessary to its preservation. In the case of the visible properties of matter, it may be proved, almost to a geometrical demonstration, that the *final cause* of our perceptions is merely, that we may judge of the relative distances of the objects around us; and in like manner, hardness and roughness, smell and taste, are also symbols by which other qualities of bodies are signified to our minds. Why a particular sensation in my mind shall represent to my imagination a property in bodies, to which it cannot possibly bear a real resemblance, any more than the sounds of a language bear a real resemblance to the things for which they stand, is doubtless a secret which it would be just as impossible to divine, as to explain why the properties themselves, of which we are thus admonished, should be noxious or otherwise to a particular frame. But the fact itself is not the less certain on that account; nor ought we to withhold the praise which is justly due to the philosopher by whom it was first observed, because he did not himself at once perceive all its importance. A finer or a more profoundly true remark has never been made by any metaphysician; and we feel singular pleasure in thus attributing the full honour of it to its real

real author, the eloquence and originality of whose writings have never yet been sufficiently appreciated.

It was from that part of Malebranche's argument in which he examines the means by which the eye judges of distance and magnitude in bodies, that Berkeley evidently took the first hint and no small portion of the matter of his 'Theory of Vision;' the only *original* part of which consists in his remarks concerning the confusion which has arisen from not distinguishing properly between tangible and visible dimension. Whether at the time when Dr. Reid published his 'Inquiry' he had ever read the writings of Malebranche, is a point which it is of no importance to determine; but it is quite certain that his explanation of what he calls the 'Theory of Perception,' so far as concerns the *fact*, is in all fundamental respects precisely the same as that of the French philosopher. Dr. Reid does not speak of the 'Theory' as a discovery of his own, except so far as it is connected with his system of 'original instinctive principles;' and, in point of fact, there is no doubt but that the whole of what he says on this subject was originally suggested to his mind from Berkeley's book. The illustrations which he adduces, the analogies by which he supports his argument, in some places almost the very words which he uses, may all be found in the 'New Theory of Vision.' In saying this we have no desire to detract from Dr. Reid's general merits; and we cheerfully admit, that the acuteness with which he seized Berkeley's theory as to the nature of our knowledge respecting the visible and tangible properties of bodies, and turned it against the same writer's own conclusions on the subject of our knowledge in general, intitles him to the highest praise; but still the merit of originality, so far as regards the principle, is unquestionably due solely to Malebranche; but for whose book neither Berkeley's 'Theory' nor Reid's 'Inquiry' would, it is possible, have ever seen the light. Let the praise, however, of Dr. Reid's account of 'Perception' belong to whom it may, there can be no controversy, we think, respecting the truth of the very important fact upon which it is founded, or in which, to speak more properly, it consists. When, indeed, it is added, that the judgments which follow in our minds from the intimations of sense, are produced by a 'principle of human nature, hitherto unnoticed by philosophers,' and which has been given to us by our Maker, for the express purpose of creating a belief in the information of our senses, here we are involving ourselves in quite another question, and one which it will be more convenient to examine hereafter; but all that we are at present concerned to show is, that when we talk of Dr. Reid's philosophy as opposed to Locke's, it is altogether a mistake to imagine, that the point where the difference between them begins is at the
opinions

opinions which they respectively maintained concerning the nature of our ideas. There can be no question but that upon this subject the views which Locke entertained were extremely loose and inconsistent; and this probably happened, solely because his object did not properly impose upon him the necessity of either adopting or refuting any particular theory respecting them. Accordingly, a person who has studied the writings of Dr. Reid, will be enabled to correct many phrases and some opinions in the '*Essay upon the Human Understanding*,' which are, no doubt, very objectionable; but there is nothing that we remember in the theory of perception, considered by itself, that shakes any general conclusion, or even supersedes the importance of one single chapter of Locke's work. The division, which is made by Locke, of the qualities of bodies into primary and secondary; his account of the operation of the mind in abstraction, in judging, reasoning, remembering; his remarks upon the use and abuse of words; upon the principal causes of the errors into which men are apt to fall, in their speculations upon particular subjects;—these are all just as true and just as valuable to one who takes Reid's account of the origin of our knowledge, as to those who follow the old Cartesian hypothesis. It will, perhaps, be imagined from what we are saying, that all which we suppose Dr. Reid to have effected in metaphysical science, must consist in having worked about the roots of Locke's *Essay*, or strengthened the foundations upon which it was built; or otherwise, in having completed the edifice which the latter had commenced, by carrying his principles to their full conclusion. Nothing, however, could be farther from our meaning, or farther from the truth; and this will easily be understood when we observe, that if it is meant to institute a comparison between the metaphysical principles which are developed in the *Essay upon the Human Understanding*, and those which are expressed in that school of philosophy to which Mr. Stewart belongs, it is not to the points from which they start, that the attention should be called, but rather to the opposite directions which they respectively pursue.

The truth is, that although it is usual to class the writings of Locke and Dr. Reid under the same head in philosophy, and to call them both by the name of metaphysics, yet the subjects themselves which they profess to investigate cannot, properly speaking, be considered as the same. If any one should be desirous of satisfying himself as to this point, he will form some idea of what we mean to say, by merely casting his eye over the heads of chapters in Mr. Stewart's '*Elements*,' (in which the author speaks of himself as at length beginning to rear the edifice, the foundation of which had been cleared by Dr. Reid,) and comparing it with those in the *Essay upon the Human Understanding*. In the former, the subjects
treated

treated are, 'powers of external perception,' 'abstraction,' 'memory,' 'conception,' 'fancy,' 'imagination:' whereas in Locke's *Essay* the order of inquiry is into 'ideas simple and complex,' 'modes,' 'substances,' 'relations,' and thus, through all the supposed elements of which our thoughts are composed. That is to say, in the latter case, the immediate inquiry is into the *objects* of our consciousness, in the former, to speak scholastically, it is into what may be called the *subjects* of it. The end of metaphysical science, according to Locke, is to investigate the principles of our *knowledge*; according to Reid, the investigation should be into the principles of our *minds*.

Now without expressing any opinion concerning the comparative wisdom of these different views as to the proper ends of metaphysical science, it is sufficient to say, that they are obviously not the same either in themselves, or in the line of reasoning into which they lead, or in the results to which they are directed; and to be convinced of this, we need, indeed, only look to the manner in which Mr. Stewart uniformly expresses himself, when speaking of those effects to which he directs his hopes, as the proper fruits of his inquiries, and compare it with the language employed by Locke.

In the long and eloquent introduction prefixed by Mr. Stewart to the first volume of his *elements*, he formally states and enforces what he considers to be the proper object to which metaphysical pursuits should be directed, and in subserviency to which they are chiefly valuable. Among a great variety of passages which would equally illustrate the nature of his views, we shall select only a single example; others equally explicit might be quoted, but as his opinion upon this subject seems to be perfectly uniform, it may be as fully represented by one as by a greater number.

'The remarks which have been already made,' he tells us, 'are sufficient to illustrate the dangerous consequences which are likely to result from a partial and injudicious cultivation of the mind; and at the same time to point out the utility of the intellectual philosophy, in enabling us to preserve a proper balance among all its various faculties, principles of action, and capacities of enjoyment. Many additional observations might be added on the tendency which an accurate analysis of its powers might probably have, to suggest rules for their further improvement, and for a more successful application of them to their proper purposes; but this subject I shall not prosecute at present, as the illustration of it is one of the leading objects of the following work. That the memory, the imagination, and the reasoning faculty are to be instantly strengthened, in consequence of our speculations concerning their nature, it would be absurd to suppose; but it is surely far from unreasonable to think, that an acquaintance with the laws which regulate these powers, may suggest some useful rules for their gradual cultivation;

cultivation; for remedying their defects, in the case of individuals; and even for extending those limits which nature seems, at first view, to have assigned them.'—*Elem.* vol. i. p. 30.

It is now considerably more than thirty years since Mr. Stewart wrote the passage which we have here extracted; and it is upwards of sixty years since the publication of Dr. Reid's Inquiry. In the mean while our author has diligently and devotedly applied himself to those researches respecting which he appears, in the morning of his life, to have formed such sanguine hopes and expectations; nor is there any reason to believe, that the analysis of our faculties and of the laws upon which their operations depend, is not at this moment as complete as it will ever be. We pretend not to be very skilful adepts in what is called the 'Philosophy of the Mind,' but yet it may be permitted us to say, that we know of no problems in the science that have been proposed and now remain unsolved; nor have we heard of any regions in the mind that have not been explored and surveyed; and yet no reports have reached us of any discoveries that have been made: no inventions have been introduced for assisting the labours of thought; no cures have been found out for the remedy of the many aberrations to which the human understanding is subject; no processes discovered for the cultivation of the faculties, that are not as familiarly known in our Sunday schools, as at Oxford and Cambridge, or even at Edinburgh and Glasgow.

We trust Mr. Stewart will believe us when we say, that we do not mean these remarks to convey any thing in the nature of a taunt; which would be as foreign to our feelings as it would be disrespectful to his. But we simply mean to state a fact; which is, that the 'Philosophy of Mind,' to use the fashionable phrase, is at this moment precisely in the situation in which it was found, or, at least, in which it was left by Dr. Reid; and the high opinion which we entertain of the talents and acquirements of Mr. Stewart, prevents us from indulging any sanguine expectation, that a study which has produced so little in his hands, will probably be more fruitful in results, when it shall have devolved into the hands of others.

Be the objects, however, which Mr. Stewart professes to pursue as the end of his labours, ever so sober and practical in their own nature, (and no difference of opinion can exist as to their desirableness,) still it will be true that they are not the same as the objects to which Locke directed his thoughts.

'Our business,' this last tells us in the Introduction to his Essay, 'is not to know all things, but those which concern our conduct. If we can find out those measures whereby a rational nature, put in the state in which man is in this world, may and ought to govern his opinions and actions depending thereon, we need not be troubled that some other things escape our knowledge. This was that which gave the first rise

to the *Essay concerning the Understanding*.—For ‘that men extending their inquiries beyond their capacities, and letting their thoughts wander into those depths where they can find no sure footing: it is no wonder that they raise questions and multiply disputes, which, never coming to any clear resolution, are proper only to continue and increase their doubts, and to confirm them at last in perfect scepticism. Whereas, were the capacities of our understandings well considered, the extent of our knowledge once discovered, and the horizon found which sets the bounds between the enlightened and the dark parts of things, between what is and what is not comprehensible by us; men would perhaps with less scruple acquiesce in the avowed ignorance of the one, and discourse with more advantage and satisfaction on the other.’—*Essay, Intro. § 7*.

If we compare these different conceptions, which we have here quoted, of the true end and aim of metaphysical researches, with each other, and consider them only in the abstract, there can be no question, but that the science of ‘preserving a proper balance among all our various faculties, principles of action, and capacities of enjoyment,’ and of ‘extending the limits which nature seems, at first view, to have assigned to our intellectual powers,’ is a much higher and more desirable object than that which Locke proposes. But the proposition, which we are now interested to prove, does not embrace this question; we simply wished to show, that Dr. Reid’s views in science pointed towards a totally different direction from those which are developed in the *Essay upon the Human Understanding*; if any further comparison should be instituted between them, the only ground upon which we would contend for the superiority of the last, would be on that of the greater certainty which it affords, of arriving ultimately at solid and practical results.

In confirmation of this proposition we shall not be reduced to the necessity of reasoning from merely probable conjecture; but may confidently appeal, at once, to the testimony of experience. For let any one compare the state of speculative science since and before the age of Locke’s *Essay*, and he will easily perceive how great a revolution the publication of it has effected, in the character of philosophy. If we take up the writings of Bacon or Boyle, or Descartes or Malebranche, or of any other celebrated authors of the times immediately preceding, scarcely a page will be found in which questions are not proposed, and subjects discussed, which every undergraduate, in the present day, has learned to appreciate and despise; and though some part of this effect may no doubt have resulted from the general progress of knowledge in the world, yet it is difficult to read Locke’s *Essay* and to remember the extensive circulation which it obtained through every part of Europe, without attributing much of this improved state of things to the effects produced by those peculiar principles of metaphysical inquiry, of which

which his book furnished the first, and we may almost add, the last example. What these principles are, we shall proceed shortly to examine; but in the mean time we may be permitted to indulge for a moment our admiration of a work, which we never read or even dip into without improvement. There is scarcely an event of our lives to which we look back with more lively recollection, than to the period when we first read the *Essay upon the Human Understanding*. It still remains in our memory, like an era in the history of our thoughts, from which we seem to date a sort of revolution in the very constitution of our knowledge. For it is not with a view to opinions that the writings of Locke are to be studied; but rather for the sake of witnessing the operation of his mind. There runs through his *Essay* such a vein of precise and admirable reflection; he places his thoughts, right or wrong, in so clear a light; distinguishes and discards all trifling and merely verbal disputes; makes us understand ourselves so unequivocally, in the words which we employ and in the subjects upon which we are meditating; that we know not any work that could be named in which the exercise of thinking may be so safely taken. This is never so strongly felt as when we come to his writings, fresh from the pages of some modern metaphysician. It is like changing the smoky atmosphere of a city for some pure and mountain air; the mind feels as if it were inhaling health from the very thoughts which it breathes; so much singleness and directness and integrity is there about all his opinions; such a contempt for paradox; such superiority to all the little tricks by which the common-place thoughts of common-place minds are trimmed out in the present day; and decked, if we may so express ourselves, in the mere cast-off clothes of real learning and philosophy.

Our present business, however, is not with the character of Locke's writings, considered with reference to the qualities of mind which they display, but with his views and principles of metaphysics. We have shown how materially the *object* at which he aimed in his writings, differs from that of Dr. Reid's philosophy; our readers will therefore of course be prepared to find that the *method* which he pursued for the accomplishment of what he appears to have regarded as the true end of metaphysical science, differs as widely from the method pursued by the Scottish philosopher and his disciples, as do the ends themselves which, if our explanation of the matter be admitted, they were respectively pursuing.

'My purpose being,' says Locke, to 'inquire into the original certainty and extent of human knowledge, together with the grounds and decrees of belief, opinion and assent; I shall not at present meddle with the physical consideration of the mind:—It shall suffice to my present purpose, to consider the discerning faculties of a man as they are employed about the objects which they have to do with.'

It was in this respect, that the study which Locke was recommending differs from what is properly called logic. In this last, the end proposed is merely to lay down the laws and explain the forms of reasoning, with a view to a demonstration of the principle, upon which the certainty of the *conclusion* depends. Now it is to the principles upon which the certainty of the *premises* depends, that our attention is altogether directed in the Essay upon the Human Understanding. A very little reflection will easily satisfy us, that not only ought this last inquiry to take precedence of the other, but that it is in every respect one of infinitely greater importance. For if we were to examine into the grounds of the various errors which have at different periods obtained general credit in the world, we should find, probably with scarcely any exception, that the great and leading source of all the mistakes that have been made, has originated not in false deductions but in false assumptions.

So far as Locke's views are confined to this single object, (which manifestly forms the great and important feature of his Essay,) we are not aware of any fault that can be found with the manner in which he has executed his task. He begins with telling us, that as it is his intention to consider the discerning faculties of a man, 'as they are employed about the objects which they have to do with,' it is necessary, in the first place, to state what he conceives these 'objects' to be. By the *objects* of our faculties, he understands what is generally expressed by the word 'idea'; and before he proceeds to enter upon his argument, he formally explains both his reason for the frequent use of the term, and also the meaning, which he attaches to it. 'It being that term, which, I think, seems best to stand for *whatsoever* is the object of the understanding when a man thinks: I have used it to express whatever is meant by phantasm, notion, species, or *whatever* it is, that the mind can be employed about in thinking.' *Intro.* §. 8.

Having thus stated his subject, the first point which he considers is the '*origin* of our ideas.' He next proceeds to examine them 'considered with regard to their *objects*,' and lastly 'with regard to their *qualities*.' As our only wish, at present, is to point out to the attention of our readers, the method which Locke pursued, it is not here necessary to enter further into a more minute analysis of the arrangement which he adopted. We may, however, take the opportunity to observe, that however complete and judicious his method of treating his subject may have been, viewing his Essay merely with reference to *dialectics*, yet if we examine his arrangement in the light of an attempt to give a *theory of human knowledge*;—which we suspect to have been the view which he himself had formed of his subject, and which in fact it ought to have been, if considered with reference to metaphysics;—it is plain that the mode in which he has treated the

the matter is altogether faulty, and about as unphilosophical as it well could be: and it is really astonishing to observe the number of mistakes, into which his successors have been led from ignorance of the defect, which, in this point, runs through the whole of the second book. He considers our ideas, 1st. as they originate in sensation or in reflection; 2d, as they are simple or complex; 3d, as they are clear or obscure—adequate or inadequate. Now it is obvious that it throws no more light upon the difference which exists between our idea of 'gold,' and that of 'volition,' to say, that the former is an idea originating in sensation, and the latter in reflection, than would be thrown upon the difference between copper and gold, if a chemist should say that the latter is found in South America, and the former in Wales. These are facts which it may be expedient, and even necessary to state; but they convey not the slightest information as to the nature of the objects themselves. Again: what should we think of a system of chemistry, in which metallic substances were classed under the same head with acids or gases, merely because they are alike incapable of analysis, and cannot be resolved into any simpler elements? And yet these substances are not at all more dissimilar from each other in physics, than are the ideas of *green*, and of *memory*, for example; which Locke classes together in metaphysics, merely because they are both of them what he calls *simple ideas*, that is to say, ideas, the knowledge of which cannot be conveyed by definition. It is perfectly plain that such a classification as this, is founded upon no principle of philosophical arrangement; the ground of distinction is here totally independent of the nature of the objects themselves; and depends upon an accidental point of agreement among them, in a matter of fact, which has nothing whatever to do with their real differences. And the same remark will apply still more evidently to the third head under which he considers our ideas; we mean with regard to their *qualities*. Adequate and inadequate, perfect and imperfect, clear and obscure, as applied to our conceptions of things, are like such words, as large and small, near or distant, quick or slow, as applied to things themselves. They are attributes which may belong to the most dissimilar objects; and therefore can never serve to any useful purpose, as a means of distinguishing things among each other. It may be highly necessary to know whether our ideas, in any instance, be clear or obscure, perfect or imperfect; and nothing may be more desirable than to be possessed of rules, by which we may ascertain the point. All we mean to say is, that the determination of the question involves no metaphysical truth; and however admirable and valuable Locke's remarks may be, in this part of his Essay, yet they furnish no materials whatever for a philosophical delineation of our knowledge. It is upon the third and fourth books that the great and durable merit

of Locke's fame will be found to rest; but these books manifestly contain the rules, by which the understanding ought to be guided in matters of abstract speculation; the truths with which they abound are, for the most part, altogether practical and belong more properly to the Art of Thinking than to the Science of Metaphysics. The positive contributions which were furnished by Locke to the previous amount of our knowledge, in this department of philosophy, cannot we think be rated very highly; the services which he rendered to the cause were those of an adviser and counsellor rather than of an actual discoverer. He pointed out the erroneous maxims by which former philosophers had been misled, and indicated the proper field in which their future researches ought to be prosecuted; and though he made no progress himself, or at least none that is at all commensurate with common opinion, and does not even appear to have formed a very exact conception of the precise subject of inquiry; yet he showed the road which those who come after him ought to pursue; and left behind him a system of rules for the direction of their conduct, containing more wisdom and good sense than are perhaps to be found, in any single composition, which the wit of man has yet produced.

At this point then it is, that our difference with Dr. Reid commences. Whatever may have been the particular errors that are to be found in the *Essay upon the Human Understanding*, yet we feel confident that the *method* of inquiry which is there suggested, is the true and proper method, by which all our metaphysical inquiries ought to be conducted. This, of course, is a point which, in an argument with Mr. Stewart, we cannot have any right to assume; nor is it one which can easily be demonstrated antecedently to actual experience. We cannot, it must be admitted, speak very boastingly of the fruits which have, as yet, been reaped in metaphysics by Locke's professed disciples; but if the manifest unsoundness of the plans which have been hitherto substituted for his, afford any presumption in his favour, we feel inclined to think, that the argument may be used with complete success, as far, at least, as regards the particular principles of Dr. Reid.

The corner-stone of Dr. Reid's metaphysical opinions, as distinguished from those of Locke, and indeed, as we shall show, from those of every philosopher of any note, who had ever written upon the subject, consists in the supposition that the mind is composed of certain simple and uncompounded faculties, distinct from the mind itself and equally distinguishable from each other, not merely in their operations, but, if we may so express ourselves, in their causes. Agreeably to this view, he seems to conceive that the work, which the metaphysician has to perform, is to watch the secret processes which take place within his mind when he exerts his faculties,

faculties, and to note down whatever facts the phenomena present. In short, that metaphysics is only another branch of natural philosophy; and subject to the same rules of experimental induction as Bacon directed to be used in physics. We cannot pretend to say that we very clearly comprehend the manner in which this is to be done; nor are we, in point of fact, able to attach any very precise meaning to much of the phraseology, which characterizes all the writings that proceed from Dr. Reid's school in philosophy. The words 'intellectual processes,' 'laws of mind,' 'mental phenomena,' 'inductive reasoning,' and a whole class of expressions of a similar character, are, to our apprehension, either so utterly unintelligible, as applied to the subject of the mind, or else mean something so exceedingly trite and obvious, that we are always fearful of falling into some involuntary misrepresentation whenever we talk upon the subject; and are therefore desirous of warning our readers to distrust our explanation of the philosophy in question, and rather to put their own interpretation upon the following statement, which is to be found in the writings of Mr. Stewart, and which contains a more formal declaration of his opinion, as to the proper aim of metaphysical inquiry, than any single passage that we could, at the present moment, produce.

'It would probably contribute much to accelerate the progress of the philosophy of mind, if a distinct explanation were given of its nature and object; and if some general rules were laid down with respect to the proper method of conducting the study of it. To this subject, however, which is of sufficient extent to furnish matter for a separate work, I cannot attempt to do justice at present; and shall therefore confine myself to the illustration of a few fundamental principles, which it will be of essential importance for us to keep in view in the following inquiries.

'Upon a slight attention to the operation of our own minds, they appear to be so complicated and so infinitely diversified that it seems to be impossible to reduce them to any general laws. In consequence, however, of a more accurate examination the prospect clears up; and the phenomena which appeared at first to be too various for our comprehension, are found to be the result of a comparatively small number of simple and uncompounded faculties, or of simple and uncompounded principles of action. These faculties and principles are the general laws of our constitution, and hold the same place in the philosophy of mind, that the general laws we investigate in physics hold in that branch of science. In both cases the laws which nature has established are to be investigated only by an examination of facts; and in both cases a knowledge of these laws leads to an explanation of an infinite number of phenomena.

'In the investigation of physical laws, it is well known that our inquiries must always terminate in some general fact of which no account can be given but that such is the constitution of nature. The case is exactly

exactly the same in the philosophy of mind. When we have once ascertained a general fact, such as the various laws which regulate the association of ideas, or the dependance of memory on that effort of mind which we call Attention, it is all we ought to aim at in this branch of science.'—vol. i. p. 11.

Now, if we were disposed to take an unfair advantage of the explanation which is here given of Dr. Reid's notion of 'the philosophy of mind,' we might, perhaps, call the observation of our readers to the seriousness with which we are here told that when a philosopher has ascertained such facts 'as the dependance of Memory on that effort of mind we call Attention,' all we ought to aim at in this branch of science is accomplished. That all the discoveries which have hitherto been made by what Mr. Stewart would call the *inductive principles of metaphysics*, amount to nothing more than a mere naked enunciation of some such familiar facts, is, we think, an opinion that can hardly be disputed. But this may be the fault, it will perhaps be said, of the unskilful manner in which the subject has hitherto been managed. We possibly might have been of the same opinion, had Mr. Stewart been an ordinary man; but as it is, we suspect that we must look somewhat deeper for the cause; and this we think it will not be difficult to find without casting any imputation upon the talents or zeal of the accomplished author whose name is at present more immediately before us; and whose writings we consider as being the principal occasion of whatever reputation the philosophy of Dr. Reid continues to enjoy.

We are told in the passage, which we just now extracted, that all the various intellectual operations which strike, at first, as being so complicated and various, 'are found to be the result of a comparatively small number of simple and uncompounded faculties,' and that 'these simple and uncompounded faculties,' are the 'general laws of our constitution, and hold the same place in the philosophy of mind, that the general laws we investigate in physics hold in that branch of science.' With respect to the theory of mind which is developed in the above quotation, we cannot speak very confidently about it; because we are by no means sure that we fully comprehend the proposition which it contains. In what sense memory, or the act of thinking upon something which happened to us yesterday, can be called a *law* of the mind, we do not immediately understand. It is indeed a law of the memory, *that we cannot remember what we do not attend to*; but memory itself is a *property* of the mind, and not a *law* of it; and as nothing can be more distinct in physics, that an inquiry into the properties of any substance, and an inquiry into the laws upon which the action of those properties depends; so one should have thought that a distinction ought to have been drawn between 'the simple and uncompounded faculties'

faculties' of which the mind *consists*, and the particular circumstances, by which the exercise of those simple and uncompounded faculties is *regulated*. These, however, and a multitude of difficulties of the same nature which we could easily point out, we must leave the disciples of Dr. Reid to settle among themselves: we ask him for a proof of the fact itself, which is assumed in every page of his work; and upon which alone his total departure from the principles of Locke, respecting the proper and legitimate aim of metaphysical science, can for one moment be maintained.

Locke had told us, that the true end of metaphysics is 'to consider the discerning faculties of men, *as they are employed about the objects which they have to do with*?' Reid tells us that metaphysics may 'be truly called an *analysis of the human faculties*; and till this is performed, it is in vain to expect any just *system* of the mind; that is, an enumeration of the original powers and laws of our constitution, and an explication from them of the various phenomena of human nature.'—*Inquiry*, p. 11.

Here then it might reasonably be expected, that the real and substantial existence of these 'simple and uncompounded faculties which it is the peculiar province of philosophy to analyse' should be a matter, that either had never been supposed to admit of any controversy, or else, that it had at least been regularly discussed and satisfactorily demonstrated. Our readers, however, will perhaps be surprized to hear the fact. So far is it from being true that the theory of the mind, which Dr. Reid assumes, is a point which no person had dared to dispute, that there is hardly a metaphysician of any celebrity, who has not thought it necessary to warn his readers against the false notion, or, as they conceived it to be, the vulgar error, upon which the whole of his philosophy, considering it as a *system*, is entirely built. And what is stranger still, with the works of these very metaphysicians in their hands, they have proceeded to take their principles for granted, and to construct the most important speculations solely upon the facts so assumed, without so much as either attempting to adduce the necessary proofs, or even allowing a hint to transpire, that their premises had on any occasion been called in question.

We had always been accustomed to consider this false slip which is made by Dr. Reid, at the very threshold of his philosophy, as an instance of extraordinary inadvertency; and on the occasion of reviewing Mr. Stewart's second volume, we took the opportunity of pointing out to him, the peculiar difficulties to which the supposition so gratuitously embraced by him, was manifestly exposed: showing at the same time, from the nature of things, that whether the theory in question were true or false, it never could be demonstrated, and consequently was, at all events, a most improper foundation,

dation, on which to build a school of systematic philosophy. It appears, however, from a note in the Dissertation before us, that in ascribing the silence of Dr. Reid and of his zealous disciple, to mere negligence on their part, we were misinformed as to the fact. In a note to the Dissertation before us, Mr. Stewart produces a passage from the writings of Addison, in which the doctrine that we had asserted and attempted to establish by proof, is clearly laid down. It is as follows. 'Although we divide the soul into several powers and faculties, there is no such division in the soul itself; since it is the *whole* soul that remembers, understands, wills or imagines. Our manner of considering the memory, understanding, will, imagination, and the like faculties, is for the better enabling us to express ourselves, on such abstracted subjects of speculation, not that there is any such division in the soul itself.' In another part of the same paper Addison observes, that 'what we call the faculties of the soul, are only different ways or modes in which the soul can exert herself.'

This remark might almost seem to have been borrowed from Crousaz; whose book, judging from the similarity of expression, was possibly in the hands of Addison when he was writing this paper. 'On se tromperoit grossièrement (says this old and intelligent writer), si on prenoit occasion de ces noms, Entendement, Sens, Imagination, de supposer dans l'âme trois facultés distinctes une de l'autre, comme le sont les pieds d'avec les mains et la poitrine. C'est la même âme, la même pensée qui pense en trois manières différentes.' In the Art de Penser, which is attributed by Mr. Stewart to the celebrated Arnauld, this error (if we may be allowed so to call it) is adduced, as an example of the sophism termed *non causa pro causâ*. 'Quand nous voyons un effet dont la cause nous est inconnue, nous nous imaginons l'avoir découverte lorsque nous avons joint à cet effet un mot général de *vertu* ou de *faculté*, qui ne forme dans notre esprit aucune autre idée, sinon que cet effet a quelque cause, ce que nous savions bien avant d'avoir trouvé ce mot.' The reader on this subject may also consult Malebranche, vol. ii. p. 129.—vol. iii. 99. and Berkeley, Principles of Human Knowledge, § 143. But no writer has expressed himself more positively to the purpose of what we are now considering, than Locke himself, who has devoted several sections in his chapter upon Power, to the exposition of the vague and improper manner in which the word *faculty*, as applied to the mind, has commonly been used. Mr. Stewart refers to Locke's observations on the same subject, and we wish he had extracted the passage itself, to which he directs his reader. 'The introducing into discourses,' says Locke, 'with the name of faculties, a notion of their operating, has, I suppose, as little advanced our knowledge in this part of ourselves,

selves, as the great use and invention of the like use of faculties, or the operations of the body, has advanced us in the knowledge of physic. Not that I deny there are faculties both in body and mind: they both of them have their powers of operating, else neither the one nor the other could operate. Nor do I deny that these words and the like, are to have their place in the common use of languages that have made them current. It looks like too much affectation wholly to lay them by: and philosophy itself, though it likes not a gaudy dress, yet when it appears in public, must have so much complacency, as to be clothed in the ordinary fashion and language of the country, so far as it can consist with truth and perspicuity. But the fault has been, that faculties have been spoken of and represented as so many distinct agents.'—*Essay*, book ii. ch. 21. § 20. The reader may also consult §§ 6. 16, 17, 18, 19. of the same chapter.

Mr. Stewart introduces the quotation from Addison, which we alluded to above, with the following observation, which we have read over till we know it by heart; and must take the liberty of saying, that a passage better calculated (though unintentionally we doubt not) to mislead the reader, or at least to leave him in the dark, as to the sentiment which the writer means to avow and acknowledge, could not easily have been devised, had it been purposely so contrived. 'I quote the following passage,' says our author, 'from Addison, *not* as a specimen of his metaphysical acumen, but as a proof of his good sense in divining and obviating a difficulty, which I believe most persons will acknowledge, occurred to themselves when they first entered upon metaphysical studies.' p. 99. Now when Mr. Stewart describes the remark which he quotes from Addison, as having *obviated* the difficulty in question, are we to understand that he agrees with those whose opinions Addison was repeating, in supposing the word *faculty* to be a mere phrase invented for the convenience of language,—for that is the solution of the difficulty which Mr. Stewart praises? or are we to understand that he regards the word, as signifying some more real and substantial distinction in the nature of our mental powers, as his language in all his other writings unequivocally declare? From the praise which he bestows upon Addison's 'good sense' on the occasion before us, we are naturally led to suppose that he agrees with him in opinion; but when he adds, that the difficulty which Addison obviated, is one which only occurs to us at our '*first entrance* upon metaphysical studies,' we are naturally led to conclude, that the opinion which he really intends to acknowledge, is that which he afterwards decided to embrace; and which consists, as we before said, in the supposition, that the operations of the understanding are carried on by a certain number 'of simple and uncompounded

uncompounded faculties,' distinct not only from each other, but from the mind itself; and the analysis of which is to be effected by the same logical rules of induction, as have been found so successful in the case of physics.

Now that this last is truly the opinion of Mr. Stewart, will not, we hope, be questioned. To suppose that when he and Dr. Reid speak of memory, imagination, volition, and other operations, as 'original principles,' 'simple and uncompounded faculties,' 'ultimate laws,' and so on, in our constitution, they meant to say that these words only represent different *actions* of one and the same principle, this surely would be at once to say, that the whole theory of their philosophy is founded merely upon a peculiarity in the use of language. Both Mr. Stewart and Dr. Reid uniformly speak of these faculties as 'the *subjects* of our consciousness,' which it is plain they would not be, if they were mere *acts* of the mind, for then they would be the *objects* of it. Besides, how are we to reconcile such phrases as the following, which abound in every page and almost every line of their respective writings?

'Of the various powers and faculties we possess, there are some which nature seems *both to have planted and reared*—'there are other powers of which nature has only planted the *seeds* in our minds'—'reflection, the only *instrument* by which we can discern the powers of the mind, comes too late to observe the progress of nature, in raising them from their *infancy* to *perfection*.' These passages we take at random from a mere casual inspection of the first half dozen pages of Reid's 'Inquiry.' Let the reader only substitute for the words 'powers' and 'faculties' in the above passages, the words 'actions' or 'operations,' and he will then at once perceive, whether Dr. Reid can have used these several words as synonymous phrases. So also Mr. Stewart talks 'of a cautious circumspection, in *conducting our intellectual processes*,' lest the words we make use of should '*awaken* the powers of conception and imagination;' and tells us to defer the study of logic, 'till the faculty of reflection, (the last which *unfolds* itself) begins to *solicit its appropriate nourishment*.' His theory of dreaming is founded upon the hypothesis that there are some faculties which are subject to the faculty of volition, and some over which volition has no controul: and it is by the anarchy occasioned in consequence of these last being awake while the mind itself is at rest, that he explains the phenomena.

But it is useless to accumulate proofs of our author's opinions on this subject; nor indeed should we have thought it necessary to produce the above passages and instances, except from the somewhat ominous ambiguity of the passage which we quoted above. If Mr. Stewart should be disposed to enter into any explanation
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tending to qualify the language which he has hitherto adopted, when speaking upon the subject of the intellectual faculties, or even to recal any opinions which, upon further consideration, he may have seen reason to change; this will, of course, be no imputation upon his talents; on the contrary, it ought rather to raise than to lower the high reputation which he enjoys: but we must, nevertheless, take the liberty of warning him, that the slightest deviation from Dr. Reid's hypothesis, respecting the theory of our intellectual operations, involves the safety of his whole system.—If all that we know of the operations of the mind, is simply that we are conscious of performing certain *acts*; and if all that we know of these acts of the mind (as Dr. Reid will probably be the last person to dispute) is from reflection upon the nature of the ideas which it perceives, of course it will follow, that the true method of study in this branch of science is that which was pointed out by Locke. On this supposition, it will be in a survey of human knowledge, in an analysis of the relation in which our different opinions stand to each other, with reference to the grounds on which they are built, the degrees of assent to which they are entitled, and to other considerations of the same nature, that the science of metaphysics truly and properly consists: in short, it is to a philosophical account of the various *objects* of our consciousness, that we must look, if we mean to make any discoveries or improvements in this department of knowledge. But on the other hand, if that which we call the mind is a complex principle and formed of the union of a certain number of simple and uncompounded faculties, which are made known to us by consciousness, so that the only account which we can give of the distinctions among our ideas (viewing them as metaphysical abstractions) is, that they are respectively the *occasions* on which our several faculties are exercised; (for this is Mr. Stewart's language;) and the *origin* of them, in each particular case, only the *first* occasion of the corresponding power being brought into operation;—in this case, of course, if we wish to look into our minds, or even to arrive at any fixed knowledge concerning the nature of our ideas, it is plainly to the 'subjects of our consciousness,' (as our faculties are distinctly asserted to be) that we must, in the first place, direct our attention. It is, as Dr. Reid says, 'in an *enumeration* of the original powers and laws of our constitution, and an explication *from them*, of the various phenomena of human nature,' that the science of metaphysics will consist upon this hypothesis; and viewing his subject in this light, he is quite justified in considering it, as he always does, as only another branch of natural philosophy; and directing us to apply to the investigation of it, the same rules of analysis,

analysis, as were recommended by Bacon, in the investigation of physical science.

Now whether we infer the nature of our faculties from the nature of the objects about which the understanding is conversant, as Locke attempted, or, in imitation of Dr. Reid, attempt to deduce the nature of the objects of the understanding, from a consideration of the nature of our faculties, this may, perhaps, seem only like taking up the rope at different ends. And as to the question, whether the operations of the mind, as memory, conception, abstraction, are performed by one and the same simple and uncompounded principle, or by many, it would seem at first sight to be a matter of still less importance. But however near these two explanations of the intellectual functions may lie together, they are manifestly quite distinct in themselves; and when we come to draw conclusions, and propose theories, and correct errors, and construct systems—the difference between them soon becomes very apparent. However close two persons, holding these opinions may be together when they set off, yet, if they begin to follow up their principles, and pursue them to their conclusions, they will quickly find themselves at opposite points of the compass. And if we may judge from the experience which is furnished us by the examples of Locke, and those of Dr. Reid and Mr. Stewart, we should say, that, while the one philosopher would be found at the close of his researches, making a survey of human opinions—examining their foundations—weighing their evidence—correcting their errors;—the other would be employed in inventing definitions—balancing phrases—puzzling himself about names—devoting himself, in short, precisely to that very occupation, from which it was the great object of the *Essay upon the Human Understanding* to recal us.

For let any person take up for a moment the writings of Dr. Reid, and, we are unwillingly compelled to add, of his able disciple, whose works are more immediately under our consideration:—what is, in fact, the subject of them? It is not that they pretend to have discovered any *new* functions in the mind; nor that they can throw any light upon the nature of those that are already known, beyond what was familiarly understood by their predecessors;—but the discussion is, whether such or such an operation (the *existence* of which is, of course, known as familiarly to the clown as to the philosopher) is to be *called* by this name or that. Whether, for example, when we speak of any particular idea, we should call it an act of Memory or of Conception; whether the word *imagination* signifies several acts of the mind, or only one single operation;—whether our belief in this or that fact is to be distinguished by this or that name, and what is the sense in which such or such
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a word is used by the best writers? In all these instances, there is seldom any discussion as to the things themselves: whether we agree with Mr. Stewart or Dr. Reid in their opinions of the distinction between Memory and Conception; and of the nature of Fancy as compared with Imagination; the only consequence will be, a difference as to the use of terms: as to any essential difference that they have pointed out, among the operations of these or any other faculties, beyond what was known before, or any light which they have thrown upon the laws on which the exercise of them depends, we cannot, at the present moment, call to our recollection an instance in which this has even been attempted. Nor, perhaps, need this occasion surprize. These 'simple and uncompounded faculties,' (if we may believe Locke) have no existence in the nature of things, but only in the fictions of language; and therefore, of course, whatever discussion may be raised concerning them, can only exist, as to the propriety of terms. 'For faculty, ability, and power, are but different names of the same things; which ways of speaking, when put into intelligible words, will, I think, amount to thus much: that digestion is performed by something that is able to digest, motion by something able to move, and understanding by something able to understand.'—*Locke's Essay*, vol. i. p. 23.

In the remarks which we have hitherto been making, our attention has been confined to what we have been accustomed to consider as the fundamental distinction of Dr. Reid's philosophy, viewing it as a system. His opinions concerning the nature of our belief in the existence of a material world; in the permanency of the laws of nature; and in various other truths of a similar character,—which, we believe, are what is commonly meant, when people speak of Dr. Reid as the founder of a school in metaphysics,—these we consider, not as the principles upon which his system is *built*, but rather as doctrines which grow out of it. This is perhaps not historically true;—for in point of fact, we imagine, that the theory of Dr. Reid, respecting the nature of the mind and the proper objects of metaphysical inquiry, was invented in consequence of the conclusions to which he had arrived concerning what he calls 'our instinctive principles of belief,' and by no means preceded these last;—it is, however, if we may so distinguish, metaphysically true: for if all that we know of the nature of the understanding is from what we are able to collect concerning the nature of the objects about which it is conversant; then the question is not by what faculty we perceive this or that idea, but to what denomination in philosophy it is, that the idea belongs. It is the same with respect to our belief: if all the functions of the mind are only different operations of one and the same principle within us, the question here likewise is, not whether our belief, in any particular truth,

truth, originates in this or that source of opinion, call it instinct, or reason, or by any other name, but to what class of truths it belongs, and what is the degree and kind of assent to which it is entitled? Whether the mind be a complex principle, compounded like material substances of independent properties, which it is the business of philosophy to decompose and resolve into the respective elements upon which they depend;—or whether it be one single, simple, uncompounded and immortal principle, unsusceptible of analysis, and indivisible even in idea;—these are hypotheses which metaphysicians may respectively embrace, according as they see reason. We cannot, however, doubt but that they must necessarily lead to very different views, as to the proper business of speculative science, and conduct to very different conclusions. Meanwhile, all we wish is, that when people embrace these views of Dr. Reid's philosophy, and talk of the mind as consisting of *distinct faculties* and *original principles*, and recommend us to watch our *intellectual processes*, and attend to the *subjects of our consciousness*, and apply the *Baconian logic* to the investigation of the philosophy of mind,—they would bear in mind that these phrases plainly involve an important hypothesis, and one which, if it be not true, ought surely not to be lightly admitted. If, indeed, these phrases are mere metaphors and forms of expression adopted for the sake of convenience, or in accommodation to the prevailing custom; in that case we have nothing to say, except that a system of philosophy which is built upon mere verbal distinctions may be very harmless, possibly, but it is certainly most unlikely to be productive of any benefit to mankind; and the sooner it is laid aside the better.

We might here, perhaps, not without advantage, conclude our observations upon the subject of Dr. Reid's philosophy. But the question relating to the grounds of our belief in the existence of a material world, and in some other facts of the same class, is so closely connected with many of his speculations, and has indeed formed so fruitful a subject of discussion among metaphysicians in almost every age, that a few remarks upon this part of his writings will probably be not unacceptable to our readers.

It is clear to any one who will consider for a moment the opinions and judgments which are formed by the mind, that they naturally arrange themselves into certain classes, which, although they may possess a character in common with respect to the universal assent of mankind, are yet plainly distinguished from each other, in almost every other point. The judgment which we form in a matter of abstract truth, is as different from that which we pronounce upon some particular fact—and this again, is as distinct from the judgment which we form in a matter of feeling, as we can easily conceive
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any three things to be. What it is, in which our knowledge respectively consists, when we are reasoning from premises which resolve themselves into any of these principles of belief, is a point respecting which there may be a difference of opinion; but whoever will take the trouble of examining the various theories of philosophers, from Pythagoras down to Kant, will, we think, find that the attempt to reduce all these classes of opinions to some one general standard of universal truth, is a key to almost all the disputes by which the world has been divided, either in ancient or modern times. That this attempt is perfectly impracticable seems tolerably evident from facts. Philosophers are at this day no nearer to the solution of the problem, than they were in the days of Plato; and in the mean time, the extravagant conclusions, the utterly wild and visionary theories, to which the prosecution of the subject has given rise, may be considered as the strongest possible presumption that the attempt itself must have been founded in some radical misconception of the true objects of philosophy.

It would be a task no less curious than instructive, to trace the influence of this notion (as it easily might be traced) through the opinions of all the various schools of metaphysical speculation; from the present day, up to the very origin of such disquisitions; but this would lead us far beyond the limits which we must impose upon ourselves. It will be sufficient for our present purpose, to illustrate the truth of the observation which we have just made, in the instance of the particular discussion that gave rise to the writings of Dr. Reid, relative to the grounds of our belief in the evidence of our senses.

Now it ought to be premised, as a point very necessary to be borne in mind, that in this discussion there is no controversy on the question of fact. No philosopher has disputed, but that mankind do actually believe in the permanent and independent existence of a material world: of course the only question can be, as to the *grounds* of this belief. These, it has been said, cannot be traced up to any truth with which our reason acquaints us, but solely to certain impressions upon the mind, for which we are confessedly indebted only to the blind perceptions of mere sense. When we assert the reality of some external and permanent cause of these perceptions, which is independent of our minds, and continues to exist when we have ceased to perceive it, we are plainly here stating a *proposition*, and one, the truth of which, mere sense cannot possibly assure us; and the question is, whether the inference which it supposes, is drawn by reason? If we answer in the affirmative, we are asked for our proof; and if we cannot give one, what intelligible ground of belief then remains by which the opinion of mankind can be supported? Dr. Reid, indeed, admits that no *reason*, nor, in fact,

any 'other principle hitherto noticed by philosophers,' 'can be produced for our belief in the existence of an external world;' but he tells us that the source of it must be sought in an 'original instinctive principle of our constitution,' implanted in us for this express and exclusive purpose, and of which he pretends not to give any other account, except that such is the law of our nature, and that none but philosophers have ever dreamed of doubting its authority.

Now it is perfectly plain, that however satisfactory this method of cutting the knot may be to the great majority of mankind, who, as Dr. Reid justly observes, never dream of questioning the evidence of their senses, or more properly never give themselves any trouble about the matter; yet as addressed by one philosopher to another, it is surely rather a magisterial mode of settling the discussion. *Qui stultis eruditi esse volunt*, says Quintilian, *eruditi stulti videntur*. If Dr. Reid wrote simply that he might persuade the vulgar not to doubt concerning the reality of the things around them, he might, we think, have spared himself the pains; and if he wrote for the edification of philosophers, it is not easy to perceive in what respect they are the wiser for being told, that the belief in question is founded upon an *original* instinct. Supposing we are to depend upon mere instinctive principles for the vindication of our belief, one instinctive principle is as good a ground of faith as another; and if it be really true that no *reason* can be given for it, it would seem to be a matter of indifference, so far as the question of the existence of a material world is concerned, whether this instinctive principle be called sensation or perception, or is hereafter to be known by some other appellation. The real force of the objection has nothing to do with the ideal or any other hypothesis; it results from the supposition that the existence of matter cannot be proved from *reason*; and the affirmation of this very fact is part of the proof of Dr. Reid's theory.

To talk, therefore, of Dr. Reid, as if his writings had opposed a barrier to the prevalence of sceptical philosophy, is an evident mistake. Dr. Reid successfully refuted the principles by which Berkeley and Hume endeavoured to establish their conclusions; but the conclusions themselves, he himself adopted as the very premises from which he reasons. The impossibility of proving the existence of a material world 'from reason, or experience, or instruction, or habit, or any other principle hitherto noticed by philosophers,' is precisely the argument, and the *only* argument, by which he endeavours to force upon us his theory of instinctive principles; and although his philosophy, as he explains it, is certainly far removed from what is called sceptical; and in fact comes altogether under the denomination of dogmatical (using the words according to their technical

technical signification;) yet we must confess, that the grounds upon which he places the question seem on that account only to be the more alarming.

We have no right, however, to reject a demonstration merely because it leads to consequences which are not pleasant. If, indeed, Dr. Reid has proved, that our belief in the evidence of our senses, can be explained upon no 'principle of human nature hitherto noticed by philosophers,' it is, of course, a waste of time to investigate the *truth* of the information which they afford; because that can only be determined by reason, and reason is excluded from the debate by the terms of the proposition. This is a doctrine which, in some respects, is doubtless sufficiently uncomfortable; but it clearly involves no absurdity; and consequently is intitled to a free and candid examination. Still, however, it is a doctrine which is not to be admitted with the same facility as if it merely concerned a question in geometry. Where the conclusions to which it leads would end it is, perhaps, not easy to foresee; but in order to show how extremely important the consequences are, which this part of Dr. Reid's philosophy involves, we might instance the case of that particular instinct upon which he dwells with so much emphasis, as the ground of our belief in the continuance of the laws of nature.

Mr. Stewart says, in the Dissertation before us, that this 'inductive principle,' as he phrases it, is 'now received among all *candid and intelligent inquirers*, as an acknowledged fact in the Theory of the Human Mind;'—a mode of speaking, which when a man's own controverted opinions are concerned, would not seem to be the most proper that might be chosen;—a very few words, however, will suffice to show that it is at least a principle which ought to be established upon the most solid reasoning, and placed beyond the reach of controversy; for if it really be, as Mr. Stewart supposes, 'an acknowledged fact in the Theory of the Human Mind,' it will throw a shade of doubt and uncertainty upon some truths, viewed in comparison with which, he himself, we are confident, would not regard, for a moment, the reputation of any particular hypothesis which he may have embraced in philosophy.

The maxim, 'that whatever has had a beginning must have had a cause,' is one of those axioms which cannot be denied, it has been supposed, without a speculative absurdity. This has been disputed, we are aware, by Mr. Hume; but as it is admitted by Dr. Reid, it is not necessary that we should examine his objections. Whether right or wrong, it is certain that the converse of the maxim is equally self-evident. If nothing can *begin* to exist without a cause, then nothing can *cease* to exist without a cause. Metaphysically speaking, the two propositions are identical; *ex nihilo nihil fit* being the ground of the axiom in both cases. Both of

these maxims, moreover, are of equal importance in natural religion. Upon the one is laid the foundation of our reasoning to demonstrate the existence of a supreme Being; from the other we derive the only philosophical evidence which we possess, for proving the immortality of the soul.

With the truth of Mr. Stewart's opinions concerning the foundation of our belief in the matter before us, we have at present no concern; our object is merely to give an instance of the important consequences which threaten to follow, from the establishment of his premises. We say then, that if we have not Reason, but Instinct only to guide us, in our belief that the course of nature will be the same to-morrow that it has been to-day; then, upon the same principle of argument, we have no *reason* to suppose that the sun which is now blazing in the front of the sky, will not in another instant of time be extinct; or, to push the principle still farther, there is no *reason* why worlds may not come and go, like the thoughts which rise in our minds, without external agency or any interposing cause, and by mere spontaneity of being. But if this be possible, then it is plain that the very foundations upon which the evidence of natural religion reposes, are altogether removed; on the other hand, if it be not possible, in that case, it must be contrary to *reason*. To say that it is impossible, because it is contrary to *instinct*, is a proposition which no one, we imagine, would pretend to maintain.

To recur then to an observation which we have already made; if the existence of Dr. Reid's 'inductive principle of belief' had been fairly and logically established, upon direct and intelligible evidence, we again repeat, that we should not think ourselves justified in using the argument which we have here been employing; that is, frightening people from inconsiderate concession, by merely warning them of the train of consequences, which the doctrine carries along with it. But then, on the other hand, neither are we to be driven to a rash determination, merely by being told, that the fact in question is now acknowledged by 'all candid and enlightened inquirers.' If Dr. Reid or Mr. Stewart could demonstrate, either from the nature of things in general or from that of the Human Mind in particular, that our belief in the continuance of the laws of nature can be explained by 'no principle hitherto noticed by philosophers,' this would assuredly go far to show, that it must probably be founded upon some *original* and *peculiar* principle in our nature; and having admitted this, we would certainly not quarrel about the name Instinct.

But we affirm, with confidence, that neither Dr. Reid nor his eloquent disciple, has proved any such thing, as that the fact in question can be explained upon 'no principle hitherto noticed by philosophers;'

philosophers;' they have not even attempted to prove it. Mr. Stewart takes for granted that it has been proved by Dr. Reid; Dr. Reid takes for granted, on the other hand, that it 'has been proved by unanswerable arguments by the Bishop of Cloyne, and the author of the *Treatise upon Human Nature*.' These 'unanswerable arguments,' however, as every one knows, were deduced altogether from the ideal hypothesis. If then Dr. Reid has refuted this hypothesis, how can the conclusions which have been drawn from it remain? On the other hand, if Dr. Reid has himself demonstrated, that no hypothesis, which has hitherto been adopted, will explain the phenomena, we have only to express a hope, that when Mr. Stewart comes next before the public, he will point out the passage or chapter, whether in his own writings or in those of Dr. Reid, in which it is severally shown, that neither 'reason, nor experience, nor instruction, nor habit, nor any principle in human nature hitherto noticed by philosophers,' can be of any avail towards a solution of the difficulty. In a matter so important as this, it is too much to call upon his readers either to prove from reason that they have a right to expect that the sun will rise to-morrow, or else subscribe to his opinions; it is for him to prove from reason, that such an expectation is, and can be, only founded upon Instinct.

No one pretends to say that he knows by what means his life is sustained or will be continued; or that he understands the secret power by which the earth is retained in her orbit. All that people suppose in the matter is simply this: that if the constitution of our bodies and that of the things around us remain the same to-morrow as they are to day; (which, unless some reason be given that may lead them to expect a change, they have apparently a right to assume, upon the principle that nothing can be annihilated without a cause;) in that case, they require no instinct to assure them, that bread will continue to nourish them, and fire to burn them, and the sun to give them light, in the time to come, as in the time past. Mr. Stewart does not affirm that people act *contrary* to reason, in believing that the laws of nature, which have been established from the beginning of time, will hereafter be continued; and we think he would probably admit, that the grounds of this expectation are some such grounds as those which we have named; but he affirms that they are the result of Instinct and not of Reason. Now here we evidently come to this plain issue: what is meant by Instinct, or rather what is it that we are to understand him to mean by Reason?

With respect to Dr. Reid, although we remember to have kept our eye particularly upon this point while examining his writings, we think we can take upon ourselves to say, that it is nearly impossible

to collect from any part of them, a satisfactory account of the precise sense in which he understood the word; and we think that we may, with tolerable safety, extend the remark to the writings of Mr. Stewart. And to speak the truth, considering that the precise and philosophical definition of this single word involves a question of life and death (if we may so express ourselves) with regard to their whole theory, the almost total omission of any attempt to put the reader in possession of their exact meaning, when they say that such and such a fact cannot be known from Reason, reflects no small discredit upon the general reputation of their philosophy. It would be easy to produce an accumulation of examples to show the loose manner in which they apply this word; but it would be troublesome to look through their works for this sole purpose; more particularly as the two instances which we are about to quote from Mr. Stewart will sufficiently illustrate the truth of our animadversion. 'How is it possible to explain,' he says in one of his Essays, 'upon this principle alone, by any metaphysical refinement, the operations of that Reason which *observes these phenomena, which records the past, which looks forward to the future, which argues synthetically from things known to others which it has no opportunity of subjecting to the examination of the senses, and which has created a vast science of demonstrated truths, presupposing no knowledge whatever but of its own definitions and axioms.*' *Essay*, p. 123. *second edition*. Now we do not mean to find fault with the propriety of this manner of speaking, considering it with reference to the mere usage of language; because we know that in common speech, there is perhaps no word that admits so much latitude of interpretation as the word before us; but we cannot help thinking that a little more precision might have been expected in a metaphysician. It is clear that in the above passage, Mr. Stewart is using the word Reason in the sense of Understanding in general. In the second volume of his *Elements*, however, we are presented with a regular dissertation upon the word; and the manner in which he ascertains its meaning is sufficiently characteristic. He does not enter into an investigation of the operation itself, which is attributed to Reason, nor point out what those objects are, about which it is conversant; but he quotes Pope and Milton and Addison and Moliere, in order to define, not the nature of the thing itself, viewed with reference to the constitution of the mind, but merely the 'sense in which the word is used by the best writers.' Accordingly the definition which he finally prefers, and to which he says that 'no philosopher can object,' is precisely what might have been expected from such a mode of induction;—it denotes, we are told, 'the power by which we distinguish truth from falsehood, and combine means for the attainment of ends.' Under the title of Reason, he considers also 'what-

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ever faculties and operations appear to be more immediately and essentially connected with the discovery of truth, or the attainment of the object of our pursuit;—more particularly the power of reasoning or deduction; and he adds, that ‘the latitude, in which this word has been so universally used, seemed to recommend it as convenient for a general title, of which the object is rather comprehension than precision.’—*Elem.* vol. ii. p. 12.

We are willing to take for granted, that Mr. Stewart is justified in stating that the word Reason is really used by the best writers, in the variety of senses which he has pointed out; but whether it is or not, is plainly a question in philology and not in metaphysics. A writer upon such a subject as that of the philosophy of the mind, is surely not bound to accommodate his classification of our intellectual operations, to that which the common use of language may point out; but rather, having first explained and described the nature, the power and operations of the mind itself, it becomes his duty to point out what name will most easily express them. Thus in the instance before us: instead of referring us to the best writers for the meaning in which the word Reason is commonly used, he should have referred to the mind itself for the nature of this operation; and having ascertained this to the best of his ability, it would then have been time to examine what particular word would serve, with least constraint, to represent it.

To illustrate this point, we need only recur to the subject that led us into this slight digression. In the instance of our belief concerning the permanent and independent existence of an external world, what is it, after we have freed ourselves from the equivocation of terms, that we really want to know? Whether the confidence which we repose in the evidence of our senses, be founded upon Reason, or Experience, or Habit, or Instinct, or any unnamed Principle in our nature, is in fact, except as a mere subject of speculative curiosity, a matter of no importance whatever to mankind, provided only we can be certain, that our belief is founded in truth; or, to speak still more unambiguously, provided we have no cause to suspect, that we are believing any thing to be, which does not really exist, and which we are not justly warranted in supposing. Putting aside, therefore, all consideration of the proper use and signification of words, the question to be determined in this dispute, is not by what *name* we are to distinguish the knowledge, which we possess of the qualities and constitution of the things around us, but *what* it is, in which that knowledge consists. Whether we ought to say that our knowledge, be it what it may, is derived from Instinct or Reason, will of course materially depend upon the sense in which these words are applied.

If we are to understand that all knowledge is founded upon In-

distinct, which is not deduced by what is called 'reasoning,' that is to say, 'by conclusions drawn from premises,' in that case it is plain that the question, as to the *certainty* of our knowledge, is altogether left out of the discussion: for in this sense, we do not know by Reason, that the whole is greater than its part, or that two and four are equal to six; and yet no one, we take for granted, can, for a moment, doubt as to the truth of these axioms, because the denial of them involves a palpable contradiction in terms. If, on the other hand, we admit that these Truths are known by Reason, but only exclude from its province all belief in mere matters of fact, which depend solely upon the evidence of our senses; here again, the discussion is still nothing more than a dispute, as to the proper use of words. It involves no debate as to the foundations of our belief; which, for any thing that is here said, may possibly be just as certain in the one instance as in the other, even though the names, by which we distinguish them, are not the same.

There are so many difficulties in most metaphysical disquisitions which seem entirely to arise from want of precision in the application of the words Reason and Truth, and of one or two other phrases connected with these terms, that perhaps our readers will feel inclined to excuse us, if we venture to subjoin a few observations, before we conclude, upon this much controverted subject.

One of the senses in which the word Reason is commonly used, as we are told by Mr. Stewart, designates the particular faculty by which 'we distinguish Truth from Falsehood.' We believe this definition to be substantially correct. It is evident, however, that before we can make any use of it, in a metaphysical discussion, we must, first of all, be accurately informed, as to the precise signification of the word Truth. In answer to any inquiries as to this point, it is probable we should be told, that 'a Truth is a proposition which cannot be denied without involving ourselves in a contradiction of terms; and it is distinguished from what we call a Fact, by being deducible *a priori*.' This, no doubt, is an intelligible answer; and would perhaps, for common purposes, be satisfactory. It is, however, no answer to a metaphysical inquirer; because it merely presents us with a *test*, by which Truth may be distinguished; whereas what he wants, is a definition of the thing itself. The laws of gravitation, of impulse, of reflection and refraction, it would have been impossible to know, except from actual observation and experiment; but a person, who had never measured the angles of a triangle, might easily be certain, that they are equal to two right angles. The fact, in this case, is familiarly known: the difficulty consists in detecting the principle upon which it depends.

It cannot be doubted, but that the distinction, which exists in the respect which we have just stated, between the truths which are

are the objects of geometry and the facts which form the foundation of natural philosophy, does not consist simply in the difference of the channels, through which the knowledge of them may be conveyed into the understanding. If in the one case it is made known to us by Reason, and in the other by Experience, or Instinct, or any other supposed principle of the mind, this is plainly, because the objects of our knowledge are, in the two cases, antecedently different; and to state what that antecedent difference is, and to be informed of the circumstance in which it consists, seems to be precisely the purport of our question, when we ask for a definition of Truth or Reason.

Bearing this, then, in mind, as the point to which our inquiry is directed, let us examine what is the proper signification of these words, as applied to the subject from which we have just been taking our examples. It is now admitted by every writer, that our knowledge, whether of mind or matter, is merely relative;—that is to say, we know nothing respecting the qualities either of our own minds or of the things around us, as they are in themselves, but only as they stand related to each other. When we talk of the properties of bodies, in common discourse, we affirm nothing, in our thoughts, respecting the secret manner in which they operate upon our senses; nor do we conceive any opinion, as to the causes on which their respective operations depend; we merely reason upon a supposition, that they notoriously affect, in a given manner, our particular constitution, or produce such or such effects upon each other. It is, then, these Relations, that are in our mind, when we speak of the qualities of matter; which, as our readers are probably aware, have usually been divided into Primary and Secondary. We shall not trouble ourselves to examine the several accounts which have been given of the principle, by which these are distinguished from each other; not only because this would occupy more room than we can spare, but because we conceive that the classification itself is incomplete. If we take up any particular substance, be it what it may, and attempt to classify its Properties, or, to speak more philosophically, the Relations in which it stands to the things around it, we shall at once perceive that they arrange themselves not under *two* but under *three* heads. Suppose, for example, we take a piece of wax; its taste and smell are manifestly Relations in which it stands to our particular constitution. Its property to be melted by fire, is a particular Relation in which it stands to another given substance; but its size, that is, its extension, its solidity or capacity of filling space, its state of rest or motion—these are ideas which we acquire, not by comparing its particular qualities as wax, with the particular qualities of any other substance, but by a comparison of those qualities which belong to it

as a body in general, with those qualities or accidents, which belong to other bodies in general.

That every material substance actually stands in this threefold relation to other substances, is not an hypothesis, but a plain statement of a fact, which, we take for granted, no one will dispute. According to Locke's division, it is evident that those qualities, which result from the *particular Relations of specific substances among each other*, are entirely omitted. The *primary qualities* as enumerated by him, consist entirely of the general relations of bodies, as universal parts of matter; while the *secondary* are formed altogether from the relations of bodies to our particular constitution. Taking, however, his arrangement for granted, it will still be true, that the difference between them does not consist in any fanciful *resemblance* which, as he supposes, exists between the primary qualities and the ideas of them in our minds; but must be sought for, in the circumstance which we have pointed out. And this may easily be proved. The taste of sugar, or the pain which intense heat creates, would have been just as well understood as they are at present, supposing them to be the only sensations, which we had ever experienced, from these respective senses; but had we never seen or touched but one object in our lives, it is clear that we never could have predicated of it, that it was either large or small, or have described its shape and nature as being either round or square, quick or slow, or indeed have formed any notion whatever respecting it, except that it was the cause of certain sensations arising in our minds: for except from comparison of bodies with each other, the ideas which we attach to such words as round, square, large, small, quick, slow, and innumerable others which might be mentioned, could not possibly have been conveyed to our understandings.

If what has now been said respecting the principles of our knowledge in all questions of real existence, should be allowed, it is evident that we shall, at once, be able to define the specific differences on which our ideas depend, when we talk of Truth and Reason, as distinguished from mere Facts, and from the information which we derive solely from experience. It is obvious, on mere inspection, that the subject of our reasoning in all discussions of pure mathematics, is extension or quantity, or motion, or some one or other among the general Relations, which may be predicated with certainty of all bodies, whatever their particular properties, in other respects, may be. Whereas, in chemistry, or electricity, or natural philosophy, the datum, from which we reason, is invariably some one or other among the Relations which bodies possess, as belonging to some particular class of substances, and not as mere parts of matter in general. Carrying then this distinction in our mind,
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if we should now examine upon what principle it is, that we may deduce all geometrical truths (and the same might easily be shown of all other classes of truths) *a priori*, and why they cannot be denied without a contradiction in terms, the difficulty we think will be explained in a very few words. I require not to know whether the sides of a particular triangle be made of wood or metal, before I can affirm that its three angles are equal to two right angles; because this truth results, not from a comparison of the particular Relations, which belong to the substance from which it may happen to be made; but from a comparison of Relations, which necessarily belong to every substance which occupies space. Whether or not, however, a particular body will be dissolved if put into water, this is plainly a fact which I can only learn from experience; because this is not a necessary property of matter, which may be predicated universally of all bodies, but one which is only found in particular classes of them.

Again, if a person should deny that the loaf which is before me, will afford nourishment, there is in this no contradiction of terms; it is only saying, that the substance in question is not bread, but some other substance. But if instead of denying the particular Relation, in which the substance before me, stands to my particular constitution as *bread*, he should deny any of the general Relations belonging to it, as *body*; if he should affirm, for example, that it does not fill space, or that a part of it is greater than its whole, this is to affirm that body is not body; it is therefore a manifest contradiction in terms; it is not merely, as in the other instance, a particular error, but involves a proposition which is universally false.

We know not whether we have made ourselves so clearly understood as we might have wished; but we have trespassed so long upon the patience of our readers, that we must consult brevity, even at the risk of being obscure. The sum of what we have been saying may be included in a few words. Truth is an universal fact, and a Fact is a particular truth; and as Truth and Reason, like Fact and Experience, (to which they are opposed) are correlative terms in the present inquiry, if our readers are able to define the one, they can never be at a loss to explain the other. Whether, however, the definitions which we have been giving, be allowed or not, is of no material importance to the real argument; we have merely stated the principles to which our knowledge may be referred; and if the distinctions which we have suggested be founded in nature, our conclusion will not be affected, by any difference of opinion which may still exist as to names.

We wish only, before we conclude, to add one remark which is, perhaps, of some importance. If the principle by which we have just been endeavouring to distinguish between the primary and secondary qualities be true, in that case the question as to the existence

istence of a material world, would seem to be at once banished from philosophy. That the mind actually perceives certain properties in the bodies around us, which are known by the name of *primary qualities*, such as extension, figure, solidity—this is a matter of fact which no writer, we believe, has ever called in question. The doubt has been, as to their existence, independently of a substance perceiving them. But if what we have been saying be allowed, the assertion of this fact constitutes the very *definition* of such qualities; and is precisely the exact point of distinction, in which our knowledge of them altogether *consists*. Finally, we may observe, that this way of viewing the subject, if once adopted, puts at once an end to all debate as to the comparative *certainly* of our knowledge. It seems to have been frequently imagined, that such qualities, as solidity, extension, number, and others of the same class, are more palpably inherent in bodies, than colour, taste, combustibility, and so on. And in one sense, perhaps, this may be asserted; but assuredly not in any sense which need at all affect the character of our belief. The property of gold to be dissolved in a certain acid, is just as *certain*, as its property to exclude all other substances from occupying the place which it fills. We may, if we please, distinguish between these properties, in the common way, and say, that the one is conveyed into our minds by this faculty, and the other by that; that Reason tells us it is impossible, that two bodies should occupy the same point of space, in the same instant of time; but that we have only Instinct to guide us, in expecting that the piece of metal, which I hold in my hand, will be dissolved in the liquid before me. No doubt it is plain that our knowledge in these two cases is different in *kind*; but there is nothing, in all this, to prove that it is different in respect to its *certainly*. It is surely just as possible for particular substances to possess particular relations among each other, as to possess others, which are mutually common to all bodies; and it is an evident absurdity to say, that the difference between solidity and solubility consists in the difference between Reason and Instinct, be these words defined as they may; for the things themselves are plainly different; and the perception of this difference is that which constitutes all the knowledge of them which we possess.

We had intended, before we finally concluded, to have said a few words on the subject of Mr. Hume's philosophy, which occupies a space in the present Dissertation and in the admiration of Mr. Stewart, altogether disproportioned, as we cannot help thinking, either to the ability which they display, or to the peculiar and most offensive character of the opinions, which it was the great and unworthy object of his metaphysical writings to enforce. With respect to the latter part of our remark, we do not doubt, indeed

deed we are confident, that Mr. Stewart must feel as we do, and as every good man must feel. But we cannot conceal our surprise at the extravagant and hyperbolical language in which he speaks of the 'Treatise of Human Nature,' viewing it solely in respect of its philosophical acuteness. It is a work which was disowned by its author, not on account of the opinions which it contained; for these he subsequently embodied in his Essays; but because it was written at an age, when his judgment was not mature, and because it was, on that account, unworthy of his subsequent reputation. The opinion of the public respecting it, is sufficiently exemplified in the fact, that notwithstanding the great popularity which the author afterwards acquired, a second edition of it was never called for, until within these last few years. We have read the book, on the strength of the recommendation which has been so lavishly bestowed upon it; and most cordially do we acquiesce in the judgment, which the author himself and the public in general, have so unequivocally pronounced upon it. We would, without any hesitation, bind ourselves to produce more flagrant instances of bad reasoning, of unintelligible speculations, extravagant assumptions and crude hypotheses, from the first volume of the 'Treatise upon Human Nature,' than from any work of celebrity, which has been written in our language, during the last century. And strange, indeed, would it be were it otherwise. A work whose professed object, at least whose manifest tendency, was to destroy the distinction between right and wrong, to disprove the existence of a God, and to sap the foundation of every principle, upon which the welfare of society and the eternal happiness of mankind depend, must necessarily, in every step of it, be opposed to truth and solid reasoning. It is really a contradiction in terms, to praise the philosophical genius of a man, who attempted to establish such utter absurdities as Hume openly supports in his 'Treatise upon Human Nature,' and more covertly in his Essays. He may have been an acute sophist, but he could not possess in his mind even the first elements of true genius in philosophy. There is an ingenious person of the present day, who has published more volumes than one, to disprove the Newtonian theory of gravitation; and every one who is informed of the fact, will be at once satisfied, as to the sort of ingenuity which such speculations must display. Can we then doubt as to the character of a system of metaphysics, which professes to call in question the great truths of natural religion? And is it not a valuable testimony in favour of the immutable foundations on which those truths repose, when we find, that so shrewd and sharp witted a man as Hume, was unable to impugn them, except upon principles of reasoning, by which he was also able to deny the truths of geometry, and to affirm that there was neither sun or moon or stars in the heavens, nor mind or matter, in the earth?

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But it is time to draw our remarks to a conclusion; which we shall do with briefly expressing our hope, that nothing which we have said will lead Mr. Stewart to doubt the respect which we feel for his writings, so far as the talents which they display are concerned, or for the objects which, we are sure, it is the first wish of his mind to promote. If the objections which we have made to the principles of his philosophy are really not solid, they may, at least, be useful, in turning his attention to those parts of his theory which require light, or call for further confirmation. If on the other hand,—as we of course suppose, but should be most unwilling to affirm,—they are founded upon weighty and sufficient reasons, we cannot for one moment imagine, that any thing which we have said, will be construed by him, into an occasion of anger or complaint. To dispute warmly and earnestly against a man's favourite opinions necessarily puts his candour to the test; but if the opposition is conducted with civility and fairness, it certainly ought not, and more especially in matters of philosophy, to be any trial of his temper. In the heat of composition, and in the haste of argument, we may have appeared, at times,—though we are not aware of the occasion,—to forget for a moment the great reputation of Mr. Stewart; but we can truly assure him, that our fault has proceeded merely from forgetfulness; and that our wish and intention have uniformly been to deliver our sentiments with freedom, but at the same with courtesy; and without ever leaving it to be supposed, that we considered the consequences which we have deduced, in one or two instances, from his philosophy, as being any part of his opinions.

ART. XIV.—1. *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages, de la Géographie et de l'Histoire; publiées par MM. J. B. Eyriés et Malte-Brun.*

2. *Mémoire sur les Voyages exécutés dans l'Océan Glacial Arctique, au Nord de l'Amérique Septentrionale; par Le Chevalier Lapie, Géographe.* Paris, 1821.

WE really thought that the ghosts of Laurent Ferrer Maldonado and Bartolomeo de Fonté or de Fuéntes, had long ago been laid, and for ever, in the Red Sea; but we were mistaken,—for here we have them once more 'revisiting the glimpses of the moon,' and haunting an unfortunate Frenchman, who designates himself Le Chevalier Lapie, *géographe*, a title of honour given by his countrymen to every paltry map-maker, of whom, from the specimen before us, we venture to set down the Chevalier as about one of the worst that Paris produces.

M. Malte-

M. Malte-Brun is probably known to most of our readers as the author of a systematic work on geography;* he is besides the editor of a periodical digest under the title which stands at the head of this article; the first as much superior to the compilations of our Guthries and Pinkertons, as the other is to the garbled productions of our Truslers and Mavors. How so competent a judge of the value and importance of geographical subjects could stoop to disgrace his 'Annales' with such trash as that we are about to notice, is to us perfectly inexplicable. We will not think so ill of M. Malte-Brun as to suppose, that he would lend himself to the unworthy purpose of endeavouring to persuade the French nation, (always too ready to believe whatever promises to detract from the honour and reputation of England,) that the north-west passage round America is already known, and has actually been made; and that consequently Captain Parry will have no claim to merit on the score of discovery, in the event of his being successful.

But whatever share M. Malte-Brun may be pleased to take in the present brilliant performance, he long ago recorded his deliberate opinion on the productions ascribed to the two worthies above mentioned, as well as on those who have been simple enough to defend them. 'Certain modern enthusiasts (he says) have imagined that the navigators of the sixteenth century, in passing through Baffin's Bay, and traversing the eternal ice of the Polar seas, had made the tour of America by the north,—a dream which it would be ridiculous even to wish to refute.' (*Précis de la Géog.* vol. i. p. 504.) Again: 'the most competent judges place the voyages of Maldonado and Admiral de Fonte; in the class of fables;' the latter, in particular, (he adds) 'in all the circumstances which attend it, wears the character of imposture.' (p. 507.) In a subsequent volume he points out the many geographical and physical absurdities in what he calls 'the pretended sea-voyage of that impostor, Ferrer Maldonado.' (vol. v. p. 237.) And what seems yet more extraordinary, in the very same 'Annales' in which the Chevalier Lapie's idle trash now appears, he inserted the complete refutation of Maldonado's voyage by the Baron de Lindenau, with a special declaration that it coincided altogether with his own opinion on the subject! Had his journal been a mere repository of voyages and travels, real or fictitious, M. Malte-Brun might insert in it what he pleased; but as it forms a kind of *Geographical Review*, in which the various matters are discussed, and criticized, the present article is utterly incompatible with the former one, and every way unworthy of the work.

* 'Précis de la Géographie Universelle.'

After the complete exposure of the falsehoods, absurdities, and even impossibilities contained in the relation of the voyage ascribed to Maldonado, by Malte-Brun, the Barons de Lindenau and Humboldt, the late Admiral Burney, Mr. Barrow, and by ourselves;* it may seem a waste of time to give it a moment's further notice; but as people are apt to forget what they read, and as it may be useful to let the French, (the worst geographers, as a people, in Europe,) distinctly see what pretensions the Chevalier Lapie has to the title he assumes, we shall dedicate a few words to the two voyages so unaccountably dragged forward by Malte-Brun; and which, we flatter ourselves, we shall be able to fling back to merited scorn and oblivion.

The impostor, whether Maldonado or (as Burney suspected) some Fleming, who fabricated the account of the voyage, called by his name, sails through Hudson's Strait without interruption, as high as the 75th degree of latitude, in the latter end of February and the beginning of March; passes Behring's Strait (till then unknown, but conjectured to exist under the name of the Strait of Anian) in the commencement of April; remains in the Pacific till the middle of June; and then returns, without the least obstruction, by the way which he had come!

There is no instance, since the date of the Hudson's Bay Company's charter, of any of their ships being able to pass the first, or Hudson's, strait, though in lat. 62° only, sooner than the middle or end of *June*, and generally not till July; even Capt. Parry, on his present expedition, could not, with his iron-bound ships, and every exertion that he was able to make, clear this strait sooner than the 22d of *July*. Yet this pretender sails not only in lat. 62° but up to the 75th degree, and from thence across the polar sea, and through the Strait of Anian, between the end of *February* and the beginning of *April*. We all know that Captain Parry, about the 75th degree, and in the height of summer, used every possible exertion for two successive seasons, without making the least progress beyond the western extremity of Melville Island,

How then, it will be asked, has the Chevalier Lapie contrived to surmount these obstacles? Nothing so easy. In these northern countries, he tells us, the seasons and the temperature are constantly changing; and he illustrates his position by the two voyages of Ross and Parry, of which he has heard, but evidently read not a syllable. 'Ross,' he says, 'was stopped by the invincible obstacles which nature threw in his way! Lancaster Sound was *completely closed up with mountains of ice*; but Parry, on the contrary, found it the following year entirely free from ice, and pro-

* Quarterly Review, No. XXXI,

ceeded under full sail to Melville Island.' We have therefore only to concede to M. Lapie, that the season of the year 1588 was a remarkably mild one, and every difficulty at once vanishes.

The next part of Maldonado's narrative, which we shall select, is not only ridiculously false, but impossible; for if we take the courses and distances stated by this precious navigator, we shall find that, instead of coming out at Behring's Strait, he had, unknown to himself, sailed across the whole peninsula of Kamtskatka, and got as far as to the middle of the sea of Okotsk! Nor is this all; for should we even admit that some mistake might occur in the courses or distances, as set down in the manuscript, and that he actually passed through the Strait, the difficulty would not be at all diminished, as we are next informed that, on leaving it, he sailed south-west along the coast of America, *keeping sight of it*, until he reached the 55th parallel of latitude; that is to say, a course which is directly *from* the coast of America into the open sea—and out of sight of all land! Sailing on the *sea*, however, is contrary to his usual practice; for he is so fond of a land navigation that, on his return, and previously to his reaching 'the Strait of Labrador,' he informs us that, having arrived at the Arctic circle, he lost not the sight of the sun: and as the Arctic circle neither passes over, nor comes near, any part of the polar sea, he must necessarily have steered his ship right across the continent of America, and come out about Wager river!

The Chevalier Lapie, however, is nothing daunted by these absurdities; 'the simplicity and *naïveté*,' with which, he tells us, this relation is written, have inspired him with such confidence, that he believes every word of it. Poor Amoretti (less bold than himself) was somewhat staggered at the transfer of the strait of Anian into the sea of Okotsk; but calling to his aid an earthquake or two, by which one strait *might* have been shut up, and another *might* have been opened, he contented himself with the argument used by Sganarelle when the liver of his patient had usurped the place of the heart,—*à présent, on a changé tout cela*. Our *Géographe*, however, takes another line. He places Behring's Strait where it is now well known to be; and by cutting off 150 leagues here, 50 there, and changing 440 into 200; by taking away two degrees of latitude in one place, and adding them in another; and by opening a passage from Norton Sound into the polar sea, and a few other trifling corrections of the assumed mistakes of the impostor, or his transcriber, he triumphantly brings him within 5° 30' of the latitude assigned to the port in the strait of Anian by Maldonado—that is to say, instead of 60°, the Chevalier tells us, it ought certainly to be 65° 30'. This alteration is made with all imaginable gravity, and with a perfect conviction

on his mind that nothing is more reasonable, than to suppose that one figure may have been mistaken for another by the transcriber, in the copy published by Amoretti. But this sweeping assumption, we take the liberty of informing him, will not serve his turn. Conceiving it possible that the copy of Amoretti *might* contain some errors, we have been at the pains to procure, through the means of Don Filipe Bauza, superintendant of the hydrographical department in Madrid, an authenticated copy of the manuscript from the library of the Duc d'Infantado; and we can venture to assure M. Lapie there is *no* difference whatever in the numbers as contained in Amoretti's publication, and in the said manuscript.

With regard to his proleptical discovery of nearly 1000 Hanseatic vessels in the port of St. Michael, before it was so named, and when the whole town contained only nine houses, and its trade was confined nearly to nine English ships;—to his meeting with a Hanseatic ship of 800 tons, which accompanied him through Behring's Strait, passed the north-east cape of Asia, which has once only been passed by Deschneff, and the Cape Cevero Vostochnoi, which has never been passed at all;—to the discoveries of Quiros to which he alludes, but which had not then been made, with several other extraordinary circumstances incompatible with the period of the voyage, the Chevalier is wholly silent. He notices, however, the beautiful fruit-trees which Maldonado found in 60° N. lat. or, as *he* will have it, in 65° 30'—the apples, pears, plums, grapes, and, above all, 'the *lechias*!'—The *litchi* (the fruit meant) grows only in the southern provinces of China, and is so delicate, that we believe it has not yet been ripened in England, except in the *hot-house* of Lord Powis. These choice fruits were not *ripe*, we admit, in the month of May; but plenty of the last year's growth were still hanging on the trees. 'And have not Cook and Mackenzie,' says M. Lapie, 'equally gathered fruits thus dried upon the trees?' What they may have done in some 'temperate clime,' we cannot tell; but in 65° 30', or even in 60° of north latitude, we are quite sure that they gathered nothing better than whortleberries:—enough, however, of Maldonado.

The fictitious Voyage of Barthelemy de Fonté will not detain us long. It purports to have been performed in the year 1640 with four ships, fitted out at Callao in Lima. The Admiral sailed along the coast of California, and among the islands, to the 53d degree of north latitude, where he fell in with the mouth of a large navigable river, (which has no existence,) called Rio dos Reyes. From this visionary point, he dispatched one of his captains, Pedro de Bernarda, up another river, which he ascended, without interruption, as far as a certain Lake Valasco, where he
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left his ship; and, embarking in three canoes, with two Jesuits and thirty-six natives, sailed on various courses till he reached lat. 77° N. Meantime, the Admiral proceeded up the Dos Reyes easterly to Lake Belle; thence down a river, called Parmentiers, which fell into another lake, named after himself, and which communicated with a third lake called Estricho de Ronquillo: here was an Indian town, the inhabitants of which informed him, that a little farther to the eastward there was a great ship lying at anchor, where none had ever been seen before. This ship was found on the spot pointed out, having on board an old man and a boy, from whom he learned that she came from a town in New England, called Boston. Shortly afterwards the captain made his appearance, with the owner, a certain Seimor Gibbons, with whom De Fonte had various dealings. The Admiral then returned, by the way he had come, to his ships in Lake Belle. Here he received a letter from the adventurous Capt. Bernarda, stating that he had been at the head of Davis's Strait, which terminated in a fresh lake, about thirty miles in circumference, in the 80th degree of north latitude; so that there was no communication out of the Spanish or Atlantic sea by Davis's Strait:—and the Admiral concludes his wonderful narrative with stating that he found there was no passage into the South Sea by what is called the Northwest passage;—a conclusion which we should not have expected, after he had himself told us that he sailed from the Pacific to the shores of Hudson's Bay, where he found the ship from Boston.

Not to say that the palpable absurdities of this pretended voyage could hardly be supposed to deceive any one; the very circumstances under which it was first given to the world were more than sufficient to stamp it as a forgery. In April 1708, sixty-eight years after this voyage was said to have been performed, it made its first appearance, without explanation and without comment, in a periodical work published in London under the name of the *Monthly Miscellany*, or *Memoirs for the Curious*, a work that had risen out of the ruins of a previous publication, called *Weekly Memorials for the Ingenious*. Here, in all probability, it would have found that oblivion which it so well merits, had not Messrs. Delisle and Buache, nearly fifty years afterwards, accidentally stumbled upon it; and as a Frenchman is ever ready either to dispute what is matter of fact, or to defend what is problematical, these two 'Members of the Academy' (geographers, like the Chevalier Lapie) undertook a translation of the narrative, accompanied by a memoir to prove its authenticity, and a map invented to elucidate De Fuenté's discoveries. The Academy, however, received the paper with an unusual degree of

caution; but it was finally printed, and from the French translated into the Spanish language. The Spaniards caused a minute search to be made into their records both at home and in Peru; but neither the names of the Admiral, his captains or ships, nor the slightest trace of such an expedition, could be found. We should indeed have been surprized, if they had; for, after a close inquiry in England, in consequence of the resuscitation of this fable on the continent, every thing but absolute proof appeared, that it was a *hoax* (without the malignity, however, of a modern *hoax*) of a Mr. James Petiver, apothecary to the Charter-house, and a celebrated botanist of that day, whose collection of plants is still in the British Museum. This gentleman either conducted or contributed largely to the 'Monthly Miscellany,' and was in the constant habit of visiting the British Museum for the purpose of making extracts from rare and curious voyages and travels, to work up into 'Memoirs for the Curious.'*

We acquit Mr. Petiver of any unworthy motive; we believe, on the contrary, that as a botanist he was anxious to extend his herbarium, and that his sole object was to stimulate the nation to undertake geographical discoveries,† which it had entirely neglected since the voyages of Foxe and James, a period of seventy-seven years. His fictitious voyage was not ill calculated to provoke inquiry, and would, perhaps, have done so had the times been favourable for physical research. It just laid such a foundation in facts, as was sufficient to render it probable that it might not be altogether a fiction. The Spaniards had prosecuted their discoveries as high up as the port of Monterey, and the Jesuits had established themselves in that neighbourhood. The French had made themselves acquainted with the chain of lakes in Upper Canada; they had fitted out a ship from Quebec to explore the coasts of Hudson's Bay, where was discovered, on the banks of Nelson's river, a solitary hut, with half a dozen miserable wretches, on the point of perishing with famine. They were part of the crew of a ship from Boston, which, while they were on shore, had been driven from her anchors in a gale of wind, and never returned; thus far therefore he had facts to work upon. The name of his hero too was well selected. The Burgomaster Witsen, in his 'Nord and Oost Tartarye,' mentions a celebrated Portuguese seaman of the name of Da Fonta, who, in 1649, at the

* It might be said of Mr. Petiver, what the late Admiral Burney facetiously observed to a friend whom he met on the Museum steps, and who, like himself, had been in search of materials: 'I see, my friend, you and I are following the same trade,—making new shoes out of old upper-leathers.'

† If this was the object, it completely failed; as more than thirty years elapsed before Middleton was sent out in search of a North-west passage.

cost of the King of Spain, visited the Terra del Fuego and Staten Land, and examined every creek. These materials were fully sufficient for the fabrication of a voyage of far more interest and ingenuity than that of De Fonté, which, in fact, possesses a very small share of either.

Of all these circumstances poor M. Lapie is wholly innocent. He seems to have blundered on the work by mere chance, and burns with a laudable zeal to impart the discovery to the world. Not a doubt arises in his mind as to the reality of the voyage, or the truth of all the monstrous falsehoods which it contains. Even though it is wholly at variance with the existing state of our knowledge, he finds no difficulties that do not immediately vanish on the application of the new lights which he brings to bear upon them. The process is pretty much the same as in Maldonado's voyage. Thus, though De Fonté places his Rio dos Reyes in the 53d degree of latitude, 'I have thought it right,' says this intrepid geographer, 'to carry it to 58° 13', because there is an opening there, which Vancouver *probably* did not examine;' and because 'the copyists may have committed an error, or the figures may have been badly made.' But we shall give his own words, as a specimen of the compendious manner in which he settles trifles of this kind.

'Il est vrai que l'amiral place cette entrée au 53e degré de latitude, tandis que je la porte au 58e degré 13 minutes; mais si l'on fait attention que dans les diverses traductions qui ont été faites de cette relation, on trouve de semblables anomalies; que le Cap Abel, par exemple, est placé dans l'une à 20 degrés, tandis que dans une autre il est au 26e, on ne sera plus étonné de cette différence; d'ailleurs on conviendra que, dans une écriture mal formée ou altérée, un 8 peut facilement être pris pour un 3, un 6 pour un zéro, &c.'

With equal facility, and with a bold defiance of all that is contained in the minute and accurate survey of that most excellent navigator, Vancouver, he opens the canal of Lynn, in lat. 59° 13', for the great river Haro to discharge its waters into the Pacific, and to afford a navigable passage for the ship of the redoubtable Capt. Bernarda; coolly observing that a lieutenant of Vancouver had examined this canal, and ascertained, as he thought, that it was completely closed, so as to render all passage by it impossible. 'Yet,' says our geographer, 'there *might* be a river winding among the mountains, which was hid from his sight!'—but enough of such miserable trifling, which yet is kept in countenance by the chart fabricated for the illustration of this precious memoir. In this, the Rio dos Reyes runs to the eastward right through the Slave lake, whence the strait of Ronquillo continues in a broad open navigable channel into Ches-

terfield inlet, which half a century ago was ascertained to be completely closed. The river Haro, the scene of the memorable exploits of Captain Pedro Bernarda, is a geographical curiosity; it has neither source nor termination, but it has two ends,—one in the Pacific, the other in the Polar Sea, and yet it runs with a gentle current of *fresh* water. But Greenland is perhaps the greatest curiosity; in shape it resembles a whale,—the snout of which forms Cape Farewell, and the tip of its tail the entrance into Norton Sound, enclosing between its extended body and the northern coast of America, a fine open ‘*Mer Polaire*’ for Bernarda and Maldonado to sail upon without interruption; whilst to the northward of this huge monster lies the ‘*Océan Glacial*.’ This separation of the *polar* from the *icy* sea is a notable discovery, solely due to the Chevalier; but the whale-like Greenland is a mere imitation. He had no doubt heard that some German theorist had persuaded the Russians that Asia overlapped Behring’s Strait, and was joined to America; and not willing to be outdone in geographical licence, he has actually overlaid the whole American continent, by stretching out old Greenland, so as to form the eastern side of Behring’s Strait. The Chevalier *géographe*, however, has one argument still left to console himself with, and one not unusually employed by his countrymen,—that if the thing be not so, it ought to have been so: but Malte-Brun,—a plodding, sober-minded Dane,—must find some other excuse for admitting such fooleries into his respectable Journal.

ART. XV.—1. *Second and Third Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider of the Means of Improving, and Maintaining the Foreign Trade of the Country.* Ordered to be printed, 18th May, and 19th July, 1821.

2. *Report (relative to the East Indies and China) from the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire into the Means of extending and securing the Foreign Trade of the Country.* 11th April, 1821.

3. *Report of a Committee of the Honourable House of Assembly of Jamaica, presented to the House, 10th December, 1817, relative to the Present State of the Island, with respect to its Population, Agriculture, and Commerce.*

IN our Number for January, 1821, we entered into an examination of the policy of applying the principle of unlimited free intercourse to foreign trade. At that time, we confined our argument to commerce as directly carried on between independent nations; omitting a collateral view of the subject, which, from its importance,

importance, in particular to the British empire, well deserves a place; we propose now therefore to present some reflections on the relation of a country with its colonies, and of colonies with other states. In the former Article, we were led to the conclusion that, in the actual constitution of the world, domestic manufacturing industry, commerce, and navigation, stand often in need of protective regulation as well for their maintenance as creation; and this will be found, we believe, still more to accord with national policy in respect to colonial possessions.

Before proceeding to the question of restraint, or freedom of intercourse, it may not be amiss to advert to some objections occasionally advanced against these dependencies altogether. It is sometimes insisted that colonies are burdens; and that the wealth and strength of a country would be increased by seeking the productions of detached states and settlements of other countries.

Among these arguments, it is scarcely necessary to dwell upon the allegation that colonies are a source of depopulation, since the principle which regulates the increase of mankind is, at this day, so completely established. Were the colonies not possessed by us, we should not be more numerous. As emigration takes place, the numbers fill up so long as the means of support remain; in fact, with a new world risen, within a few generations, from our foreign settlements, the people of this country have, at the same time, greatly multiplied. The instance of Spain is commonly cited; but Uztariz, a writer of that country entitled to every degree of credit, remarks that Cantabria, Navarre, and the other northern provinces, had furnished, for centuries, nearly the whole of the emigrators to America; yet they suffered no diminution of numbers. From this conclusive appeal to experience, he proves the error of the popular opinion, that Spain was drained of people by the possession of her colonies. 'Those provinces,' he says, 'most abound with inhabitants, whence the greatest number of Spaniards have gone abroad. From the provinces of Toledo, La Mancha, and the neighbourhood, few go to the Indies, and yet these are the least populous parts of Spain.'

As mankind always presses on the extreme means of subsistence, it might rather be alleged of these foreign settlements that they provide an advantageous outlet to the overflowings of states. Society adapts itself in education and character to the probable pursuits of its members, and these establishments requiring enterprise and intelligence, their possession tends to elevate the pursuits of life. In distant regions, the adventurers remain subjects of the same community, assisting its production, attached to its interests, the support of their country in an important part of its

foreign relations; their beneficial industry removed, but not sacrificed.

It is urged against colonies that they occasion a drain of capital; in other words, an abstraction from the mother country of a main spring of its prosperity. It is this erroneous principle which pervades the arguments of Adam Smith against the colonial system. The fallacy of the reasoning has been exposed by Mr. Buchanan, and other commentators, by an appeal to facts. While our colonies have grown into important states, with incalculable resources, this country has risen contemporaneously to the highest pitch of industry and wealth. An ingenious French author, Ganilh, has entered into an estimate of the extraordinary progress of capital in America from European origin, the substance of which may be thus stated in British money.

United States, value of cultivated lands, houses, furniture, machinery, cattle, currency	- £456,000,000
British and French possessions in America and West Indies	- - - - - 366,000,000
Productions and Mines of South America	- 200,000,000
	<hr/> £1,022,000,000

The Europeans who have peopled the new world, he reckons at one million; and allowing each to have carried with him the value of £12, he considers this capital of twelve millions to have produced property exceeding in value one thousand millions.* The same twelve millions employed in Europe during the space of two centuries, according to the general rate of increase, could not be calculated to have reached above ten-fold, or 120 millions.

But the fallacy of the argument that colonies are a drain of capital, might have been more conclusively derived from the nature of capital itself. All production being in a constant succession of consumption and renewal, that portion of the production which is employed in obtaining any subsequent renewal is the

* The revenue of New Spain (Mexico) in 1712, was, Francs, 16,000,000
1802, 101,000,000.

Increase within a century 85,000,000

In the same interval (Depons, Voyage to Terra Firma) the plains in the neighbourhood of the Caraccas have produced treble the number of animals which they formerly possessed.—*De Pradt on Colonies.*

In little more than a century, the European possessions in the West Indies have risen to the immense production of the present day, which may be estimated annually thus: sugar 200,000 ton; coffee 50,000; rum 80,000 tun; besides cotton, cocoa, pimento, &c. many of which articles were either introduced within that period, or were previously wholly uncultivated.

capital,

capital. It consists of the food, materials, and implements which, through the medium of the labourer, raise the next production. Of the total production, a part is consumed unproductively, or without a return of material objects; a part productively, or with a return; the latter is the capital: dependent on production, capital rises and falls with it. In the New World, the production, in proportion to the means which created it, was large, and little of the excess was abstracted for unproductive consumption; but at every process of renewal more and more was contributed in addition to the previous capital to assist in the ensuing production: the fruits of nature sprung up faster than the population to consume them. In Europe, the occasional withdrawing of capital to America did not impair the customary production, but it served rather to increase the profit; and the habit of saving out of that profit replaced the capital withdrawn.

It has been said of colonies that they are a burden to a country on account of the expense of administration and protection.

If we knew precisely the extent of military and naval force stationed at foreign settlements, and the charge of civil administration there and at home occasioned by their possession, we could ascertain the actual annual expense of these dependencies to the country. In making up this account, something must be allowed for the naval force necessarily to be kept up in those remote quarters, although we had no colonies. The plantations themselves contribute. In the West Indies, some of the islands pay a duty of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; others, and more especially Jamaica, have sustained a great part of the expenses of their own government and defence. The British North American colonies and East India possessions, provide greatly or entirely for the expenditure, military and civil, appertaining to them. After determining the charge in its actual extent drawn from the taxes of this country for the maintenance of the colonies, it will remain to compare that pecuniary amount with the advantages resulting to its industry from their possession; on adverting to these the latter will be found greatly to preponderate.

From the ties of intercourse between protecting and dependent states, it must be obvious that they give rise to the formation of multifarious commodities on the part of an European country, to pay for the exotic productions necessarily flowing into it. If the articles produced equal the expense of the colonies, in this view alone, their possession is a source of wealth and enjoyment, and not a burden. An examination of the value of the colonial intercourse compared with that of independent nations must lead to a conviction that an amount of exports is made to the colonies exclusively originating in their demand, much exceeding the real expense.

expense. If a certain portion of the total exports be thus owing to these possessions, the labour of the producers of that excess must, without them, evidently determine and cease.

Even could we without the colonies rely on possessing the same extent of production, and consequently power to purchase of them or of other states, still the security and permanence of an intercourse under our control, is an important consideration. The certainty of a home trade is acquired. The whole of the produced wealth is the property of British subjects. It is not on one side that of foreigners; nor are we exposed to interruptions from caprice or policy, or the occurrence of hostilities between other powers. A foreign state may, by regulations, draw its supplies, even of the staples and manufactures in which this country is confessedly superior, from other sources. This acquired stability in our relations will repay even a large sacrifice.

If then production be created by a colonial connexion, on that production must depend its requisite capital, which without it must perish. This capital, though occupied on its specific production, will be partly applicable to the calls of the state, and strengthen the resources of government. It is wealth diffused through every part of society, which at the time of need, like a peaceful population in the hour of danger, may be drawn forth to meet the exigence of the occasion. In the abundant productions of colonies, transmitted to the parent state, an excess arises which is re-exported, and for which portion, and its returned value, that state becomes the medium. This gives birth to commercial capital, which like that of agriculture and manufactures is dependent on production, although in remoter quarters. Mercantile capital may even be possessed by a people who have neither husbandry nor manufactures, and it is peculiarly the offspring of regulation, and sometimes of accident. It is this capital which Dr. Smith has specified as 'employed in transporting either rude or manufactured produce from the places where it abounds, to those where it is wanted.' This capital is more available and disposable than that immediately assisting production; and, as we shall endeavour to show in the sequel, is especially at the command of countries possessing colonies.

The employment of seamen, attendant upon a colonial trade, is an object of primary importance. The productions of the tropics being to be procured in Europe only by means of navigation, the appropriation of a large portion of their conveyance has ever been accounted a source of strength and security. Without the possession of colonies, it is difficult to say how this can be attained, unless the sources of the produce were independent states, and would forego (what no state possessing shipping ever did forego) discriminating

discriminating duties and favour to its own vessels. It would be impertinent in us to observe further, how important a consideration a numerous mercantile marine is to this country.

Colonial possessions, scattered over all parts of the world, become secure marts from which commerce can be carried on with every quarter: without them, the intercourse with many places, in an imperfectly civilized or often disturbed state, would be precarious and hazardous. They confer, wherever situated, a local influence, upholding the character and interests of the country. It is thus Jamaica and other West India islands are the means of an extensive intercourse with South America, secure amid the troubles to which that quarter has been, and may yet be, subject. Thus, in the Mediterranean, Gibraltar and Malta, although not in themselves productive, become beneficial chains of communication with Barbary, and other parts in their vicinity. Our various East India possessions, besides the commerce actually held with them, are the means of conducting an intercourse with every shore of the Indian Ocean.

We might enlarge on the advantages resulting to nations from the possession of colonies, but, considering them as sufficiently manifest, and especially to states having maritime interests, we shall proceed to examine the policy by which their intercourse is regulated; and this investigation will tend more strongly to illustrate these advantages.

The zealous promoters of free trade have not only held it forth to practice in the intercourse of home territories, but they would extend its operation to every colonial dependence. This principle has not hitherto been adopted by the rulers of other countries possessing colonies, nor by any of the great statesmen of our own country. Their aim has rather been to establish the intercourse of foreign settlements on a footing, which, while it afforded protection to their interests, served to ensure the fullest advancement to the power, wealth, and resources, of the parent state.

Influenced perhaps by the opinions of the mercantile body, one view, in the minds of those who first formed these regulations, was to oblige, as far as possible, other countries to draw their supplies of the produce of the colonies from the country possessing them, and by that means to attract an influx of the precious metals, giving rise to what is called a favourable exchange, because it induces that influx, and an active circulation.

Erroneous as was the object—for we cannot assent to the great doctrine of the mercantile system, that wealth consists in the abundant supply of the precious metals,—yet we are disposed to believe, that the means employed to attain that end were often better adapted to arrive at real wealth,—the abundance

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of objects useful to life,—than the wholly unrestricted system, so eagerly pursued by the economists of the present day.

Our West India possessions are the most important instance of the exercise of the national monopoly prescribed by the colonial policy, and as this has been adhered to with steady perseverance, they furnish a fair contrast with the merits of opposite modes of government. If the test of facts and experience might be appealed to for the influence of these different schemes of administration upon public wealth, the instance of these colonies might be triumphantly brought forward by the advocates of a restricted intercourse.

It is hardly necessary to inform our readers that, according to the strict colonial policy, it is laid down as the general rule, that all the produce of the colonies, destined for the European market, shall be brought to the mother country for consumption, or re-exportation; on the other hand, that the mother country shall furnish all the supplies required by the colonies; and that the conveyance of the produce shall be confined to the national shipping. From this great principle, deviations have been made; some exacted by temporary circumstances, others of a more permanent nature. With regard to the West India colonies, the chief exception has been the permission to draw provisions and lumber from the United States, giving in return rum and molasses.

At times, the intercourse of nations and their colonies has been more narrowly confined, than we have here explained. It has been often limited to an exclusive company; sometimes to one or more ports; and, in some cases, as in the Spanish galleons, to particular ships: it is not, however, our object to advert to measures having in view solely the advantage of a portion of the community, but such as affect the public interests in the aggregate. We desire to give the freest career to the activity of every individual in the empire; and contend for the expedience of international, and not internal distinctions.

The advocates for the removal of restrictions between countries argue upon a principle, correct in the abstract, but not applicable to the national divisions of mankind, nor always eligible when applicable. It may be thus shortly stated:—the wealth of a country consists in the productive labour of its inhabitants, and the command which the produce of that labour has over the productions of other countries. The general labour of the world is variously assisted by soils and climate. One day's labour in Hindostan or Jamaica will give far more sugar than a day's labour applied to its extraction from any vegetable substance in Europe. The freest access of a nation to all countries and climates must, therefore, yield the highest value to its labour. The quick perception
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of interest will direct every individual to seek the best exchanges, and to obtain the most abundant returns for the produce of his industry. A man in Jamaica may thus find his day's labour command more manufactures and rude produce from France or Germany, or the United States, than from England. A man in England may find his day's labour procure more colonial produce from the Havannah, Brazils, or elsewhere, than from Jamaica: upon this view, therefore, the most open intercourse would appear the most beneficial.

These theories are, however, subject to numerous modifications, like all general rules which are concerned with the varying passions and interests of mankind, the policy and artifices of governments. It is amidst prohibitions, restrictions, and taxes, as existing in all countries, and which must, more or less, ever exist, that productions have to seek their best exchangeable value throughout the world. The sources of tropical productions, for instance, are either actually in the hands of European states, and the productions are forced through their medium to the supply of the consumers; or the sources being independent, the productions are subject to heavy export duties.

The policy of states is continually varying; and a change which may open a commercial intercourse one year, may close it the next. The British manufacturer, whose commodities must chiefly furnish the means of purchase from the sources which these chances might present, must one moment adapt his labours to the taste of the East, another, of the West Indies; now trust to Africa, and now to America. Of this uncertainty he has already an ample proportion. If, on the other hand, Spain, Portugal, France, or Holland, are the channels of supply, they may not take at all, or only partially, the productions of this country. In the great changes and interruptions to which commerce becomes thus liable, industry is perplexed, labour in no certain employ, and serious or fatal loss to individuals is often occasioned. Now the manufacturer and other trading classes recur to our own plantations, with certainty of a steady vent, under complete protection, and exempt from every hazard of intercourse, except such as is beyond human control. Under the free system, their markets might be forestalled from every other European state; in discharging debts which might leave little to support the industry of Britain.

Our West India and other colonies might seek cheaper manufactures elsewhere, and offer their produce to other countries: but many states have colonies, to the produce of which they give an exclusive preference. Our colonists might thus find no considerable market accessible to them, with advantage, but that of
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this country, and must recur to it; yet, under the free system here, the market might easily prove preoccupied with rival produce.

If such, then, are the probable results of a free intercourse, the mutual restriction only confines the trade to its natural course, and gives stability to that which would otherwise be perplexed and variable. The connection of the parent state and colonies, on the open system, would have all the uncertainty of a foreign trade; on the restricted one, it has all the security of a home trade. Capital transmitted to a foreign state for the purposes of commerce, and, more or less, remaining there in credits and investments, becomes exposed to the changes and policy of that state: if employed in settlements belonging to the country, it will be removed from the chances attendant on foreign possession, and loss by other than our own measures.

Other countries are little likely to relax in their restrictions, and we do but retort on them their own policy. Each lives in a more independent situation, a further degree removed from the chances of events, from the evil of other wars than their own, and the disorders of revolutions, to which various parts of the world seem peculiarly exposed. A colonial intercourse with an European state is not an unnatural and forced one, but is founded on diversity of climate and productions, mutual wants and dependence; nor will regulation, therefore, appear superfluous and unnecessary, if it defend us in our natural position, and secure what would, otherwise, be exposed to destruction or change.

The interest of the trader, the unerring guide to which we are counselled to trust, is, compared with the principle which regulates the general intercourse of the different states of the world, but short sighted. The trader has one sole object—to obtain a larger numerical value in money for his commodity than it cost him. He does not always consider whether the money has the same intrinsic value, or an equal command of the necessities and conveniences of life: so long as he is adding to the exchangeable value of his goods in money, he deems himself right, without regarding whether the goods themselves are proportionately increasing in quantity. If this be, as we believe, a just character of the trader's rule of conduct, we hardly think that his movements can or ought to be the only true and infallible guide in national interests. The experienced statesman, who takes an enlarged view, and is as competent as a trader to judge of the great mutual wants of societies, together with their political relations and interests, and which always affect their economical condition, is, with common discretion, more likely to regulate international communication on a safe, beneficial, and lasting basis. Unless intercourse is directed in a given track, individuals might diverge into
such

such as is less eligible on public grounds. The road must be formed, and then it is sure to be used.

The question, in fine, is, whether that country is best situated which is secure of a given place where the products of its labour can be exchanged, or that which has to seek throughout the world for permission to exchange them? Whether the colonies are best circumstanced, in seeking all the markets of the continent, or in being sure of the certain great market of this country? Whether it is better, on both sides, to be subject to the caprices of nations, as well as the vicissitudes of seasons, or to be dependent only on the latter? Whether to give safety to the exchanges of labour, so far as in us lies, or to commit ourselves to all the chances and windings of other states? Let those who deal with independent countries answer how far their intercourse is secure and stable, and the nature and extent of their vent to be foreseen. Let the traders with Russia speak to the variations, not only arising from seasons but from altered tariffs, which every year brings forth, and tell us whether, at any period, it is possible to take measures certain to be adapted to the custom-house regulations of that empire, and their effect upon consumption.

Under a system of restrictive regulations many of our colonies have sprung up, and especially those of the West Indies. It was under a similar system that the West India colonies of France, and particularly St. Domingo previously to the revolution, rose to unrivalled prosperity, and were the great source of her formidable maritime strength.

In 1699, Colbert estimated the number of French vessels engaged in foreign trade at 600. Of these not more than 100 were supposed to be employed in the commerce of the West Indies. At the Revolution, France had not more than 1000 vessels engaged in distant voyages, or about 200,000 tons. Far the larger part of this very limited tonnage (compared with the great commerce of France) was owing to her West India colonies; for, from various reasons, her commerce with other parts was carried on in foreign shipping: that with her colonies, was wholly her own. The tonnage of her European trade was only 152,000 tons. So entirely did the strength of the French marine appear, at that time, to depend on the colonies, that one of the ministers, M. Arnould, to whom we are indebted for the statements we present, exclaims:—'Quelles ressources a donc la France pour entretenir une force publique maritime? Quels moyens lui restent pour élever, instruire, et multiplier la classe précieuse des matelots? Le commerce de l'Amérique,—ne l'oublions pas,—le commerce de l'Amérique.'

The following table will show the rapid progress of the French
West

West India colonies within the last century, and their importance to that country; together with the value of the produce re-exported, and of that which was consumed at home. It will be seen that the general export of colonial produce in the seven years average, ending 1783, was 50,630,000 livres. In the five years ending 1788 the average was 93,056,000 livres, being an increase of four-fifths in five years. In 1788 the annual import of sugar into France was about 2,600,000 cwt. She was supposed to export about 1,400,000 cwt.; that is, more than half the quantity imported.

Period.	Imports. Value in Liv. Tour. Average.	Exports. Value in Liv. Tour. Average.	Home Consumption. Value in Liv. Tour. Average.	
1716 to 1725 {	11,155,000	6,361,000	4,794,000	Value at the time.
1725 to 1732 {	17,211,000	9,815,000	7,396,000	Value in 1788.
1725 to 1732 {	16,609,000	14,814,000	1,795,000	Value at the time.
Peace. {	18,131,000	16,014,000	2,117,000	Value in 1788.
1733 to 1735 {	20,631,000	15,028,000	5,603,000	Value at the time.
War. {	21,845,000	15,912,000	5,933,000	Value in 1788.
1736 to 1739 {	55,435,000	20,619,000	14,816,000	Value at the time.
Peace. {	37,519,000	21,852,000	15,687,000	Value in 1788.
1740 to 1748 {	36,918,000	25,152,000	11,766,000	Value at the time.
War. {	39,090,000	26,630,000	12,460,000	Value in 1788.
1749 to 1755 {	65,207,000	35,226,000	29,981,000	Value at the time.
Peace. {	69,043,000	37,298,000	31,745,000	Value in 1788.
1756 to 1763 {	15,463,000	12,196,000	3,267,000	Value at the time.
War. {	16,373,000	12,913,000	3,460,000	Value in 1788.
1764 to 1776 {	111,930,000	37,696,000	74,234,000	Value at the time.
Peace. {	116,605,000	39,146,000	77,459,000	Value in 1788.
1777 to 1783 {	108,710,000	50,630,000	58,080,000	Value in 1788.
War. {				
1784 to 1788 {	193,250,000	93,056,000	100,194,000	Value in 1788.
Peace. {				

France, on the late peace, was no sooner repossessed of colonies than her legislative body proceeded to establish her maritime commerce on a footing, the first feature of which is favour to them; in a similar spirit she has granted the highest encouragement to her fisheries: thus a few years have sufficed to re-animate a marine which was nearly extinct, and which might have remained in that listless state, had she permitted those nations already in possession of the navigation of the seas to become her carriers.

In referring to experience it will be found that such colonial dependencies as have not been confined to the metropolitan state, have rendered much less benefit than those where the colonial system has been established. The British West and East India possessions will present some points of comparison in this respect.

Our territorial acquisitions in the East Indies have not been subjected to the colonial regulations of commerce, and the opinion appears

appears to have always prevailed that they are not fitted for those restrictions. The late Lord Melville, in a letter to the Chairman of the East India Company, dated the 15th of April, 1793, says, 'It is not disputed that foreign nations are entitled to carry on trade with our Indian possessions; those countries never have been, nor ever can be, held upon the footing of colonial possessions.' The ports of British India are accordingly accessible to the flags of all nations. They import foreign produce and manufactures, and export those of the East Indies under duties very little higher than are paid on goods by British vessels.

So far as our Eastern possessions raise within themselves their revenues and are open to general commerce, they stand in the same situation as if they were independent. The administration being named by this country, and under its controul, they are merely an extent of dominion, with the usual appendage of a public debt and annual expense; and without many of the peculiar advantages to be derived from colonial possessions. Local residence, indeed, and occupation afford opportunities for knowledge of the resources of the country; from which enterprize and intelligence may create commerce. Interchanges of productions will hence arise; and the supply of other countries with eastern produce (as, in some degree, it actually is) by difference of duty, and possession, be poured through the channel of this country.

But such share of commerce is, at present, almost wholly committed to the result of chance; whereas, under the more strict colonial system, as prevailing in our West India possessions, the produce must pass through this country, must employ its shipping and seamen, and must give a livelihood to numerous British residents. Thus the whole stream of wealth and commerce flows this way; and the abundance of the productions, if exceeding the consumption of this country, passes through its medium to other countries, which repay the value in their products again pouring through our channel in their course to the original spot. Hence ship-owners, seamen, factors, and many other industrious classes, are employed and enriched. Hence, too, arises mercantile capital, which is capable of being directed and determined to a certain course, and depends, consequently, much upon legislative regulations. Without the intervention of this capital, concentrated in a third hand, the produce of one country would go directly and more cheaply to exchange against the produce of another country. Greater abundance might exist on both sides; but the intermediate capital would cease where it was heretofore possessed.

This intervention with possession of capital is often seen to arise from casual circumstances, and to its continuance or cessation may be traced the rise and fall of most of those countries

which, in time past, flourished by commerce. Thus in the middle ages, the Italian states were, by position, the medium of the supply of Europe with eastern productions. The passage of the Cape of Good Hope shifted the route, and with it the trade and consequent wealth of Italy gradually expired. This circumstance was one cause of the prosperous commerce of this country in the late war; during the course of which Great Britain became the medium of all the products from beyond sea, destined for the consumption of Europe. The effect of the change may be judged from the total imports and exports of the last three years of the war, compared with the three years just passed.

	1811.	1819.
Imports . .	£80,232,767	—40,135,952
Exports . .	77,392,056	—56,851,319
	1812.	1820.
Imports . .	£60,013,241	—33,625,740
Exports . .	58,582,012	—46,912,492
	1813.	1821.
Imports . .	£60,424,876	—36,517,262
Exports . .	73,725,602	—51,730,616

Such has been the extraordinary declension of our commerce, since this country has ceased to be necessarily the route for the conveyance of foreign productions to continental Europe.* It was impossible to perpetuate such a route, (incident to the perturbed state of the world,) but it was possible to direct in this course the products of our own colonies.

The following statement of shipping will exhibit the tonnage clearing outwards to the principal colonial possessions, during the year ending the 5th of January, 1821; and will, likewise, furnish a contrast with the shipping engaged in the intercourse with the more important independent states. It will show, too, how large a portion of our foreign intercourse is carried on by the shipping of other countries; and how considerable a share of our navigation owes its existence to the strict colonial system.

	British Tonnage.	Foreign Tonnage.
British North American Colonies	300,695	
British West India Colonies	217,744	
East Indies	76,833	
France	80,361	— 50,954
United States	44,589	— 133,516
Holland	53,828	— 37,222
Germany	107,601	— 19,680
Russia	111,290	— 14,995
Sweden and Norway	15,641	— 51,102

* The effects of the restraints during the war were almost universally miscalculated. 'The British shipping,' says Colquhoun, 'which amounted in 1801 to 1,725,949 tons had increased to 2,163,094 tons in 1812. Had the (continental) trade been open, this increase would probably have now been double the present amount.'

The official value of exports to the colonies will show that they take as much British produce as the greater part of Europe; while again the colonial produce imported for re-exportation, forms a large portion of the exports to Europe.

	British Produce.	Foreign and Colonial.	Total.
British North American Colonies	£1,548,181	£452,852	£2,001,033
British West India Colonies	4,197,975	292,033	4,490,008
East Indies	2,039,507	382,256	2,421,763
France	246,144	734,677	980,821
Holland	1,158,120	1,129,555	2,287,675
Germany	5,581,856	2,827,114	8,408,970
Russia	1,630,047	406,016	2,036,063
United States	4,229,767	71,928	4,301,695

It may not be unuseful to trace some of the consequences likely to ensue from removing all restrictions regarding foreign settlements, and loosening the ties which now unite Great Britain and her colonial establishments. This country will draw her supplies of sugar, rum, coffee, cocoa, from the Brazils, Havanna, St. Domingo, and St. Thomas, Java, and China, or any other place, friendly or hostile, as accident or design may effect.

The colonies will furnish themselves with manufactures from France, Germany, and ere long, perhaps, from the United States. The colonies in the West Indies will thence derive, at once, rude produce; and provisions from South America.

Under these circumstances of relaxation, what advantages may result from their possession adequate to the attendant charge, may be doubtful; and the ulterior step expedient to take, may be to release them wholly from a connexion held together by the most slender interests.

In this wide search after precarious benefits, what is to become of the certain employment now possessed by our shipping? In what navigation, with what freights are 220,000 tons and 16,000 seamen, now secure in the West India trade, to be maintained? In what the 300,000 tons and 22,000 seamen in the trade with the North American colonies? If other countries establish, as France, discriminating duties or positive prohibitions, where is to be found the opportunity to replace what is ceded to foreign navigation?

Ireland must cease to supply the West Indies with her salt provisions, beef, pork, butter, various kinds of grain, and her linens. Scotland, with her manufactures, linen, and, possibly, cotton; and may fear even for her herring fishery. The agriculture, the manufactures, the fisheries, and the mines of the United Kingdom, must undergo great and important changes upon such entire innovation in this leading branch of the national commerce.

Could the colonies explore the world for a market, the proprietor and merchant would be full as likely to take up their residence in France, Germany, or America, as here: were the latter, who has invested his property in plantations, to remain in England, while the produce was forwarded in direct voyages to the continent, his interests would become wound up in those of every other country but his own. It has been often observed that the merchant is, from the nature of his calling, less interested in his local residence than any other class of the community.

It may be said that these arguments would tend to keep up an exclusive intercourse between this country and her colonies, though their sugars or other produce should cost fifty per cent. dearer than foreign; and though the productions of this country should come fifty per cent. higher to the colonies than could be procured elsewhere; and to the great pressure of both sides. But, it is to be recollected, the advantages have their measure; they consist in securing a steadiness of market, security of capital, and policy of intimate connexion; and these may be exceeded by the evils of extreme constraint. The commerce must be placed upon a natural as well as regulated footing. It is not any extreme forced system of which we are the advocates. Mr. Malthus has justly stated* that it is by proportions we must estimate the propriety of proceeding, and act in national measures. The art of a practical political economy is to ascertain, and judge of these proportions.

If the produce raised in the colonies should be unequal to the consumption of the country, then the price might rise exorbitantly under the exclusion of foreign.—This effect is remediable by a discriminating duty. The degree of advance which the country can be brought to pay would be thus limited by her own act; and the price once rising above the ratio of preference, the supplies will be sought from a neighbouring market or foreign source. If, however, the produce of the colonies exceed the consumption of the country, as is our case in tropical productions, they must become lower than elsewhere, until the price cause the export to foreign markets to meet on a footing with similar produce from other settlements. The extent and variety of our West India colonies always furnish this excess. It is but due to the planter, who is obliged to come first to this country, to give every facility to the

* It will be found, I believe, true, that all the great results in political economy, respecting wealth, depend upon *proportions*; and it is from overlooking this most important truth that so many errors have prevailed in the prediction of consequences; that nations have sometimes been enriched when it was expected that they would be impoverished, and impoverished when it was expected that they would be enriched.—*Malthus's Political Economy*, chap. vii. sec. 7.

re-exportation of the excessive supply, by exemption from transit duties, port charges, and the like burdens to the utmost degree possible. If the colonies now get a higher value than other sources of like produce, under a system of freedom, the price must fall to them; but if the colonies get a lower, which it is probable is the general case, then the country cannot change for the better, but would lose by admitting other states to an intercourse with the colonies, and participation of the advantages.

It is unjust to oblige the colonies to receive their supplies from this country, and yet refuse to them the admission of their produce here, at the same time restraining them from sending it elsewhere. Yet this is, in some respects, our system with respect to the British North American settlements. 'This is the only country in Europe,' said Mr. Fox, 'in which the colonies are permitted to sell their crops; surely then, by every principle of reason and natural justice, they should also have an exclusive access to our markets; a monopoly subsisting on one side, necessarily implying a monopoly also on the other.'

Whatever restrictions fall upon the consumption of the labourers or slaves of the colonies, or directly on the formation of the produce, tend to raise its price; but whatever fall upon the articles used by the planter and the easier orders of the community, may operate as a tax allowable in favour of the protecting country.

In conformity with these views of the relation of the metropolitan state and the colonies, that is to place them in such a situation as to raise their produce with the same advantage as independent states, or, if possible, with greater, but always to preserve their connexion with the mother-country and its dependencies in preference to one with foreign nations; it is often matter of difficulty to regulate the intercourse of settlements with other countries, in the way that circumstances will often render in part indispensable, in part advisable. Our West India colonies stand in this peculiar situation with regard to the United States of America.

The vicinity of these states renders them the readiest resort for the supply of provisions and lumber, while, on the other hand, their population offers a considerable vent for the produce of the colonies. Previously to the separation of the United States from Great Britain, the most free intercourse was allowed between them and the West India possessions in all articles, whether those called enumerated (or otherwise confined to the mother-country) or non-enumerated. This intercourse ceased under the operation of the navigation laws, when the North American provinces became an independent state. The provisions and lumber of America were, however, found indispensable to our colonies, and the

governors in the West Indies gave, from time to time, permission for their importation, trusting to parliament for an indemnity. A law was passed in 1806 to render this intercourse legal. This, with slight variations, was the policy pursued for many years, subject only to interruption from the occurrence of war. But by a legislative act of the 3d of March, 1815, the American states resolved no longer to permit the importation of our rum and molasses, or to furnish provisions and lumber, unless a system of unrestricted intercourse were conceded without distinction or exclusion of American vessels.

Besides this declared necessity of the provisions and lumber, it is stated that the American market offers a great and ready vent for rum, a part of the produce of the West India estates, the quantity of which cannot be reduced consistently with undiminished cultivation, and which, without this vent, is accompanied with serious loss; and it is now accumulated in this country to an enormous extent and under great depreciation. Provisions can now be obtained in considerable abundance from the countries in South America recently become independent. Lumber is also procured from Canada.

It is a question of much difficulty; and among other considerations is the loss of employment for our shipping. The supplies from the neighbouring continent would necessarily be carried on by American shipping, notwithstanding the equal admission of our vessels in the trade. At present the whole navigation between the British North American and West India settlements is carried on by British shipping. In 1809, it was a consideration whether a limited export of sugar and coffee should be allowed, but this degree of concession would not now satisfy the American legislature; their declared aim is a free intercourse without any reserve.

The articles of lumber and provisions are component parts of the cost of sugar, and any burdensome mode of procuring them must raise the price of sugar beyond the level prevailing in those countries which have access to cheaper supplies. Holding, as we do, that colonies should be placed as near as possible upon a footing of free trade, and especially that whatever enters immediately into the cost of their produce should be within their reach on the best terms, it is on such grounds alone, that this intercourse appears to us justifiable; and under this view, it seems incumbent on the colonists to make out a real case of necessity.

The abolition of the slave-trade in our possessions places us in a condition which ought to conciliate every state professing freedom, and be a motive to facilitate our intercourse with both the new and the older American governments. This traffic is still pursued without restraint by the other European nations holding transatlantic

lantic possessions, while our colonies rest upon their existing population. Whatever opposition might once be given by the West India interest to the measure of abolition, since the legislature has adopted it, those interests have faithfully carried it into effect, and have become the firm allies and supporters of the abolitionists.

To repeat the sum of our argument. We cannot approve the system which imposes forced and unnatural limitations on the intercourse of colonies with the parent state; neither can we go into the opposite extreme of removing all regulations, commit ourselves to the accidents of life, or be insensibly led into the channels of production and intercourse the most dependent and least accordant with our permanent interests. The legislator will never forget the paramount necessity of binding all parts of the empire in ties of communication and dependence, and of keeping a general view on the course of production and commerce, in order to apply a direction gentle but sufficient to turn them into the channel of this country. We have deemed it useful to draw attention to some effects of these changes, the more especially now that every session of parliament gives birth to some important regulation of foreign and domestic commerce. Alterations in our system of policy succeed each other with imperceptible rapidity; imperceptible, because though under the observation of the classes immediately interested, the public take no special cognizance of them; yet are the remotest ramifications of society affected, and extensive variations occasioned in the nature of productive industry, the distribution of the wealth of the country.

Our ancestors were imperfectly grounded in some economical principles, yet in matters of general policy they had a correct view of the objects to be attained. In the preamble of a principal act regarding the plantations, it is expressed that—they being peopled by subjects of this kingdom—the intention proposed is to maintain a greater correspondence and kindness between them, to keep them in a firmer dependence, to render them more beneficial and advantageous, to make the navigation to and from the same more safe and cheap, and, that which comprehends all the rest, ‘it being the usage of other nations to keep their plantations trade to themselves,’ ‘to make this kingdom a staple, not only of the commodities of those plantations, but also of the commodities of other countries and places for the supplying of them.’

The colonial possessions of this country, scattered over the whole world, are not to be considered only as resources of inexhaustible wealth and power; but as affording the opportunity, and imposing the duty, of meliorating the condition of humanity.

Having abolished the slave-trade, and standing as yet single in the discontinuance of it; Great Britain has made regions, which heretofore served as an arena where European nations carried on their contests, the scene for the civilization of a long despised but interesting portion of mankind. It yet remains to be seen how far a steady perseverance in this system of benevolence may shame other nations into following our example; and we may be assured that the ruin, or even the decay, of our West India colonies would (in addition to the other incalculable evils which it would bring upon the mother-country) be hailed by those nations who have obstinately refused to come into the policy of the abolition, as the undoubted consequences of a rash experiment, and would be a signal and encouragement for the indefinite extension of the slave-trade.

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